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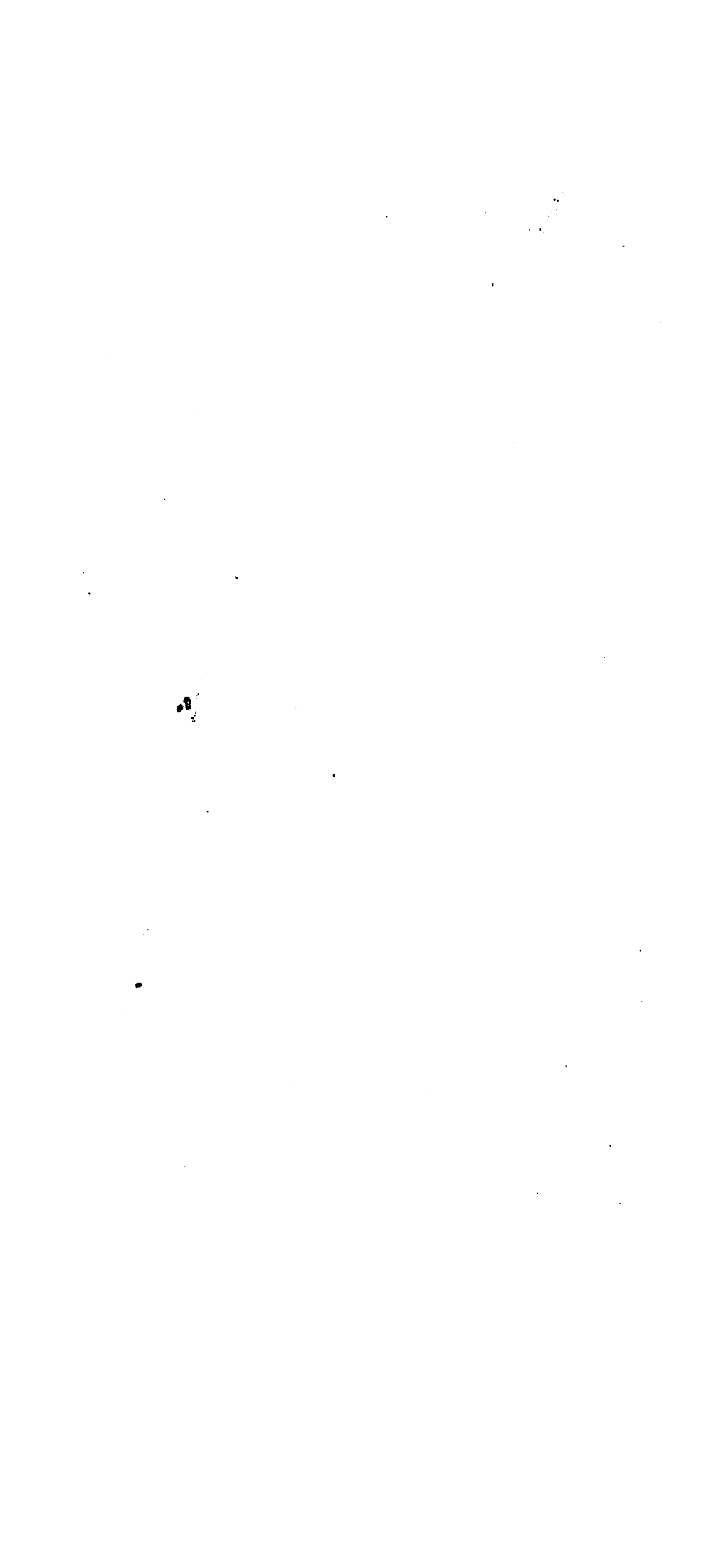
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CONTENTS

OF

THE THIRD VOLUME.

	PAGE.
THE Gallery of Apelles	1
Old Christmas Times at the Temple	10
Sonnet to a Friend	12
The Travelling propensities and opinions of John Bull	13
Poetical Description of Rome	16
On the State and Improvement of the Fine Arts in England	17
Sonnet on visiting the spot where the earlier years of the Writer were passed	21
Letters on a Tour in Switzerland	22. 200
Sonnets to my Children sleeping	28
Literary Recollections of London	29
Milk and Honey, or the Land of Promise	35. 179. 243. 376. 435
Modern Pilgrimages, No. II. Rossanna. No. III. The Pantheon. No. IV. The Paraclete	39. 217. 562
A Chapter on Time	41
Stanzas on some Skulls in Beauley Abbey	47
On Dwarfs	49
Epigram	55
Alfieri's Filippo and Schiller's Don Carlos	56
Grimm's Ghost, Letters VI. VII. VIII. IX.	63. 160. 235. 398
The Younger Brother	65
Antipathies	68
Modern Courtship	71
Table Talk, No. I. On going a Journey. No. II. On Great and Little Things. No. III. On Milton's Sonnets. No. IV. Burleigh House	73. 127. 238. 444
A Seaside Reverie	80
On an intended Removal from a favourite Residence	81

	PAGE.
Journal of a Tourist, No. III. Versailles	82
Reflections on Plum Pudding	88
Letter from India	90
To Julia	96
Letter to the Chief of the Mohawks, by T. Campbell	97
The Fight	102
Letters from Spain, by Don Leucadio Doblado	113. 321
Physiognomy and Craniology	121
The Haunch of Wamison	126
The Obliging Assassin	140
Women	141
Sonnet to Sleep	144
On the German Drama	145
Ballad from the Spanish	154
The Cemetery of Père La Chaise	155
Song	163
Letters on England, by M. de St. Foix	164. 278. 439. 573
Casanova's Visit to Haller and Voltaire	171. 232
The New Year	181
To Simplicity	187
The Pirate	188
Sonnet	192
Lectures on Poetry, by T. Campbell	193. 385
Lines written in Sickness	199
Fragment from my Pocket-Book	ib.
Discontent	ib.
Portrait of a Septuagenary ; by himself	209. 301. 423
From Quevedo	215
To a Log of Wood upon the Fire	216
An Old English Garden	224
Valentine Writing	228
Sonnet—Francesco Redi	231
Sonnet—Celio Magno	246
Mountain Scenery	247
South American Patriot's Song	253
All Hallow Eve in Ireland	254
Lines written on the Field of Crecy, 1320	261
On Arabic and Persian Literature	262
Sonnet—Angelo di Costanzo	266
Sketches of Italy in Prose and Verse, No. I. Passage of the Alps.	
No. II. Como. No. III. Venice	267. 334. 566

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
On the Origin and Celebration of Easter	270
The Silesian Travellers	274
For the Tomb of those who fell at Waterloo	287
Song	288
German Popular and Traditionary Literature, No. IV.	289
To a Lady who said she was unhappy	296
On Talkers	297
From Anacreon	300
Time, a Canzone from Tasso	308
On the Green-Room of the French Theatre	309
On the Game of Chess in Europe during the Thirteenth Century	316. 497
Sonnet on the Death of Christina, Queen of Sweden	320
—— to Italy	ib.
On hearing an almost forgotten Song	328
State of Religion in the Highlands	329
Stanzas on viewing the Monument of Two Sleeping Children by Chantrey	338
The Birth-Day	337
Italian Poets, No. I. Michel Angelo. No. II. Frederic II. and Pietro delle Vigne	339. 435
Spectral Etiquette	347
Song—Concealment	348
The Confessional	349. 350
To a Lady professing her belief in Astrology	356
Memoirs of George the Second. By Lord Walpole	357
The First of March	364
Campaigns of a Cornet, No. I. II.	365. 463
On the Old Fables	373
The Martyr of Antioch. By the Rev. H. H. Milman	378
Peter-Pindarics	395. 517
Mr. P.'s Visit to London	401
The Lawyer and the Chimney-sweeper	406
Selections from Ancient Spanish Poetry	407
On Lips and Kissing	414
Sonnet, from the Italian of Pastorini	419
Trinity College, Cambridge, forty years ago	420
May	428
Sonnet	449
——	454
Song	ib.

	PAGE.
Sonnet	469
Catiline; a Tragedy. By the Rev. George Croly, A.M.	470
Sonnets	475
M'Queen on Northern Central Africa	476
Love	480
Shakspeare's Bertram	481
Sonnet	485
The World	486
Sonnet	490
On Angling; with Remarks on Isaac Walton's Work	491
Air, "Fly not yet"	496
Dublin, in 1822	503
Sonnet—Pompeii	511
Republic of Plato	512
The Nightmare	520
Letters from Tours	525
The Smith Velant	527
Ode to Mahomet, the Brighton Shampooer	533
English Landscape	535
Place on Population	541
The Spectre Boat; by T. Campbell	550
On Garrick's Delivery of a passage in Shakspeare	551
Song	553
Brook Green Fair	554
Song, by T. Campbell	572
Song—Men of England; by T. Campbell	576

THE
New Monthly Magazine.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

THE GALLERY OF APELLES.

A Fragment of a Grecian Tale, translated from a Greek manuscript discovered in the Summer of 1814.

The adventure which led to the discovery of the manuscript, from which the subjoined translation has been made, is not one of those that can be ushered in as curious or extraordinary. It is, indeed, little beyond a common-place occurrence; but it possesses the advantages of simplicity and truth, which, in my mind, can give, even to common-place, a charm far beyond the reach of singularity and pretension. I shall therefore briefly relate it.

In the memorable year 1814, when the vast theatre of Napoleon's pride and power was thrown open to British subjects, I was one of the many who hastened to go over what had so long been forbidden ground. My intention was, having made but a short stay at Paris, to cross the Alps and visit Rome, the object of my early and unbounded veneration. A friend told me that he should charge me with a commission to execute on my way. He was of a Roman Catholic family; and his only sister, in the very blossom of her youth, had sacrificed fortune, beauty, and the graces, to a life of religious seclusion. The place of her retirement was a small convent beyond the Alps, on the great Milan road, at the village of Vallerosa. My commission was, to purchase, at Paris, a collection of the small medals, crucifixes, rosaries, and amulets, which had been issued from the Imperial mint on the occasion of Napoleon's being crowned "the Lord's anointed" by the Pope—all of which professed to have received the benediction of the holy father. I was, however, particularly cautioned to guard against a fraud, which, according to the letter of the fair recluse, the *bijoutiers* of Paris sometimes practised on the faithful, viz. imposing *comme benis du Pape*, what had received the blessing only at second hand,—by being placed in contact with others that had received the primary benediction. I was, also, charged with letters from my friend, and the other members of his family, for the novice-nun and the abbess of Vallerosa. Having passed some days at Paris pleasantly enough (I owe this acknowledgment *en passant*,) I began to think of continuing my journey. My first care was to execute my commission. I consulted on the subject a charming friend, with whom I had the good fortune to become acquainted during my short stay in the French capital. She observed, with a smile, that she thought Englishmen were all heretics, and had no faith in *Bons Dieux*, offering, at the same time, to accompany me to the *Quai des Orfèvres*. We

proceeded immediately to her jeweller's. She mentioned what I wanted, the caution given me respecting the genuineness of the benediction, my being a heretic and therefore without discrimination in those things—all in that tone of delicate banter which French women can assume with so much tact and fascination. As we were leaving the shop with my assortment of holy relics in a small box, I noticed Sophie (for so my lovely friend was named) looking at a small watch, one of those usually worn by French women, suspended from the neck. I asked her to let me see it. She gave it to me, observing that her attention had been fixed by the painting of St. George, our patron, spearing the Dragon, on the cover. The painting was really pretty. I purchased the watch for a few Napoleons, and presented it to Sophie. She declined accepting it, and declared that she would have prevented my purchasing it, but that she thought I designed it for a present *à ma bien-aimée* in England. I urged her to give that proof of her confidence and esteem—which she no longer denied me. I perceived that she wore no chain, and asked the jeweller to produce some from which to choose. To this she objected in a decisive tone—desired the jeweller at the same time to let her see some chains of a particular workmanship and value—selected one the most costly and superb—passed it round her neck with the watch suspended from it—and looking at me with a smile significant of soul and sentiment beyond the power of language to express, hid the happy bauble in one of the loveliest bosoms in the world. I would make one remark here for the benefit of my countrymen; he who aspires to please French women must assume, if he has not, the virtue of generosity. They will receive “tokens of affection” from “a chosen friend,” but without disenchanting the sex of its delicacy, or sentiment of its disinterestedness. Sophie was an epitome of all that is most charming in her countrywomen. I think I first loved her for a certain accordance of her character with her name, which, in Greek, conveys a sedate propriety of female demeanour that reminds one of Minerva,—relieved, however, in the demeanour of Sophie, by delightful alternations of French vivacity and playfulness. The thought struck me one evening in her society that she resembled Hebe acting the part of Minerva, for the entertainment of the court of Olympus. I addressed her a copy of verses, which turned upon this idea. Never were verses or poet in higher vogue. All the world met me with compliment and congratulation. But there is no glory without its alloy. Mine certainly was not. In the first place, the auditors scarcely understood a syllable of what they praised, and, even if they did, my unhappy verses were declaimed by a pigeon-headed *voltigeur*, who, after twenty-five years emigration passed in England, mangled our language into a jargon so whimsical as to convulse with laughter any person knowing English—excepting only the unfortunate author. But my greatest torture was the self-complacent grimace with which the Knight of St. Louis appealed to my candour, for the marvellous skill with which he had mastered the *finesses* of English pronunciation. The second mortification was still more grievous. My vogue lasted but three days. A cursed Prussian, maliciously introduced by one of my best friends, had the art of imitating, with his voice, the blowing of

a trumpet. His first blast blew all the world into an ecstasy, and me and my verses into utter oblivion. I could not help confiding my surprise (for so I called the vexation of my mortified conceit) to Sophie. "What!" said she, laughing outright in my face, "not satisfied at Paris with a vogue of three days! Why even I, who love you, should have gone off with the Prussian, like the rest, if my vanity were not ranged on your side by the flattery of my charms—*Ma foi, vous êtes bien exigeans, vous, Messieurs les Anglais.*" I perceived the justice of what she said, made an effort to laugh too, and, having bid her a sincerely affectionate farewell, left Paris that very day. By a somewhat curious opposition, the only stage at which I made any delay, on my way to the convent, was the residence of Voltaire. I verily believe the air breathed by the old sinner is still charged with contagious impiety. I have not the least taste for profaneness, of which I am indeed intolerant, from a sentiment that even wit cannot redeem it from the original sin of bad taste. Yet I passed the whole night previous to my intended visit to Ferney, composing, or rather dreaming profane compliments and impious epigrams, as the means of gaining admission to the presence of the "old patriarch," whom, in the capriciousness of my dreams, I imagined still living, and invisible to all but some fortunate few of the numberless pilgrims who visited his dwelling.* Perhaps I may one day give them to the world as "psychological curiosities."

The reader (if what I write should ever meet a reader's eye) may now imagine me at the convent gate of Vallerosa. Diverging from the great road, and winding a half-circle round a jutting rock, the convent appears, to the traveller, embosomed in a valley beneath him, and "looking tranquillity." I rang the bell, and was immediately admitted to the parlour. The abbess addressed me in English with the politeness of one accustomed to the best society. She was the sister of a deceased Irish peer, whom a disappointment of the heart had, in her youth, driven from the world, which she was made to adorn. Upon receiving my letters, she retired for a few moments, and returned with the sister of my friend. I beheld her, not quite twelve months before, blooming and beautiful, and lovely as the morning rose—arrayed in the elegancies of a costly toilette, directed by the best taste—her heart light, her voice inusical, her eyes radiant. I raised my eyes, and now be-

* "Empressé d'aller rendre ses hommages à Voltaire, dont il était un des plus zélés disciples, M. de Guibert se présenta au château, où il fut très bien accueilli par Madame Denis; mais malgré ses instances et ses sollicitations, il ne put voir le Patriarche de Ferney, qui alors, accablé d'ans et d'infirmités, et jaloux de mettre à profit ce qui lui restait d'une vie si glorieusement employée à l'illustration de la France littéraire, refusait obstinément de se montrer à la foule d'illustres personnages que la célébrité de son nom attirait de tous les pays. M. de Guibert, après avoir attendu inutilement pendant plusieurs jours, se détermina enfin à partir. Mais avant de quitter le château, il voulut tenter un dernier effort; il le fallut violent pour réussir—aussi le fut-il. Il traça à la hâte, et au crayon, le distique suivant, et le fit porter à son hôte :

Je vous trouve, ô Voltaire! en tout semblable à Dieu,
Sans vous voir, on vous voit, on vous mange en ce lieu.

Cette saillie un peu impie produisit l'effet désiré. Le front du vieux philosophe se dérida, la consigne fut levée. M. de Guibert fut introduit; Voltaire se jeta dans ses bras, et le retint encore pendant plusieurs jours chez lui."—*Annales*

held her cheek pale—her eye bright as an icicle, and as cold, and half dissolved with weeping—her lips meagre—her expression fled—the dimpled angles of her mouth relaxed—her person clad in the ungraceful, sordid simplicity of the convent costume. I fell back upon my chair speechless, powerless, and faint, as if my whole being were unstrung. Upon returning to life and consciousness, I found myself profusely sprinkled with perfumes, the tears gushing down my face, and the abbess alone standing over me with moistened eyes. She knew our story—the disastrous influence that divided, when all human wishes seemed conspiring to unite us—talked to me only of indifferent things, until I had fully recovered myself, and then invited me to return the following day. I accordingly did return; Adelaide showed fresh traces of having passed through a painful scene. Never did human creature so cordially renounce the world, and embrace a life of privation and prayer. She told me there was one of the idle accomplishments which made her vain in the world, to which she still, without scruple, gave a portion of her time—it was drawing. She then showed me “a manuscript copy of the Gospel of St. Luke in Greek, with a coloured picture of the Virgin.” She was employed in copying the picture for the nuns. The father confessor of the convent pronounced the picture, as well as the hand-writing, to be the work of the Saint himself, who had been a painter before he became an Evangelist. Upon seeing the painting, which was in a singular state of preservation, I could not help observing that it looked more like the Grecian Venus than the Virgin—the supposed cherubs being really Cupids, or perhaps “the Hours.” She rejoined, that St. Luke was a Greek, and had naturally given to the Virgin the Grecian contour—at the same time a gleam of red passed faintly over her cheek. Upon examining the manuscript, however, I discovered beyond all doubt, from some fragments of sentences, that it contained a profane narrative; and the confessor, not a little piqued at the discovery, acknowledged it with a bad grace. The condemned manuscript was readily abandoned to me. A reverend makes it a point of conscience not to let familiarities of this kind with an individual, or with the order, pass unrequited. Father Bernardo intimated strong doubts of the holiness of my Parisian relics, and I perceived that he made but too great an impression upon Adelaide; I gave every assurance on my part, and with perfect sincerity. The honest Father said, he knew a criterion which would determine whether they had really received the benediction;—it was to try whether the touch of one of them would remove an inflammation of the eye, from which a servant of the convent was suffering severely. I trembled for the credit of my relics, but had no other alternative than joining this perilous issue. The Father gave me an under-look, half malice, half surprise. Poor Adelaide too looked surprised, but the surprise of pleasure, at my giving “signs of faith.” The patient was called in—a fat blowzy peasant-girl, employed in the garden of the convent. Her eye, thick bandaged, to the utter exclusion of light and air, was really in a dreadful state of inflammation. The performance of the operation was assigned to Adelaide. She prayed for a few moments, entreating the Virgin to intercede with her blessed Son, and holding in

her hands a small crucifix (one of those I had brought), with a fervour of devotion that would have touched a heart of adamant. The patient now knelt beside her. I shall never, while I have memory on this side the grave, forget the heavenly abandonment and elevation of soul, the boundless hope and unclouded faith, which played upon the countenance of the innocent girl, whilst in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, she touched the inflamed eye three times with the crucifix. The ceremony over, the bandage was about to be restored, when I suggested that all human means should be discarded, and the cure left to Heaven only. This edifying discourse was much relished. I consented, however, to a light shade, which should prevent the sudden transition from giving pain to the organ. The *denouement* is now, no doubt, expected with curiosity. I solemnly declare that the girl's eye was perfectly cured in three days! The miracle of this cure is recorded in the annals of the convent, with (how could I refuse it?) my formal attestation as a witness of its truth, to be scoffed at, as doubtless I shall be, by the profane. Notwithstanding this signal triumph, however, I soon perceived that my reception at the convent was become somewhat cold. Father Bernardo had been suggesting scruples against the continuance of my visits, with but too much success; and thus my evil genius, in a monk's cowl, divided me once more from Adelaide. I took leave of her with a heart as heavy as if I had parted from her grave.

After a few days passed at Milan my mind had recovered its spring, and I bethought me of my manuscript. I easily ascertained that it contained a Grecian story, and my curiosity was not a little stimulated by discovering, at the very beginning of the manuscript, the words ΑΠΕΛΛΑΨ ΥΠΕΡΩΝ which I translate "The Gallery of Apelles," the genitive termination of the painter's name alone being illegible.

I fortunately had letters to the Abbate Angelo Maio, the *indagator diligentissimus* of the Ambrosian library, and communicated to him the precious acquisition I had made. By the application of chemical processes, and the aid of his sagacity and experience, I soon beheld with delight the effaced characters reproduced, with the exception only of a few places which I have marked in the translation. The picture was almost perfectly restored. It would be difficult to describe the satisfaction of the learned librarian, as the chemic applications gradually brought out the colours. "Ecco," said he, "the Melian white, the Attic ochre, the Pontic red, the common ink—those few simple colours, with which the divine Apelles produced *Opera illa immortalia*, as they are called by the elder Pliny—It is (said he) a copy of the *Venus Anadyomene* herself." I now applied myself to the translation of the manuscript, which runs as follows:—

THE GALLERY OF APELLES. * * * On the third day of the first decade of Thargelion, Megabyzus and Combabus landed on the island of Cos. "Where," said the young man eagerly, to the first person whom he met upon the beach, "where dwells Apelles, the glory of Greece and the admired of Asia?" "Hence, not quite twenty stadia," replied the Coan. "Go," said Megabyzus, interrupting the dialogue commenced between the islander and Comba-

bus, "go and bid Apelles prepare to receive the cousin and counsellor of the great king, satrap of Bactria, Megabyzus, the most enlightened connoisseur and munificent patron of the age, who has deigned to visit him." "A Greek," said the Coan, "receives not the commands of a barbarian; and he whom the Goddess of beauty has honoured with her presence, as the only person capable of painting her immortal charms, may well disdain the visit even of the great king." "Insolent knave, begone," said Megabyzus. Then turning round to Combabus, "You," said he, "my young friend, who are instructed in the mysterious learning of these Greeks, do you believe the strange tale, that Venus has really appeared to this old man, for the purpose of having her portrait painted by him?" "The Goddesses of Greece," replied Combabus, "have, according to the divine Homer, frequently visited mortal men; and the appearance of Venus to Apelles is certified by the priests of the goddess, who never lie." Megabyzus and Combabus, rode at a quick pace in advance of their splendid retinue, and soon reached the dwelling of Apelles. They found the old man seated at his door and basking in the sun. He was clad in a purple *peplus* of the bright hue of Ecbatana. An ample violet-coloured *chlaina* of floscular cotton, garnished with the party-coloured furs of the wild animals of Scythia, hung, as if dropped loosely from his shoulders, upon the back and arms of his chair. It was the gift of Alexander. The son of Ammon did not disdain to guard the second childhood of the old man's age against the variable climate of his Grecian isle. The Scythian furs were an offering of the ambassadors of that noble savage race to the conqueror of the world. On his head he wore only a simple fillet or bandeau, wrought by the hands of the fair Campaspe—that exemplary beauty—who preferred the true passion of a man of genius, to the homage of the world's conqueror—and whom that first of conquerors and of heroes so generously resigned to his rivals humility and love. The fillet passed across his forehead, nearly shaded by the silver but still abundant curls of his hair. His sandals were of cerulean blue, laced round the ankles with bands of the same colour. At his feet, and seated on the ground, were boys employed in grinding his colours. They seemed proud of their ministry, and often looked up to the still bright expression of the old man's eye, for his directions or his commendation. On either hand were beds of flowers, of every variety of class and hue, industriously placed there for the purposes of his art. It was from the studious contemplation of these *chefs-d'œuvre* of Nature's colouring, and of those beautiful island waves that ever fluctuated in his sight, and of the lovely Grecian sky above his head, that he caught the magic delicacies of outline, tint, and shade, for which he was unrivalled. Apelles received the magnificent stranger with dignity and ease; and Megabyzus, whether lessoned by the islander whom he had accosted on the beach, or subdued by the noble presence of the old man, saluted him with the respect due to his genius and his age. "You come, doubtless," said Apelles, "to behold me, not in this wasted and worthless body of flesh and blood and bone, which perhaps, before Phœbus Apollo shall have twice reposed him with the goddess of the western wave, will be reduced to ashes, and consigned to an

urn, by the sons and daughters of Cos; but in my better and nobler self, those pictures that have gained me a name among the Greeks." * * * Combabus, having surveyed the gallery in mute admiration, at length gave expression to his enthusiasm. "Oh! Apelles," said he, "hast thou, like Prometheus, stolen fire from heaven to animate these forms, and have the gods in wonder of thy genius spared thee his fatal punishment? Behold those that have received the last master-touch, how they seem to rejoice in the glory of their being; whilst these yet unfinished sigh and struggle for the perfection which they are to receive from thy wondrous art." They now stood before the paintings in succession. The first was the picture of Calumny, in which the malignant force and meanness of human passion was expressed to the utmost limits of nature, without shocking the beholder's imagination, or invading the essential nobleness of fine art. Next in order were, the two famed figures of Victory and Fortune; the portrait of Antigonus, whose loss of an eye the artist concealed by painting him in profile; the several portraits of Alexander the Great:—that in which young Ammon bore in his right hand the weapon of the Thunderer.—Alexander on horseback, surveying the field of Arbela, on the morning of his victory, strewed with the dying and the dead.—Alexander after the battle of Issus, on foot, in the Persian tent, his countenance beaming effulgent pity on the wife and daughters of Darius.—Alexander weeping at the tomb of Achilles, with the *Iliad* in his hand.—Campaspe represented as a sleeping Venus; her eyes closed, her bosom heaving gently, and the secret of her dream escaping in the tremulous movement of her dewy lips. * * * Apelles now proposed to introduce them to an inner gallery, which contained that work upon which he chiefly relied for immortality—his Venus rising from the Sea. "Hold, my old friend," said Megabyzus, who had gradually assumed a cold and supercilious air. Megabyzus, be it remembered, was a lord, and his collection of pictures was the richest in Persia, comprising several thousands, which had been purchased for him at vast sums in Greece and Egypt,—and all framed in ebony and gold. "Before we proceed farther," said Megabyzus, "receive the benefit of my judgment upon those that we have seen." The old man smiled, and made a sign of assent. "In your figure of Calumny," resumed Megabyzus, "I discover an awkward squint. Your Sleeping Venus wants the mellow tone, the crisp colour, the racy taste,—keeping, my old friend,—let me recommend to you stricter keeping. Then the fore-shortening is bad, the right thigh out of drawing; and mark that false shadow upon the inferior upper section of the left. Then again your Alexander on horseback, how mean in drapery, how common the attitude,—and for the horse, it is (excuse my frankness, my old friend,) a wretched figure." Apelles could bear no more. "Hold, Sir," said he, "let the charger which bore you hither be placed before the picture." "Oh! you would appeal to the living model," said Megabyzus, scornfully. "Let the horse be introduced, I pray you," said Apelles. The steed, a truly gallant one, in rich trappings and shod in gold, was placed before the picture; which no sooner caught his eye than he neighed and started; his eye, his ear, his crest giving signs of strong excitement, whilst

he applied his nostrils, to mingle his breath with that of the animal that lived and moved in the picture of Apelles. "Sir," said the painter, turning round upon the satrap, "whilst you were silent, I took you for one really superior to other men, but by your speech you have shown, that even this horse that bears you can judge a picture better." * * * * * The mortified pride of Megabyzus * * * * * Combabus lingered behind, to salute Apelles at parting, and request his permission to return. * * * * * Combabus was still kneeling in speechless adoration before the Goddess, when Apelles touched him gently, and awakened him from his ecstasy. "Oh!" said Combabus, "let me implore pardon of the Goddess for an impious doubt that lurked in my bosom, of her having revealed herself to you, and of thee too, thou divine old man. Oh no, it is not in the art of mortal man to create that image from mere invention, and the pencil of Apelles only could catch those traits of the present goddess—her charms visibly naked to vulgar sense, but clothed in divinity to the soul's eye,—the young *Himeri*, those soft ministers of universal love, binding up the still dripping ringlets of her hair, whilst the compassionate goddess, but just emergent from the wave, catches, with graceful bended neck, and listening ear, the prayers and vows of lovers." "Young man," said Apelles, "thou art worthy to know, and thou shalt know this mystery, which my lips will then have disclosed to thee alone among men. Stratonice, daughter of Demetrius, and betrothed bride of Seleucus, filled Greece and Asia with the fame of her charms. Though age had already stolen away the vigour, and spoiled the form, of my limbs, my heart, still warm, glowed with passionate curiosity to behold this incomparable beauty. I set out secretly from Corinth, then the place of my abode; and after a journey which need not be detailed, reached Antioch, the royal city of Seleucus, on the very day of his marriage with this fairest princess of the age. I was fortunate in the time of my arrival, as it is only on occasions of grand solemnity that the usages of Asia permit their princesses to be publicly seen. The ceremonial began with a grand procession to the Temple of Apollo, led by the royal bridegroom, the bride, and the court. I joined the procession as it entered the temple, and placed myself behind a pillar, whence, unseen, I might behold Stratonice. The Princess, completely enveloped in a large veil, approached the statue of Apollo. Two priests, who stood one on either hand, gradually raised the veil, and discovered that form of celestial loveliness. Oh! my young friend, it is not in language to describe her. She seemed an immortal beauty bending and beaming before the image of Apollo, whilst the enamoured god returned the adoration which he received. As soon as I recovered from the trance of delight into which this vision threw my senses and my soul, I took out my pencil, and tried to sketch the heavenly idea. The ceremonial was repeated during three successive days, and each day I returned to my task—in vain. The ever-varying play of the lines of beauty, and the light of soul upon her countenance, vanished from the touch of palpable delineation. For several days the image of Stratonice still haunted me, whilst every effort to fix it on the canvass failed. One day, at length, after a long reverie, my fancy warmed, my enthusiasm rose. I offered up

a prayer to Venus, (for I reverence the gods and goddesses of Greece, young man,) the tutelar deity of beauty, to inspire and aid me. Was it reality, or imagination? I felt myself transported once more to the temple, and there the sea-born Venus herself appeared before me, in the form of Stratonice, not in the cumbrous splendour of her bridal robes, but clad only in her divinity, as just risen from the wave. I seized my pencil, and, with a touch of lightning, sketched the picture which is now before you. In a few days my work was finished. I loved it with the piety of a mortal towards the kindest daughter of Olympus, and the predilection of a father for the offspring of his old age. Anxious to produce it to the admiring eyes of Greece, I hastened to the nearest port, and went on board a vessel bound for Corinth. The weather was delightful, and the breeze fair. But after an hour passed upon the water, the sun having nearly reached the boundary of the west, a small black cloud obscured a portion of his orb. The sailors observed it with ominous silence. The cloud gradually expanded, until in a short time its size became prodigious, and involved the world in darkness. The land-wind, at the same time, blew a tremendous gale—all became terror and confusion. The thunder pealed above our heads. During a transient flash I seized and clasped my picture to my bosom, as a mother would clasp her child in a deluge or a conflagration. The sailors observed me: superstition and the presence of death are the most infatuated and relentless counsellors. A cry ran through the ship that the old man and his mysterious packet had brought upon them the vengeance of the gods. They seized me, and had just dragged me to the verge of the vessel, to be flung into the waters, when suddenly, a happy inspiration—"Hold!" said I, "wait for the next flash—it will be but a moment, and your lives are saved." They released me. I instantly unrolled my picture, which was painted on the flexible canvass of Egypt, folded into a small compass. A propitious flash came, and revealed the beauteous image to their eyes. "Behold," said I, "it is the celestial daughter of the waves—it is Venus, who can save you from the storm." The crew and passengers all dropped down in wonder and adoration, with their faces on the ship's deck. On a sudden the Goddess heard their prayers, the wind abated of its fury, the black cloud that curtained Heaven from our sight was rent asunder, and the twin children of Leda shone forth with hope and joy to mariners. We landed at Corinth with a feeling of happiness, which may be easily conceived. On the morning of the next day, to my great surprise, I beheld a grand procession approaching my threshold. It was composed of the priests and priestesses of Venus, who came to congratulate me on the signal favour and familiarity which the Goddess had vouchsafed to me. It appeared that the ship's crew and passengers had solemnly declared the appearance of Venus in the midst of the storm, to rescue from a watery grave the painter Apelles, whose cabinet she had visited in secret, in order to employ his favoured pencil in portraying her immortal charms. * * * * "To-morrow," said Combabus, "I depart from Greece." "Whither in such sudden haste?" said Apelles. "To Antioch," replied the young man, "to behold this paragon of beauty, Stratonice, this wonder of her

sex." "Beware, my young friend," said Apelles; "you are now in the morning of life, whilst the senses are yet fervid and unworn." "My mind is resolved," said Combabus, "and thou, my friend, shalt give me letters of acquaintance to some friend of thine at Antioch." "I have but one friend there," said Apelles; it is Erasistratus, the nephew of my old friend Aristotle, and physician to the Queen. * * * * *

[We break off here for the present, but shall probably continue the adventure of Combabus and Stratonice in a future Number.]

OLD CHRISTMAS TIMES AT THE TEMPLE.

We have not heart almost to touch upon the merry days that have been kept in our halls. We address not ourselves to the distant years when knighthood held gay and gallant reign within these borders, nor aught would we here fain know of those places. but as

"————— the bricky towres,
The which on Thames' brode aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowres."

Bowers indeed! but now forsaken of the good spirit that used to dwell therein. As to the old virtues of hospitality, social kindness, good-fellowship—this goodly pile of ours is but of yesterday; our benchers (patriarchal title!) have not a touch of antiquity. The fashion of their persons is contemporary with the notions of the least amongst us. That they are of recent date, you have a probate in whatsoever they say—in whatsoever they do. Speak not to them of the Christmas of ancient days—the epic times of the Temple—the spring season for the affections of its young followers. They will not hear you upon the glories of the banqueting hour, nor in celebration of the reign of the mighty Prince of the time, or the ministry of Masters of Revels and Lords of Misrule; nor yet touching the history of the marvellous conversion of lawyers, benchers, and "their mighty paramours," (who may not be lightly spoken of) into wilful abettors of the game of blindman's-buff, knowingly giving countenance, aid, and support to the practices of minstrels, jesters, and such like.* We had a parliament here in ancient times—a blessing of a legislature it was. The approach of Christmas always brought a full attendance, for then bills were brought in, papers laid on the table (and no doubt much oratory spilt upon the occasion) for the due solemnization of the merry rites, time out of mind celebrated by their good predecessors. They were in earnest about the matter. Commend us to a corporation for the ordering of a feast. Straight were ministers appointed—straight were the hands of government strengthened—and all their resources produced, to meet the vast exigency of the time.†

* Dugdale, in his "*Origines Juridicales*," has extracted from the Registers of the Temple an account of the manner of spending the Christmas there. But for a sprightly and picturesque description of the same scenes, we refer to the "*Accidence of Armoury*," by Gerard Leigh.

† The officers of all kinds were chosen in full Parliament, in Trinity-term, every year; and the provisions which were contrived against crosses and contingencies, embody much rare practical wisdom.

But, by our Lady, it is the day, the long-expected day of rejoicing, and the tables are all set. Hark to that courageous blast—it is the grand procession with the first course. You see our great officers of state at the head. What a fantastic group would their quaint costume make of them, but for the glare of those torches borne in front! The constable marshal, for a follower of Minerva, really shows bravely in his mail of knighthood. But see, the tables have received their destined burden—the awful courtesies are over, and the rites begun. Now mark that dish of precedence, so reverently gazed upon by all—it is smoking beneath the “eyes intent” of that worthy “auncient” seated in the place of honour. That, Sir, is the boar’s head soused—it is a storied dish, and there are secrets in its biography that may not be lightly told. It was among the temporalities that stuck longest to the mitre.* The second and third courses are served up with the same ceremony as the first.† The tables being “avoided” after the banquet, “in fair and decent manner,” after a due interval devoted “not to toys, but wine,” the “auncientest” Master of the Revels (always a fellow of infinite jest) adventured, as by office bound, even upon a carol suited to the occasion; and having to the extent of his good voice diligently performed the same, had the right, in virtue of the dangerous service, to claim a carol from one of the company, who likewise nominated his successor. And thus the laughing hours passed by, until the clamorous blast proclaimed that the Master of the Revels began his reign. But of the delights of those moments, ere that blast was heard, who shall speak? The circle of elders that you see grouped about that table—what a communion of high spirits is there!—what intelligence—what a tone of mind are expressed in that brilliant period!—what a war of wit is lighted up amongst them!—how they smite each other with their airy brands! But hear the wild laugh from the young group beneath them; these are the known patrons of every freak—the open professors of mischief—the very children of Misrule in conspiracy against the peace of every sober subject of his Mightiness, the great paramount of the time. But the Master of the Revels is on the floor with his train-band of jesters and mummers. We will invoke them even in the words of old Chaucer, as worthy a member of our Inn as has been seen since his day:—

“Doe come, my mynstreles
And jesters, for to tell us tales,
Anon in my armyage,
Of romances yatto been royals,
Of popes and cardinals,
And eke of love-longynge.”

* The boar’s head is, we believe, still served up on Christmas-day, at Queen’s College, Oxford, with ancient pomp and circumstance.

† The ceremonial after supper was, perhaps, the most interesting of any. The tables were taken up, and the Prince took his station under the place of honour, where his achievement was beautifully embroidered, and advised well of sundry matters with the ambassadors of foreign nations. There he was attended in true Oriental style. His Highness distributed honours by the hands of his great officers with regal liberality.

A learned gentleman of those days was no Sir Oracle, that would a "wilful stillness" affect,

"And with his gown his gravity maintain."

The morality of the time was so ordered as that a man might be thought good for something, although he had his teeth; nor was it laid down that to be sound of limb was good evidence of infirmity of mind. And thus it was, that the barrister of that golden age was enabled to pass through the disastrous chances and hair-breadth 'scapes of the Christmas festival with applause; nor was it a punishable offence

"That he could play, and daunce, and vault, and spring,
And all that else pertains to revelling."

But these virtuous days have passed away, and with them the glory, and the pride, and the honour of the Temple have fled—

"Oh! all is gone; and all that goodly glee
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid a bed."

And the wisdom of modern days puts its ban upon such unprofitable doings. A man must be of a serious turn, according to law, now-a-days, or he may expect the peace-officers after him. You talk of superstition, and point to the ritual of Popery. "You would bate me of half my merriment out of spite to the scarlet lady," says Selden, (and we cite the learned authority with deep professional reverence). "There never was a merry world since the fairies left dancing, and the parson left conjuring." We go not the whole extent of this opinion; but we own we would consent to undertake a reasonable penance at the discretion of the minister—we would not grumble at a practicable fair length of pilgrimage—nay, we would even tender our respects to a fair wooden representative of a grin Saint, if by such concessions we could bring back the days and nights of Old Christmas-time at the Temple.

A FEW TEMPLARS.

TO A FRIEND.

HENRY, my friend! thou gazest on mine eye,
And steal'st thy lingering glance athwart my brow,
As though thy kindly heart would question—why
Those once so bright, appear so joyless now?—
Look on the West! The sinking sun's last beam
Sheds on thy cheek a love-like brilliancy—
The sun is set; and now thy features seem
More dark than ere his rays illumined thee.
Thus in Love's light my fond heart shone awhile,
Too warm for wo, too radiant for regret;
Then beam'd my glance, then flash'd the thoughtless smile,
But now they shine no more—my sun is set!
Yet still, thank Heaven! there rests dear Friendship's light,
Its day is not so rich, but O! it knows no night!

C. L.

THE TRAVELLING PROPENSITIES AND OPINIONS OF JOHN BULL.

THE English are allowed to be more given to occasional migration than any other people; strength of purse, and a national morbidness of temper that requires the dissipation of foreign scenes and society, have been assigned as causes: to whatever extent they may be so, they are certainly not the only ones. Islanders as we are, the ideal limits that confine us to our home are more strongly marked—it is the ocean that rolls between us and other countries, and that unaccountable impulse to self-liberation, which we feel locally as well as morally, swells in proportion to the magnitude of the barrier that obstructs it. The Alps are a noble boundary in imagination, but geographers, that unromantic sect, destroy it:—there is a line of demarcation on Mount St. Bernard, astride of which one may have his right foot in Italy and his left in France—a feat of no small sublimity to modern tourists. This facility of communication lessens the dignity of both countries; the very essence of grandeur is in the idea of isolation, and we feel it in the boast of the poet—

“I stood and stand alone, remember’d or forgot.”

There is no association connected with our country, so endearing and ennobling as our “ocean-wall.” We are conscious of being surrounded, like the earth itself, with an unfathomable element; and we pass it with feelings akin to those which we might experience in voyaging to another planet. It is otherwise with the Continental nations of Europe: their journeys from metropolis to metropolis resemble our trips from London to York, or to Manchester—they see strange faces and strange people, but it is the plain road-way all along. Besides, their vicinity and intermixture with each other completely check those romantic anticipations, with which we look beyond sea. Europe is common life to them, while to us it is a drama, and a dream—a paradise to be explored and enjoyed.

With such current sentiments amongst us, it is no wonder that we should have been overrun with tours and visits, barren journals, and dissertative quartos on leagues and posting. The proper period or fitting disposition for travel is difficult to fix on or attain;—we should be young to possess in its freshness the spring of sympathy and association; and without the knowledge which it demands years to acquire, the objects most pregnant with interest will be but a dead letter. Such things must be left to chance:—a good stock of animal spirits is, after all, the best *compagnon de voyage*; it enables one to quaff the delicious draught of novelty, unmixed with that feeling of desolation that comes upon us, amid foreign scenes and unaccustomed sounds. It is doubly necessary to the ignorant linguist, for vivacity is a language current every where; it is always understood, and is by far a better interpreter than Blagdon, or any other *Manuel de Voyageur*. Testy and Sensitive have put nothing on record half so miserable as one of our Smellfungus’s stuck in the corner of a Diligence, abandoned to his own spleen and sullenness. These woful personages must exceedingly perplex the curious inhabitants of the country where they journey, to discover what the deuce can bring such living corpses

among them. But there are some of these we should not insult—the diseased and the broken, many perhaps in spirit and in heart, that seek in more genial climes to recruit their health and life. The numerous tombs with English inscriptions, that are to be seen in Pere La Chaise,³ and in the burying-grounds throughout the South of France, attest the final repose of many a valetudinarian. There are, however, more substantial and less sentimental monuments of our love of travel left throughout Europe. Chateaubriand, the epic itinerarian, found very comfortable traces of them in Peloponnesus. “There is at Misitra,” says he, “a Greek house of entertainment, called the *Auberge Anglaise*, where they eat roast-beef and drink Port-wine. Travellers are, in this respect, under great obligations to the English; it is they who have established good inns throughout all Europe—in Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Spain—at Constantinople, and at Athens, and here, even to the very gates of Sparta, in despite of Lycurgus.”† How would the Pythian prophetess have astonished the old worthies of Greece, if she had foretold them the establishment of English chop-houses amidst the ruins of Athens and Lacedæmon!

It is easier to create a demand for roast-beef than to write books—our success has consequently been more complete in the former attempt. We have no such traveller as Humboldt; yet some people compare him with Dr. Clarke, who, as a brother correspondent observes somewhere, travelled to Russia for the purpose of proving Richard the Third not so great a villain, after all, as Shakspeare and the pit would have him. As an individual, I must record myself to have learned from that gentleman’s first volume an abundance of information extremely difficult to reconcile. I found the Russians to be the most amiable people in the world, and the greatest rogues; and throughout the course of the volume, as of Dr. Clarke’s journey, they rise and fall in the scale of human excellence so abruptly, that one is inclined to attribute the unfavourable character of the Russians to the ruggedness of their roads, that jolted the traveller out of good humour, while the Cossacks seem indebted for the praise of honesty and civilization to the smooth plains over which his carriage glided. I am no traveller, nor beholder of sights; yet, like all the world, took a trip to the Continent some years since, and must say, that what most astonished me were the volumes of our tourists. The descriptions of columns, arcs, façades, and colonnades, are all very correct; the pictures of private society abroad, such as Lady Morgan’s “France,” may be very correct for aught I know—they are, at any rate, very entertaining; but the accounts we have been favoured with concerning the strange manners of the people—the profound analyses of national character gathered from the alleys of Paris—the levity of the women—the politeness of the men—the cheapness of amusements—the profusion of the English, &c. &c. nine assertions in ten, appear to me the exact converse of the truth.

To commence with what I have last enumerated—profusion, what-

* There are some lamentable traits of national envy displayed in the beautiful cemetery of Mont Louis. Some inscriptions over the bodies of English have been partially injured and defaced: that over Major Randolph, if we collect aright, is one.

† Itinéraire, tom. i.

ever it may have been, has ceased to be the characteristic of English living in France. The contrary, indeed, is the prevailing disposition. France is crowded from one end to the other with English economists; and the custom they have now learned, of bargaining for every thing before-hand, even with the guides and porters that reply with a "*Ce que vous voulez, Monsieur*,"—"What you please"—gives an appearance of parsimony and suspicion rather than that of carelessness and prodigality. The French tradesmen find it no longer easy to put the English under contribution; and even when they did, they had a very good excuse. There is twice as much extortion on the English side of the channel, without an atom of the civility that might render it palatable. Let our countrymen then not lay in a double stock of suspicion, when they purpose visiting the Continent—they will no where find more rogues than they have left at home. There is not, in any country in Europe, one sixteenth part of the petty larceny that is committed in London alone. I never heard of an Englishman who lost even a pocket-handkerchief in the streets of Paris.

Another of the generally received and erroneous opinions entertained here, is the cheapness of amusements in Paris; of which but one word. The price of admittance to theatres is of no consideration but to thorough play-goers, that is, to the occupiers of the pit. Now in Paris, although the parterre or pit be cheaper, yet it is farther removed from the stage than ours—it is the cheapest and least respected part of the house, answering to our upper galleries—in short, it is not where our critics would choose to sit.

Next of all, the French do not seem to me a jot more polite than other people, and this is a quality on all hands allowed them. The guides and others that one will have to pay, are undeniably extremely civil; but not in our barbarous metropolis do we ever meet with the intentional rudeness and *brusquerie* experienced at every turn in the French capital. The only difference between the nations in this point is, that where *we* bow, they take off their hats, and where we anxiously seek tidings and news of the health, happiness of friends, &c. they find time to pay a compliment. The politeness of society is another thing—at present, I only busy myself with the erroneous prejudices, both in our favour and the contrary, with which we regard the nations of the Continent; and of the actual state of their society among themselves, the generality of us neither know nor care any thing.

The levity of French women is a necessary part of John Bull's creed, and the part in which he is most completely mistaken. That the prejudice originated in truth is likely; but if the French had a Duc de Richelieu, we have had Lord Rochester. Their own writers allow that the Revolution has destroyed the French gallantry, and gallantry may be here taken in its most comprehensive sense. There are no women more modest and well-behaved than the Parisians—the eyes of females in London are fully as busy and impudent. And the female peasants of the country parts of France are much more reserved than any of the pretty villagers of Great Britain.

Another of our horrors is a French Sunday; nevertheless, I understand that, at present, we have full as much shop-keeping and

sale here upon that day. The theatres being open on the sabbath is the custom that most shock us, and no wonder—a London theatre is, indeed, a place of profane amusement. But the aspect of the Parisian houses is totally different—there is no dress, no show, no indecorum in the boxes. The men are silent, and the women muffled—all attentive, sober, and at home, as if they listened to a tea-table conversation in our holy city. John Knox himself could never persuade me that a French theatre was the habitation of Satan; and, if we may judge by those sentiments and passages which they mark with applause, there never was a people in whom the feelings of patriotism and moral principle were stronger. If their enemies deny the assertion, it only proves them to be honest people at the theatre than any where else, which surely is not a proof of its being a bad school. Y.

ROME.

Two or three pictures neglected and faded,
 By two or three thousand of rubbish o'er-shaded.
 Two or three ruins majestic, sublime,
 Amidst heaps of old walls that consume all your time
 Two or three marbles above all our praises,
 Two or three thousand of old noseless faces
 New furbish'd, new christen'd, and placed upon shelves,
 Like nothing on earth, that I know, but themselves.
 A host of inscriptions which no one can read,
 With the host of unfruitful disputes which they breed.
 Two or three prosing and dull Ciceronics,
 Two or three cousins and brothers of Bony's.
 Some hundreds of churches, with many a shrine,
 Smoke, marble, and gilding, damp, dirty, and fine.
 Some thousands of monks, of all orders and rules,
 A jumble of hypocrites, idlers, and fools:
 And as many more priests, with an air quite at home,
 Fat, rosy, and round, the true Sovereigns of Rome.
 Some forty old Cardinals prank'd out in scarlet,
 With the Pope at their head—that symbolical harlot.
 A score of lay princes quite unknown to fame,
 With nought princely about them, or great, but their name.
 Some nondescript prelates ccleped Monsignori,
 Pert, flippant, and vain, with their dulness who bore ye;
 With lots of fine ladies, who, as I'm a sinner,
 Would much rather give you a bed than a dinner.
 And two or three houses that, open'd at nights,
 Without carpets, refreshments, or fires, or lights,
 Group two or three dames, with their cavalier cronies,
 And compose their delectable conversaciones.
 With two or three hundred of tradesmen to cheat you,
 And two or three thousand of beggars to eat you.
 Some scores of apartments, dull, dirty, and dear;
 That pay in a month, all they cost in the year.
 Restaurateurs skilful in nothing but carving,
 Who give you your choice between poison and starving.
 Two or three pleurisies easy to purchase
 In damp vaults, damp houses, damp linen, damp churches.
 And two or three agues you'll catch in the spring,
 Which two or three doctors and grave diggers bring,
 Would drive one to madness beyond all resources,
 If it were not for two or three pair of post-horses.

ON THE STATE AND IMPROVEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS IN
ENGLAND.

If we admit that a successful cultivation of the Fine Arts not only demonstrates, but promotes, the refinement of a nation, it cannot but awaken considerable regret, that, remote as we are from perfection, we should not have even made any evident progress towards it in those latter years, which have afforded such facilities for the study of Art.

It is neither to be wondered at, nor objected, that the nation at large is not much interested in the success or reputation of artists; for notwithstanding the occasional aids from Parliament, and the distinguished encouragement by individuals, but little has been produced in the higher walks of Art of which we can be justly proud. Yet many of our artists have travelled, have visited the reliques of Greece and Italy, and been the welcomed and privileged visitors of the richest galleries. The consequence of this is, that the most favourable moments ever possessed by England for the attainment of excellence in matters of taste are elapsing without being profited by; and that, when the present race of Continental travellers (who see what painting has been, what architecture and sculpture are in the actual hour,) shall have passed away, we shall sink into a Gothic oblivion of the nobler models, and shall be thrown upon and dependent on the untalented efforts of the English school. In no country has Nature given the mind more of the creative faculty; and manual aptitude is every where, and in every occupation, evinced; but either the course of instruction is faulty, or true genius is repressed, or the nationally-charged arrogance of self-opinion directs the labours of the architect and the sculptor, and even too often of the painter; and so communicative are their ill-judged decisions, that I heard an Englishman, while looking at the Thesean Temple at Athens, say, "that he much wondered that some of those buildings had not spires;" similarly tasteless ideas are the general ones of the country. I had been at this period absent for many years from England, and on my way to it, was delayed for some time at Rome. I met there several English young men of great promise, actively employed in copying from the Italian school, and exacting, by the excellence of their specimens, the praises of the most qualified judges. As the Continent had been accessible for nearly seven years, I expected to see, in some of the fine arts in England, an evident and decided purity of design, and ability in execution. I have not yet discovered the one or the other; and taking the three last performances in the sister arts as examples, I believe that I shall have no difficulty in proving my assertion.

The most public performance and cheapest to see, (for they still demand entrance-money at St. Paul's) and first in dignity, is the line of new buildings intended to ornament the City, and calculated, as the *Laureat* thinks, to throw Athens into the shade. To the architectural student the entire range may form an admirable study and spot of reference, for it contains every style, from the Athenian to the London—a tissue of incongruity, non-descript and nonsensical; and the only pile that can atone in some degree for

the mass of unharmoniousness, is, from situation, less in a thoroughfare than the rest of the deformed quantity.

But the general opinion has been strongly expressed, and we must hope that, when renewed, it may be in better taste; for it happily is of so perishable a construction, that in some few years

The United Service Club-house, the Fire-office,
St. Peter's Chapel, the whole street itself,
(All its inhabitants, we hope, being gone)
Shall fall—a tasteless fabric of bad building,
Nor leave a house behind.

I was in the habit of reading in the journals accounts of the sums voted by Parliament for the sculptured commemoration of the illustrious men that have bled for their country, and I have pointed out these accounts to the foreigners whom I have met, with pride at such a judicious and grateful application of the public funds. I have sometimes added, "Here is, indeed, what may be called patronage; here is the true field for sculpture. The sentiment thrown around the sepulchral monument must give it a superiority over your Hebes, your Bacchus, and your Faun; for there is something in the subject to inspire—to call forth the magnificence of design." With all the predisposition to be charmed, I entered St. Paul's. The interior of this superb church was in a state of complete neglect; but it was not until I commenced the perusal of the monuments that I saw the policy of the dirt. I am now convinced that it has been allowed to accumulate at the request of the sculptors; and I am glad to see it, for modesty is the promise of amendment. I will not make remarks on masses of marble that are not of recent erection; but there is a wretched national penury in the spirit that clusters the names of two or three gallant officers on the same beggarly-looking slab of marble. If these things are proposed as encouragement for the living, the Legislature must think that human exertion is easily bribed. In the latest monument that, by a more liberal grant, has been produced on a more elaborate scale, we will notice the design as it is, and the incongruity visible in it, as in every other group where allegory is attempted. Sir Thomas Picton was acknowledgedly one of the first generals of the British army. After a series of the most brilliant subordinate services rendered to the country, he fell in the most distinguished battle of modern times; and Sir Thomas Picton's monument exhibits—not the form of a General of division, nor a full length of an expiring hero, but—a bust;—and so placed, that it requires an opera-glass to observe it well. Now, as General Picton's figure, in the artist's opinion, would not do for sculpture, he has given us three that he thinks may answer better. A Victory, or an England, (I forget which) with a Grecian face, handing a wreath for Picton's brow to a Roman Legionary (who cannot reach to Picton's bust), and who is to represent to the spectator the most appropriate emblem of Valour. Now, we think that a British soldier is as emblematical of valour as any Roman can be. And knowing that there was not a single Italian corps in the army at Waterloo, any soldier of the 5th or 88th regiments, who used to lead in Picton's storming-parties, on visiting this monument, will puzzle his memory to think to what regiment

of the division this fellow belonged. Next, to keep all female visitors at a distance, stands a naked youth (gracefully sculptured, I allow), who represents Genius. The naked truth every one hears of, though it is rarely exhibited; but this genius might have had clothes on, for in the cold cavity of St. Paul's the boy looks as if freezing. Is there not generally a committee appointed to decide on the designs, and if nothing more in character was submitted to them, did it not become their duty, with only the wish to honour the memory of Picton, a regard for sculpture, and a disregard as to the country of the artist, to have procured a design, such at least as would have led the spectator into the secret—that a soldier of the 19th century was thus honoured by the gratitude of his country? A free trade is as judicious in the Fine Arts as in those which are necessary to existence.*

The object of the public is to have fine structures and monuments. There is, in fact, scarcely a composition in St. Paul's that would not be in Italy broken up to make cement; and yet every one knows that these things might have been procured, of elegant conception and high finish, at an inferior expense. If one of these monuments could show itself, in its Italian quarry, in its new British shape, " 'twould make the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny," ere they would submit to embarkation for England.

Another monument lately erected, standing near the door of entrance, is actually better, though the artist might have made the figures in relief more effective and graceful. The principal figure is of General Hay, who is dressed in uniform, and the effect of the costume is not ungraceful as might be supposed. In these things we have been too much slaves to old ideas. If a man of the present day looks dignified in existence and becoming in modern costume, does he not give the idea of more active and manly power than the philosopher in his cumbrous robe? and, ephemeral as the fashion is, should he not be represented as he lived? How comes it that the painter alone has stepped over this narrowness of taste? Our nobles stand in the frame in their official dresses, or in the common costume, our military as British military; allegory is not crowded into the painting containing the modern portrait. And what artist would pencil but the bust, surrounded by the personified attributes of the mind?

Now we may inquire what is the course most likely to succeed in eliciting a better taste for the arts, and in the artists themselves. First, as to the obligation entailed on the Country, to disgrace the appearance of its religious edifices, in particular, by the exclusive patronage of native art. The profession of the Fine Arts is of optional adoption, because the student, before he can feel necessity, must incur expenditure, and pass much time without emolument.

* I do not deny the skill of the sculptor in what he has done (the lion not being sculptured), but I assert that a parliamentary grant is not to be given for copies or ideas of antique figures, when the country wanted the full representation of a contemporary personage. Bad as the composition and workmanship of many other monuments are, still, where the principal figure of the subject is presented in the principal representation, we experience some feeling of satisfaction.

If a young man without the natural requisites for success, voluntarily enters on the career of an artist, the country is certainly not called on to indemnify him for his miscalculation of his powers. But, from the system pursued by the public guardians and fosterers of art, a few leaders in the particular branches have an exclusive certainty of employment, and allow, in the indolence even of genius, much of their powers to remain dormant. If invitations for designs for the next required monumental group were extended to all Europe, we should either produce amongst ourselves something of perfect beauty, or we should be the means of introducing such sculpture as might originate a new school in England. Something of this kind should be done, to save us from the laughter of the Continent. Our painters, whose art is more difficult, have completely outstripped the architect and sculptor. They introduce with a superior effect the modern female face, and on the neck of a goddess or a Virtue it is appropriately placed. But if they acted like our sculptors, we might expect to see the combatants in the Peninsular battles in Roman or Greek caparison, as well as a British King.

Speaking of battles brings me to the third illustration of my premises. The Directors of the National Academy have given a sum of public money for the most rhapsodical picture that ever adorned the walls of an exhibition-room. The picture is entitled "*The Triumph of England.*" Of course, allegory is largely employed;—not classical allegory, but the wildest fantastical expression is given to dreams, which could have sprung alone from the oppression of the incubus. The composer of this picture is, by declaration, and all previous study, an animal-painter, and unsurpassed as such; but in this instance, when the noblest embodying of idea was requisite to give a conception of the proudest era of the British monarchy, the competition should have been thrown open to the world. We wanted to illustrate a crowd of splendid achievements, and should not have been restrained in the gratification of that wish by the narrow and quite unnecessary care of attending to the interests of a well-established artist. The British School of Painting (in a rapid state of advancement) owes its best success to private patronage; but the hitherto existing ordinances and rules of its academic direction have not much benefited it. Let the Directors of the Academy reject all designs that possess incongruities. Let us no longer see buildings disfigured by unprecedented orders; nor a Greek structure surmounted by a spire; nor a female with Greek features introduced in the same group with a male figure of Roman lineament: when those faults are avoided, architecture and sculpture may derive improvement from national encouragement, and painting be prevented from degenerating into wild imagination. But, to succeed, the competition must be thrown open to all England; and occasionally, according to the importance of the subject, to all Europe. The talent of the British artist should alone procure him the monopoly in the market. When England produces the best artists, it will be against our interest any longer to encourage those of the Continent. In

the most justly cherished branch of painting—the portrait, who thinks of employing an Italian?

Finally, as the most abundant exercise of sculpture is in the field of monumental commemoration, we ought, in common fairness, to consider what might be the fleeting and self-inspiring reflections of some of those men who are the sculptor's subjects, if they were alive. Would not Picton think his memory neglected, if he saw it only perpetuated by a bust? Did Crauford lead in at Rodrigo's breach, and M'Kinnon over its mine, and think only to be clustered in the same wretched medallion or tablet? Did Le Marchant charge for immortality, to be handed to posterity in profile? If we do not correct these matters, let us renounce our pretensions to a share in the encouragement of judicious art, and remain a commercial people. But if we would still make the attempt to unite taste to the other parts of the national character, let the field of Art be as the Olympic, open to all comers. Propose the prize for excellence to all the Continent, and England may become the field of all competition, the arena of European talent, the emporium of the fine arts; and it may before long be her's to boast her Milo. Why not act, in respect of the fine arts, as we would in the sciences? If we require the solution of a problem in astronomy or mechanics, do we not propose the prize of discovery and elucidation to all the talented of every country? Did we limit the proposal of reward for the chronometer to the native of England? If we thought the naval architecture of another state superior to that of our own, whether ought we to adopt the foreigner's, or lavish our patronage on the less skilful native constructor's? Had the principles which at present direct us in the mode of encouraging the Fine Arts always swayed public opinion, England could not have been the favoured country of Holbein, Vandyke, and Kneller; nor should we have had a Reynolds, or a Lawrence, and portrait-painting would have been as imperfect as some other departments of the art. W. W. W.

SONNET,

Written on visiting the spot where the earlier years of the Writer were passed.

Lov'd haunt of guiltless hearts and golden hours!
Home of my youth, and theme of youthful song!
How joyous in thy now neglected bowers,
My thoughtless boyhood chased its days along!
Yes, I may roam, a pilgrim in the throng—
May many a sweet rose in the desert find—
But ne'er shall twine a wreath, those scenes among,
Home of my youth! like that I left behind.
Thy warbling brooks, that hush the cradled wind,
Breathe the deep dirge of hopes and pleasures fled;
And, 'mid thy haunted loneliness, the mind
May people vacancy, and list the dead:
The light of days long faded into dreams—
The rainbow of the past—still round thee glows and gleams.

J.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND.

NO. I.

Ev'n now where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend. GOLDSMITH.

WE arrived at Orbe, from Dijon, by way of Salins and Pontarlier—a road full of beauty, and a worthy introduction to this lovely Pays de Vaud. A few leagues from Dijon, about Auxonne, as we drove along the plains near the Saone, we first saw the bold blue outlines of the Jura; and at Salins we entered into one of its deep valleys, with all the picturesque accompaniments of fir forests and impending mountains. We had now fairly turned our backs on the tame mediocrity of French landscape, and though the post-book told us we were in the *Département du Jura*, the forests, the mountains, the glens, the streams, the pastoral cottages, assured us we were on the verge of Switzerland. Nothing can be finer than the drive from Pontarlier to Orbe. Pontarlier is situated in a rich plain of pasture watered by the Doubs. The wooded barrier of the Jura rises majestically above the town, and the high road runs through a pass between perpendicular rocks so narrow as to have been formerly shut in by gates, the posts of which still remain. On the cliff on one side is perched the fortress of Joux beetling over the road. Here Toussaint L'Ouverture was confined by Napoleon, and died of cold, hunger, and grief. The rock is almost inaccessible, and admirably adapted for the site of a frontier fortress. Nothing but a refinement in oppressive cruelty could select the fortress for a state prison. A soft green valley, sunk deep between mountains rising abruptly and richly clothed with the deep green of the fir, now afforded us a passage through the chain of the Jura. At the village of Balaigue we passed the frontier. An inspection of our passports by one of the *Gendarmerie Vaudoise*, with a sabre by his side, and *Liberté et Patrie*, the motto of the Canton, glittering on his helmet, somewhat disturbed the romantic illusions of the scene, and the associations connected with a pastoral republic. The drive by Balaigue and Montcharand to Orbe is one of the most lovely that can be conceived. Here it is that you first command a Swiss prospect, with all its luxuriant variety of mountain, forest, orchards, valleys, lakes, alps, and snows. The Lake of Geneva was obscured by the mists of the evening, but the lake of Neufchatel lay bright and glittering below us. Orbe, though not a pretty town in itself, is one of the most pleasing that I know. The character of the neighbouring scenery has a smiling loveliness, and a teeming fertility, which I never saw equalled. The neatness of the villages, the cleanly respectability of the people, their large well-built cottages and farms, the beautiful pastures, vineyards, orchards that slope down to the romantic river Orbe, which alternately roars in cascades through rocks, and meanders through an expanse of meadow, the town with its steeples and old Roman towers on a vine-covered eminence above the river, the upland pastures of the Jura covered with flocks of cows and goats and studded with white *chalets*—add to this scene of beauty the black fir-clad ridge of the Jura above, the

glittering lakes in the plains below, and the white broken majestic Alps glittering in the far horizon; and, perhaps, Nature can hardly supply a more enchanting scene of beauty and all-varied grace and luxuriance. A tone of retired peace and primitive repose reigns throughout the place. The old Swiss warrior of the 13th century, who stands on the fountain in the little market-place, looks as if he had lifted his stone sword without molestation for centuries. A fine beech-tree luxuriates on the walls of the gate of entrance, and the cascade formed by the Orbe, under the picturesque stone bridge, murmurs in harmony with the beauties of nature and the tranquil spirit of the place. The day after our arrival we went to dine with one of the old families of the country. The dinner was at one o'clock. The house and establishment had an air of respectability, and, without any indications of wealth or luxury, a certain air of gentlemanlike simplicity. Its inhabitants we found hospitable, simple, and well-informed. A veteran Swiss gentleman, an officer of rank in the Swiss guards, was particularly pleasing. Though his life had been half spent with his regiment at Paris, he was perfectly Swiss in character and manners; plain, unaffected, loyal, and sensible, attached in every thing to the *old regime*, eloquent on all matters of rural economy, crops, vintages, seasons, &c. much like an English country squire, with the exception of more of polish in his manners, and less of shrewdness in his conversation. In the evening (that is, at six o'clock) we accompanied our hospitable friends to a *soirée dansante*, at the house of a *Juge de paix* for the district—an officer of modern introduction since the suppression of the old aristocratic jurisdiction of Bailiffs, and the erection of the Pays de Vaud into an independent republican canton. Here we saw united all the *beau monde* of Orbe and the neighbourhood. Coffee, tea, liqueurs, delicious fruit, and home-made confectionary, were handed about in great abundance—not by liveried lacqueys, but by the neat handed *Phyllises* of the establishment. The old family-nurse, of portly dimensions, and adorned with a stately well-starched mob-cap, presided over the refectory and its administrators. A bright galaxy of Swiss mothers and daughters, dressed with simplicity and taste, encompassed the saloons; while the gentlemen, without any of the English display of silk stockings and pumps, occupied the centre of the rooms in clusters, as they used of yore to do in London, and still do, we believe, in card-parties at two days' journey from the metropolis. A spacious temporary saloon was lighted up as a *salle de danse*, where waltzing, in all its varieties, was kept up with great spirit. The ladies appeared to be passionately fond of dancing, and many more married women, and women of "a certain age," were among the couples than are seen in an English ball. The *Juge de paix* was among the most conspicuous waltzers; and members of the "Grand Conseil," and Deputies to the Diet, did not disdain the pleasures of a ball. A rational, unpretending, and sociable mirth reigned in the entertainment, with an absence of all luxury and costly preparation which I never saw equalled in any society of equal rank in other countries. We took leave at midnight—no crush of carriages and servants blocked up the gateway. The moon had risen high above the Jura, and was glittering on the river Orbe

which flowed close by the house; and the fair dancers regained their homes, after their simple amusement, by the lights of nature and a fine climate, without the aid of lamps or prancing horses.

We drove the other day to Val Orbe, three leagues from Orbe. No traveller who visits this part of Switzerland should neglect seeing this beautiful village, and the singular and lovely source of the Orbe in its neighbourhood. In our way we visited a cascade formed by the river Orbe, near the village of Ballaigne. The exquisite limpidness of the water, the grandeur of the rocks fringed and tufted with luxuriant brush-wood and beech saplings, the sequestered shades which embosom the foaming torrent, render this one of the most interesting waterfalls I have seen. At Ballaigne we left the carriage, and put ourselves under the guidance of a sturdy Swiss peasant, to conduct us to the cascade. The man was dressed in a greasy plush jerkin, a large straw hat, loose trowsers, no stockings, and shoes not weather-tight. He appeared civil and intelligent; and a Swiss gentleman, who accompanied us, seemed to pay him some deference. On returning from the cascade, and wishing him good morning, I begged him to take three francs for his trouble, which he declined with a civil and dignified bow. I soon learned my mistake, when our Swiss friend informed us that our Cicerone was no less a personage than a member of the Grand Council of the Canton de Vaud—a modern Cincinnatus, who mingles the labours of the field with the dignified functions of the senate. We had forgotten that we were now under a pastoral government. How far the crook and the forensic toga consort advantageously together, may perhaps be a question.

The village of Val Orbe, with its neat and well-roofed cottages, its picturesque spire embosomed in poplars and orchards, stands by the side of the Orbe in one of the most romantic and lovely valleys of the Jura. The Orbe has its singular source a mile higher in the valley. Leaving the village, we followed the windings of the stream through the richest meadows, the valley gradually narrowing, the majestic fir-clad mountains on each side growing bolder and more perpendicular, and finally enclosing, with their gloomy wooded barrier, the lovely glen through which the stream flows and murmurs. Dark funereal pines and delicate larches shade the rocky precipices, and overhang the stream. The scene is wild, sequestered, and filled with a solitary and shady stillness. We began to wonder whence the stream could issue, till we at last found its source, and beheld it, with delight and astonishment, gliding forth in all its pellucid beauty, from a lofty wall of rock amidst the shade of these sylvan recesses. The stream is seventeen feet in width, and four or five in depth at its issuing from the rocks. It flows forth from the rock without a ripple, and at first glides and waves over the most green and graceful moss, till masses of rock, detached from the heights above, interrupt its course, and break its waters into murmuring eddies and cascades. It is impossible to conceive any thing more romantic than the whole scene; and no one who has visited it can wonder that poets should have peopled the fountains and streams of the woods with Naiads and Undines. Saussure prefers the source to that of Vaucluse, for beauty and interest. Its singularity is not less remarkable than its beauty. The water is furnished by the small

Lakes of Joux and Rousses, which are situated above the rocks of Val Orbe at an elevation of 680 feet above the source. These lakes discharge themselves through tunnels between the vertical couches of rock, and penetrate through the mountain down to the source. We returned to dine at Val Orbe, at a comfortable inn, where delicious trout from the river were served up in various attractive shapes. The Orbe, among its other recommendations, is famous for its trout; and those caught in the basin of the source are reckoned the most delicate. We returned to Orbe in a lovely summer evening.

The drive from Orbe to Lausanne, by La Sarra and Cossonay, is a continued scene of fertility and graceful beauty. The haziness of a sultry atmosphere cleared up as we approached Lausanne, and opened to us the majestic chain of the rugged and purple Alps, with their white heads capped by the clouds, or glittering in the sun for a continuous length of above thirty leagues. Lausanne itself is one of the ugliest and most inconvenient towns on the Continent. The hills and slopes in the town render it almost impossible to drive in a carriage with safety. The cathedral is a venerable Gothic structure, in a fine situation, commanding the lake and the mountains. The town presents scarcely any objects of interest; but it is surprising how little they are missed. Nature in Switzerland is all in all. She has here built her perennial throne, and reigns unquestioned mistress of all our sympathies and sensations. Art scarcely puts in a single claim to our regard; and those which it does present are of a very inferior interest. Monsieur de Chateaubriand would say that the hand of man has here been kept in awe, and checked by the overwhelming wonders of the universe, and the *præsens Deus*, which manifests itself in every glacier and every valley, has taught him a lesson of humility, and confined his aspiring powers to the humble occupations of tilling his fields and protecting his dwelling from the avalanche and the torrent. Certain it is that no country possesses more of useful economy and institutions, and less of the interest of the fine arts, or of the tasteful refinements of social life, than Switzerland. Splendid churches, handsome palaces, costly monuments, fine country-seats, galleries of pictures, showy equipages, luxurious mansions, are here sought for in vain; but, on the other hand, you have neat farms and good farmers, good breeds of cattle, excellent dairies, drill-ploughs, cream cheeses, and even admirable gold watches and musical snuff-boxes. In a word, the genius of man has here a tendency to the useful and mechanical. It is in nature alone that the mind finds those unbounded stores of beauty, grace, and curiosity, which form the interest of the country—that the philosopher meets new wonders to excite his speculation and repay his research—the poet living scenes, that embody the loveliest visions of his fancy—while the mere rambling desultory traveller refreshes his feelings and his faculties at the pure fountain of nature, quickens his perceptions of the beautiful and the grand, and brings home with him to the dull routines of life a feast of sweet and innocent remembrances.

At Lausanne we had the gratification of visiting the great classic hero of our stage, whom we found enjoying leisure and literary ease,

and distinguished reputation, amongst all the charms of picturesque nature. His abode is one of the handsomest and most pleasingly situated campagnes near Lausanne, commanding a lovely prospect of the lake and the Alps. The interior unites all the elegance of a foreign villa with the comfort of an English gentleman's mansion; and we considered ourselves highly fortunate in spending some most agreeable hours with its interesting host and a selection of individuals eminent in the literary rolls of our country. Mrs. Siddons was a chief ornament of this interesting circle; and her conversation seemed to have acquired a new warmth and eloquence from the inspiring scenes which she was visiting for the first time. Her descriptions of the sensations she had experienced, and the deep admiration she had felt in witnessing the wonders of Alpine nature, particularly on her first entrance into Switzerland, and her visit to the Alps of Berne, had all the energy of truth and the glow of real sensibility. As we stood in a window of Mr. Kemble's villa, listening to Mrs. Siddons's charming enthusiasm, and joining in her expressions of admiration, the moon was streaming in all her lustre across the glassy lake spread out before the house. The Alps on the opposite bank marked out their dark and jagged outlines on the pure blue of the Heavens. It was impossible to behold an evening or a scene of more exquisite and lovely repose; and the society in which we enjoyed it, and by which it was enjoyed, gave an increased zest to its beauties. Lord Byron, who by the way is the best of companions and guides in Switzerland, has seized every feature of a moonlight scene on the lake with his usual power and felicity.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains dusk yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap't heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good night carol more——.

CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii.

We happened to be at Lausanne on occasion of a very strictly observed fast, which occurs annually in the month of September. It was observed with a degree of ceremony and strictness much beyond the observances of a Sabbath. Divine service commenced at seven and eight o'clock in the morning in the Cathedral and the other churches, and a succession of prayers and sermons was delivered without interruption till three or four in the afternoon. All business was suspended—not a single shop was open—and the churches were thronged to overflowing. As soon as one service was at an end, the congregation departed to make room for fresh worshippers; while the pulpit was occupied by a fresh pastor. Notwithstanding all this zealous solemnization of the day, it was somewhat extraordinary, that after an inquiry of at least a score individuals, many of them of considerable information, we found it impossible to obtain any specific account of the origin of the fast. All agreed that it was of great antiquity, and intended to commem-

morate some signal instance of the divine protection extended to the country: beyond this, no information was to be obtained. If this had been in a Catholic canton, where ceremonies descend as an inheritance from generation to generation, without inquiry as to their meaning or origin, it would have excited no wonder; but it appeared very singular to see a shrewd inquiring race of Calvinists praying and singing from morning till night, without being able to give a satisfactory account of the tendency of their devotions.

Lausanne is now the capital of the modern Republic of the Canton de Vaud—a strict democracy founded on French principles, and governed according to French systems. By the instigation and help of the French, the Vaudois threw off in 1798, the domination of the aristocratic government of Berne, which had governed the Pays de Vaud with a mild and paternal rule, favourable to the happiness and welfare of the people, but apparently somewhat too exclusive in the preference of the Bernese to all municipal and magisterial offices, and not at all congenial in its spirit to the new theories of freedom disseminated in Switzerland by the French. From the rule of the nobles and citizens of Berne, the country has now passed to that of the native citizens and peasants. A great revolution in property and consequence has taken place, to the depression of the noble families and gentlemen of the country, and the elevation of the *bourgeois*, and the whole second class, to increased authority and affluence. Feudal rights are for ever abolished. Manors, lordships, tithes, seignorial privileges of every kind, are destroyed. These formed a principal source of income to most of the old families of the country, who received a very inadequate indemnification for their losses in a redemption of these rights, not of the most equitable or honourable kind, by the new government of the canton. An old Baron, who had left his patrimonial chateau, and retired to another canton in consequence of these proceedings, told me in an indignant tone, "*Il ne me convenoit plus de vivre sous un gouvernement de paysans.*" A short time ago, a contested election for a seat in the Grand Council took place between a man of family, education, and talents, and a clever and aspiring blacksmith. The present state of parties in the canton enabled the latter to succeed with triumph. The Canton de Vaud is the only part of Switzerland in which posts have recently been established. They are not remarkably well regulated. The stations are in general too long, from the difficulty of finding individuals willing to undertake the novel trade of Postmaster; and their expense, compared with those of other continental posts, is exorbitant. *Nominally*, the whole system is copied from that existing in France—the prices of horses and postillions are the same. A post is, as in France, *nominally* two leagues. But in France there is a tolerably honest conformity between the *lieue de pays* and the *lieue de poste*; whereas, under the "Peasant Government" of the Canton de Vaud, this relation is most shamefully forgotten. For instance, from Lausanne to Geneva is a distance of eleven leagues, as the government mile-stones themselves inform you; but the government post-book also informs you, that the distance for which travellers are to pay is no less than sixteen leagues: viz. eight posts.

The fact is, the families of the country rarely avail themselves of the posts, travelling, for the most part, either with their own horses or those of a *voiturier*—and the “Peasant Government” sets the example of considering all fair and lawful gain that can be extracted from the purses of foreigners.

Do not accuse me of too groveling a spirit, in troubling you with sordid statistics from the banks of Lake Leman. These earthly matters are a part of a traveller’s necessary occupation; and I know no country where, unfortunately, they are more perpetually thrust on his notice than in this lovely Switzerland. Ere long, you shall hear something of the more inspiring topics of Lakes, Alps, and Glaciers. D.

SONNETS

TO MY CHILDREN SLEEPING.

I.

WHAT holy calmness brooded o’er the nest,
Where four—and each a treasure—sleeping lay,
Treasures in caskets of frail human clay,
But fair, though frail, by Beauty’s seal impress’d.
The long dark eyelashes on Francis’ cheek
Temper’d the damask blush that mantled there,
But sleep could scarce subdue his ardent air,
Where all the day’s past feelings clearly speak.
On Richard’s saint-like paleness—halcyon Peace
Had left the impression of his latest prayer:
And they who paused to gaze—few could forbear—
Felt holy thoughts and heavenly hopes increase.
Bend o’er the couch of childhood—’t will control
Passion’s wild storm—and purify thy soul.

II.

PHILIP’S luxuriant curls, and front of snow,
Where darkly delicate his eyebrows shone,
His loving face, that sculpture well might own,
Where healthful joy diffused its purest glow,
By William’s softer elegance were laid;
Whose bended neck confiding love portray’d:
So droops the slight laburnum, fond to blend
Where the rich clusters of the lilac tend.
But in the inmost chamber one reclines,
A single bird within her downy nest;
A pearl detach’d—too precious for the rest:
Round no fond neck her polish’d arm entwines,
Lovely and lone, this sweeter blossom lies,
Just lent to earth—but ripening for the skies.

M. A. S—r.

LITERARY RECOLLECTIONS OF LONDON.

THERE is nothing pleasanter to me than to visit scenes enriched with classical recollections. I would willingly encounter the *mal aria*, provided I might read Livy in Rome, take a turn round the Forum, and leap down all that remains of the Tarpeian precipice. Not all the smiling treachery of Ali Pascha should prevent me from visiting the shores of Greece; and I would cheerfully run the chance of being spitted on a Mameluke's lance, if I might behold the "Memphian grove or green" where Osiris "trampled the unshowered grass with lowings loud." But fate has denied me this gratification, and planted me for life in the centre of London. Had one's fortunes, indeed, confined one to the small circuit of some obscure country-town, unhallowed by any of the associations which the traces of genius excite, and where the sole intellectual phenomenon which is recorded in its annals, is some young curate, who possessed Latin enough to lay ghosts, one might, perhaps, have had some just cause of complaint. Not so in London. There is scarcely one of our illustrious countrymen, who has not either first beheld the light within its walls, pursued his avocations within its circuit, or laid his bones to rest beneath its soil. Our kings, our statesmen, our most celebrated wits and scholars, our warriors, our men of science, have almost all of them left some memory of their existence within the boundaries of the metropolis; and indeed I sometimes think I would rather remain an inhabitant of the city where Russell bled and where Milton is buried, than become a denizen of the country in which Virgil sang and Brutus struck for liberty.

In general we can acquire only an idea of the *intellectual* character of an author from the writings which he leaves behind him. His personal character, his habits, his little tastes and peculiarities, survive but in the anecdotes which his contemporaries may happen to transmit to us. And yet nothing is more interesting than facts like these, which seem to render us the intimates of departed genius. The same feeling is strongly excited by visiting the scenes which have been formerly graced by their presence, and which seem, in some degree, to bring us more nearly acquainted with them. And not only do those places which the intellectual of former days have resided in or visited, acquire an interest in our eyes, but even the scenes which they have alluded to in their works excite a portion of the same feeling. Nay, even the places which have been chosen by our writers of fiction, our dramatists, and our novelists, as the theatres of their tales, have a thousand pleasant associations thrown around them. Who can wander through Windsor forest without thinking of Herne's oak and Falstaff, or of Pope's beautiful lines? and with what rich fancies has the Scotch novelist invested Cumnor-place! For my own part I must confess, that I almost feel more fascinated at visiting the scenes of these fictitious adventurers, than if all the affairs that had been transacted there had possessed an historical existence.

To an Englishman London is full of all these associations. He can scarcely take a step without encountering some relic of other

times, to revive in his mind many a pleasant recollection.—Several of our greatest authors have been cockneys born, have lived, or have died in London. In the poems, in the correspondence, in the lives of our celebrated wits and authors, we find perpetual references to various parts of the metropolis. In almost innumerable instances the scenes of our dramas are laid there; and it would be difficult to mention a novel, in which either the hero or the heroine does not at some period or other pay a visit to London. Was it not in a street near Hanover-square that Lady Bellaston received the stolen visits of Tom Jones? Captain Booth was incarcerated in a lock-up-house in Gray's-Inn-lane; Evelina lodged in High-Holborn;—but such an enumeration would be endless. It would be a pleasant thing to walk through London and trace out these localities. I once resolved on such a pilgrimage myself, but made very little progress in it; my journey proved a very short one. My *terminus à quo*, as the lawyers call it, was Fleet-market, and my *terminus ad quem*, Charing-cross; yet, unpromising as the way appeared, I was astonished to find how many curious recollections were scattered along it.

I commenced my walk at Fleet-market, where formerly Fleet-ditch used to flow in muddy pride. It was the favourite retreat of the Goddess whom Gay has celebrated in his "Trivia :"—

" —She downward glides,
Lights in Fleet-ditch, and shoots beneath the tides.
Where common shores a lulling murmur keep,
Whose torrents rush from Holborn's fatal steep.

But Fleet-ditch is still more celebrated as the scene of some of the games in "The Dunciad." Here Oldmixon, at the poet's pleasure, "shot to the black abyss, and plunged outright." Smedley "dived," and Concanen "crept." Into this miry stream, in short, Pope delighted to plunge all his dull enemies.*

Fleet-street has been much celebrated in the annals of literature. It used formerly to be a great emporium of books. Thus when Gay anticipates the renown which his "Trivia" will acquire, he says—

" High raised on Fleet-street posts, consign'd to fame,
This work shall shine, and walkers bless my name."

It must not be forgotten that Chaucer is said to have trodden the pavement of Fleet-street, wherein it is alleged that he was so irre-

* From this spot the Fleet Prison may be seen, near which resided the accommodating Parson, whose readiness to unite young couples was one great cause of the passing of the marriage-act, 26 Geo. II. I mention this reminiscence for the benefit of the lawyers. Pennant, in his "London," gives an entertaining account of this reverend gentleman :—"In walking along the street in my youth, on the side next this prison, I have often been tempted by the question, 'Sir, will you walk in and be married?' Along this most lawless place was hung up a sign of a male and female hand conjoined, with '*marriages performed within*,' written beneath—a dirty fellow invited you in. The parson was seen walking before his shop, a squalid profligate figure, clad in a tattered plaid night-gown, with a fiery face, and ready to couple you for a dram of gin or a roll of tobacco. Our great Chancellor, Lord Hardwicke, put these demons to flight."

ligious as to beat a Franciscan friar. Within the purlieus of this street too, Johnson resided many years of his unhappy life; and assuredly, if his spirit be suffered to revisit this terrene sphere, it would haunt his favourite Fleet-street. To a bibliomaniac, however, it possesses superior attractions, for here Wynkyn de Worde lived at the Faucon, and printed his "*Fruyte of Tymes*" in 1515, at the *syne* of the Sun.

Opposite St. Dunstan's Church I saw a knot of *novi homines*, unsophisticated creatures fresh from the country, who, with upraised eye and half-open mouth, were waiting, with wondering impatience, till the giant time-killers should strike the hour of five. It was equally new to me, and I joined the little throng to observe and partake of their pleasure. But to me St. Dunstan's had a greater attraction than even the marvellous hammers of these representatives of old Time. It was to this holy place that the divine Clarissa used to steal, to offer up her pure vows to that Heaven of which she was so soon to become an inhabitant. I could almost fancy I saw her with her saint-like eyes bent down, as she returned from morning-prayers, and retiringly sought the solitude of her lodging in King-street, Covent-garden. Through the disguise of her "ordinary gown," and "her face half hid by her cap," I could trace her sovereign beauty and her heavenly purity of spirit. I saw too, in the terrified depression of her graceful form, and in the lovely inquietude of her features, the symptoms of a heart which, though broken, was still ill at rest. In her carriage there were still the remains of her early dignity. The vision faded from my eyes—but from my heart never. The impression it left on my mind was like that of a vivid dream from which we have been suddenly awakened. I felt sure, if I walked to King-street, I should find the house in which she lodged—"Smith—a glove maker as well as seller." I was sure I should see "his wife the shop-keeper, a dealer also in stockings, ribands, snuff, and perfumes—a matron-like woman, plain-hearted and prudent. The husband an honest industrious man." "The Lady" used also to attend prayers in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, which is thus more sanctified to me than by the memory of the crowd of dignified lawyers whose knees have bent within its walls, or whose ashes repose beneath its roof. I almost resolved to make a pilgrimage to those places, which imagination has hallowed with the presence of Clarissa Harlowe.

A little farther onwards I reached the corner of Chancery-lane, and vainly I looked for the house which had been the residence of one of the pleasantest and most simple-hearted men that ever painted a picture of themselves, and left it for the delight of posterity. Shame on that lucre of gain which prompted some narrow-minded citizen to demolish the roof under which thy head, honest Isaak Walton, once sheltered itself! While peace and contentment, and quiet happiness, have any charm for mankind, the dwelling of gentle Piscator should have been sacred. When the spirits were ruffled and troubled with the world's vexations, it would have been as though oil were cast on the angry waters, if we could have entered a dwelling which the tranquil memory of Isaak Walton still filled. Surely it would have answered upon such a site to have es-

tablished an angler's shop—nay, within a few doors of it, on the Temple-bar side, I did observe the *indicia* of an establishment of the kind—the glass-case containing a pike's head—the stuffed perch—the treacherous wooden frogs—the bright many-coloured flies, and the graceful bend of the rod, from which a golden fish contentedly dangled. Should the shade of Piscator revisit this scene of his earthly sojourn, what pleasing recollections must these memorials inspire! We learn from the life of Piscator, that his first residence in London, as a shop-keeper, was in the Royal Burse, built by Sir Thomas Gresham. Here, indeed, Isaak must have found considerable difficulty in turning himself round, for his shop was only seven feet and a half long and five feet wide. Here did he dwell until the year 1624, when he removed to a house “on the North side of Fleet-street, two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow.”—From this description, I presume his house occupied the ground upon which Mr. Thomas's Magazine for bonnets, muffs, shawls, and other lady-like paraphernalia, now stands. Walton is said afterwards to remove to Chancery-lane.*

As I turned my eyes to the left, I observed the portals of the Temple; and the tragical story of all the unmerited sufferings and grievous tortures of some of the most valiant spirits of the world came freshly over my mind. I could not, however, afford time to abandon myself to the indignation which the memory of perverted justice is so apt to inspire; I contented myself therefore with bestowing a hearty malediction on that monster of France, Philip-le-bel—“*Il mal di Francia*”—“*il nuovo Pilato*”—as Dante very properly calls him, for commencing the persecution of these brave and innocent men, and on our own Edward II. for so pusillanimously following such evil advice and example.

And this is Temple-bar! this is the grand entrance into “our good City of London”—sufficiently shabby too. Here the Whittingtons for the time being, on each royal visit, shut the gate in their sovereign's face, in order to have the pleasure of opening it to him; and upon this arch the head of many a brave and gallant gentleman has been baked in the sun, in expiation of his misguided zeal. The disgusting practice of exposing the mutilated bodies of State criminals—a practice only suited to the meridian skies of Turkey, seems happily on the decline amongst us. Glorious is the reign in which the blood of the subject flows not for State offences. How glorious does this circumstance render the government of Queen Anne. Let us hope that the reign of George IV. may be distinguished by the same merciful celebrity.

But stay! I must not pass the site of the Devil Tavern, which was close to Temple-bar, without bestowing a thought on thee, O rare Ben Jonson. Here, in a chamber dedicated to Apollo, didst thou and thy choice spirits assemble, to taste, at stated periods, the enjoyments of intellectual conviviality! and here didst thou promulge

* Chancery-lane is famous for being the birth-place of the unworthy and unfortunate Lord Strafford.

for the government of the society thy famous *leges convivales*. Here too did the wits of Queen Anne's day sometimes congregate. "I dined to-day," says Swift, in his Journal to Stella, "with Dr. Garth and Mr. Addison, at the Devil Tavern, near Temple-bar, and Garth treated."—This tavern took its name from the sign which was suspended before it, of St. Dunstan tweaking the nose of the Evil one with a pair of hot tongs. I don't think that even St. George ever performed so valorous an exploit.

On entering the Strand, the first literary recollection that struck me, was the account Dean Swift has left of the accident which he here met with. Let me give the Dean's own words.

"Coming home this evening I broke my shin in the Strand, over a tub of sand, left just in the way. I got home dirty enough, and went straight to bed, where I have been cooking it with gold-beater's skin, and have been peevish enough with Patrick, who was near an hour bringing a rag from next door." I would willingly have been soused over head in a bed of mud, could I but have seen that trip of Jonathan's—it must have been a glorious thing to have beheld the Dean in a passion with the tub of sand. His broken shin was, however, very refractory, and refused to get well. In one of his letters he says, "I walked too much yesterday for a man with a broken shin;" and again: "This sore shin ruins me in coach-hire; it cost me no less than two shillings," &c. &c. At the conclusion of the same letter, we meet with the following elegant passage respecting this accident. "I dined with Sir John Percival, and saw his lady sitting in the bed in the forms of a lying-in woman; and coming home, my sore shin itched, &c. but I am now got to bed, and have put on alum-curd, and it is almost well." I would not have been Patrick, the Dean's valet, while his shin was thus afflicted, no, not even for the brilliant gold-laced hat, the price of which his master stopped in his wages.

What author ever excited such sympathies in the hearts of his countrymen as Shakspeare? The place of his birth, and the scenes of his dramas, are hallowed ground. I need only mention the Boar's-head in Eastcheap, in which such pleasant visions have been created by the genius of Goldsmith and of Washington Irvine. So many of Shakspeare's plays are laid in London, that a geography of them would be really entertaining. Clement's Inn, near the Strand, has a peculiar charm for me—it was once the residence of Justice Shallow! "I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet." Who can pass the entrance without remembering how "Jack Falstaff broke Skogan's head at the court-gate when he was a crack not thus high." How, on the same day, the Justice did fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Poor Shallow! Clement's Inn seems to have been to him the "green spot" to which his memory ever reverted with pride and with pleasure. The very name conjured up the recollections of his youthful days, when he heard the chimes at midnight, or lay all night in the Windmill in St. George's-fields. Though the fat knight would insinuate something against the veracity of the Justice,—this same starved Justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street, and every third word a lie duer paid to the hearer.

than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese paring."

"Ah!" I exclaimed, as I reached the corner of Arundel-street, "am I then walking in the footsteps of the learned Selden?" Yes, hither that austere scholar bent his willing steps, to examine the famous marbles which had lately arrived from the East, and which then lay in the Arundel-gardens, from whence they afterwards derived their appellation. And with him came his learned companions, Patrick Young (Patricius Junius) the Royal Librarian, and Richard James, who was, "critically seen both in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin." It will be some time ere such a trio shall again pace the flags of the Strand.

As I wandered on, I reached the site of those celebrated literary games which are described in the second book of the Dunciad. The emulous authors

——— "took their stand
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand;
But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane."

Who can forget the race between Curll and "huge Lintot?"

"Wide as a windmill all his figure spread,
With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,
And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate."

The Strand, no doubt, would furnish a thousand curious recollections, both historical and literary. Our chief nobility used to reside between it and the Thames, as the names of the various streets yet sufficiently testify. But the skies threatened a shower, and I hastened forward. I could not, however, avoid casting a glance up Lancaster-court, as I passed, where the wise and witty Porson used to pay visits to his brother-in-law, who resided there, and on whom he made the philological epigram, which the Sexagenarian has given on his brother's "taking a medicine of names not a few," which I shall however forbear transcribing. By the by, the Cider-cellar, in Maiden-lane, was a favourite resort with the Professor, after visiting the Dean of Westminster or Bennet Langton. —As the drops now began to descend, I spurred on "my Bayard of ten-toes," as an old writer says, and arriving

"Where branching streets from Charing-cross divide,"

I took refuge in Mr. Colnaghi's print-shop.

R.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER III.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

CONTENTS.

"Moving Accidents by Flood"—Neptune enemy to Female Attire—Castle of Otranto—Guy's Hospital—Mrs. Jordan—Mrs. Monsoon's Boarding-school—Legier's System—Family Pride—Balaam—Monument-yard and Jerusalem—Benaparte—Hone's Wood-cuts—Major Cartwright and Billy Austin—Ings, the Butcher—His Mode of changing an Administration—Princess in Fleet-street—Babeas, but not Corpus; and why—Parting Benediction.

Oz, Kitty! such bawling, such trampling of decks!
Such tales of sea-monsters, tornadoes, and wrecks!
My puce-colour'd cloak is soak'd through with the rain:
You never would know my green bonnet again;
The silk is all cover'd with spots, and the feather
Flaps down like a lily in boisterous weather:
The lining's not hurt, so I mean to unrip it;
But the surge has quite ruin'd my white-spotted tippet;
And the waves of the ocean, like ill-natured brutes,
Have rotted the fur on my blue leather boots.
In short, what with monsters who haul'd my portmanteau
Ashore, half as big as the man in Otranto;
Grim figures in trowsers, who quiz our noblesse,
And say, when they mean to be certain, they guess;
And inns, where the folks, cheek-by-jowl, close their eyes,
Ten beds in a room, like the patients at Guy's:
I'm like Mrs. Jordan, unable to tell
If I'm dead or alive, Lady Loverule, or Nell!

You and I, arm in arm, ever destined to grapple,
When the school, two by two, walk'd on Sunday to Chapel:
Where I gave a nod to Tom Osborne, and you
A smile to George Hughes, in the opposite pew:
Who in the same keiro-plast play'd the same tunes,
The two aptest scholars, at Mrs. Monsoon's;
Little dreamt of the day when whole mountains should frown
Between Lyddy Barrow and Catherine Brown.

Papa, *entre nous*, rides a hobby, my dear,
That is rather too high to be canter'd on *here*:
How strange in a cit! he has taken a pride
In his family-tree, by the grandmother's side,
And thinks all plain *Mistress* should give him a *salam*,
Ever since his late Majesty dubb'd him Sir Balaam.
He proves his ascent, through the Knight who sold soap
Close to Monument-yard, and is mention'd in Pope,
Up to him who a donkey bestrid in Jerusalem;
Then boasts that our house is as old as Methusalem.
Dick calls this "a rum kind of swell in old dad,"
Who turn'd, as Dick calls it, "a regular *Rad*"
Ever since fall of trade to a Clapham cot pinn'd us,
And forced us to send back the carriage to Windus.

In vain I cry "Fiddle de dee;" it will fix
 In his gizzard, and make him as crooks as two sticks.
 He now rips up grievances old as Queen Anne,
 And lays all the blame on poor Chancellor Van.
 He buys Bonapartes enamell'd in bone;
 He frames and he glazes the wood-cuts of Hone,
 And hangs them supported by Queen Caroline, or
 Old Cartwright the Major and Austin the Minor:
 Nay, over the mantel-piece what, of all things,
 Do you think he had stuck up?—the portrait of *Jngs*,
 The Carnaby hero, who meant to "shew fight,"
 A bag in his left hand, a knife in his right:
 With these he to Cato-street went, being very
 Resolved to decapitate Lord Londonderry.
 How shocking!—Heaven grant that his Majesty may shun
 That method of changing an Administration.

But don't let me lose what I meant to express,
 Before I left England I saw a *Princess*!
 She lodges in Fleet-street, next door to Hone's shop—
 Two lions that make all the passengers stop.
 Papa and "The Ex" think her case very hard;
 Says he to me, "Lyddy, we'll both leave a card;
 Two Kings are her cousins! girl, hold up your neck;
 Depend on it, Lyddy, it's not a bad spec."
 Like a dutiful daughter I *did* depend on it,
 Went up to my bed-room to put on my bonnet,
 And, as the sun promised a morning of dryness,
 I walk'd, without pattens, to wait on her Highness.
 A man oped the door, in a coat which, I think,
 Was dyed, like the rest of the Family's, pink.
 But when Papa ask'd if the Royal Princess
 Was at home, and the Chamberlain answer'd him "Yes,"
 And civilly told us to walk up together,
 A child might have knock'd me down flat with a feather!
 Her Highness, sweet soul! made us sit on two chairs,
 And let us, at once, into all her affairs.
 She told us, her foes held her there by a *capias*,
 She meant, as she told us, to move for her *habeas*,
 But has not—perhaps on account of the *corpus*,
 For her's, *entre nous*, is as big as a porpus.
 She mention'd, with pride, how on last Lord Mayor's-day
 Her countenance drew all the people away;
 But own'd, while they dubb'd her the general charmer,
 It might be because there were no men in armour.

Adieu! royal dame, falsely call'd Mrs. Serres,
 For you and your sire are as like as two cherries;—
 Farewell, injured daughter of Poniatowski,
 You soon should be let out if I held the house-key!

L. B.

LETTER IV.

MR. RICHARD BARROW TO MR. ROBERT BRIGGS.

CONTENTS.

Specimen of FANCY Rhetoric—Slang, like Madeira, improved by Sea Voyage—Atlantic Adventures—Reference to White Bait at Blackwall—Twickenham Steam Vessel—Chelsea Reach—Name objectionable, and why—Thomas Inkle—Disasters of Tacking—Swan with Two Necks; Lad with One—Sabrina—Latin and Commodore Rogers—Lydia and Don Juan—Sandy Hook—Action at Law—Spick and another, versus Barrow the Younger—Coronation at both Houses—President Adams—Tea and turn out.

HERE I am: right and tight, Bob; *pul'd up* at New York,
 As briak as a bee, and as light as a cork:
 Though half the *pool* over I lay like a log,
 Quite *flabber-de-gasky'd*, as sick as a dog!
 How odd! for you know I ail'd nothing at all,
 When, to *grub* upon white bait, we row'd to Blackwall:
 'Tis true, I war'd *rum*, on returning by Greenwich,
 But that was because I had eat too much spinage.
 When we *steam'd* it to Twick'nam, I stuck like a leech
 To the deck, till the vessel approach'd Chelsea Reach;
 There, I own, I was seiz'd with a qualm and a hiccup,
 And felt in my *Victualling-office* a kick-up:
 All along of the place: Chelsea Reach? a vile name!
 Columbus himself would have felt just the same.
 But, Zounds! Bob, the Thames cannot give you a notion
 "Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean."
 (Mem. that's a quotation; and serves for a sprinkle
 Of learning: like Sabby: I stole it from Inkle.)
 The first thing that posed me was, when I should bob,
 To hinder the gib-boom from scuttling my nob.
 How to hit the thing right was the devil's own poser,
 Three times had the end of it tipp'd me a *nosser*.
 The *fat* of a steersman sung out—"Helm a lee!"
 Round swung the long pole, made no bones of poor me,
 And sent my hat flying a mile out to sea.
 My stars! how my *knowledge-box* whizz'd round about!
 In short, my dear Bob, 'twas a proper *serve-out*.
 I hav'n't scored up such a pelt on the brain,
 Since, on a stage top, I was *had* in Lad-lane;
 Where, if you don't duck, when the turn you approach,
 So low is the gateway, so high is the coach,
 You'll add, before *coachee* his vehicle checks,
 The lad with no head to the Swan with two Necks.
 I since wore a cap, made of sealskin and leather,
 Which seems to cry *Noli-me-tan* to the weather.
 I civilly spoke to the Captain my wish
 For a rod, hook, and line, to astonish the fish;
 I got 'em and bobb'd: had a bite from a shark:
 But the double-tooth'd *cull* was not *up to the mark*:
 Again I gave bait, on a hook worse for wearing,
 And caught—damn the *hoaxers*—a salted red herring:
 The sailors, like *spoonies*, all laugh'd at the trick,
 And nick-named me Lubber and Salt-water Dick.
 Sabrina kept stalking the deck in all weathers,
 In purple pellisse, a Leghorn hat and feathers,
 She now and then puzzled, with Latin, the codgers,
 Which sounded like Hebrew to Commodore Rodgers.

Milk and Honey, or the Land of Promise.

She muttered "O navis : infelix puella,"
 And cried, when it blew, "aquilone procella."
 Old dad braved the spray of the sea like a *new one* !
 While Lyd, in the cabin, was reading Don Juan.
 A boy on the top-mast, who kept a sharp look-out,
 Now, from his *potatoc-trap*, bawl'd "Sandy hook" out,
 Two words that we English did not understand,
 But I guess "Sandy hook" is the Yankee for "Land ;"
 For while we were wondering what he could say,
 The pilot had floated us into the Bay.

Lord ! who would have thought to have seen Dicky Barrow
 Quit Chancery-lane for the Land of Pizarro.
 You and I were the *prime* ones :—the Fives-court, the Lobby,
 Were all *Betty Martin* without Dick and Bobby.
 Dad show'd himself up, for a rank *Johnny-Row*,
 In binding me 'prentice to follow the law.
 You know'd, Bob, I scorn'd such a *spooney* to be
 As to follow the law, so the law follow'd me.
 Spick and Span were my *Schneiders* : dead hits at a button ;
 At running a bill up they found me a glutton ;
 Spick call'd : not at home ; and I told Mugs, my man,
 To *bounce* when he call'd again : ditto to Span.
 I thought they'd have stood it : the devil a bit :
 They *bolted a Davy*, and took out a writ.
 Nunky *finch'd* : it was no use applying to him ;
 So, finding the *stumpy* decidedly slim,
 I thought it was best to be *offish* with dad,
 And show that Dick Barrow was not to be *had*.

Now do, there's a dear, draw a quill upon paper,
 And tell us the news.—Is the *needful* still *taper* ?
 Kean bolted off here in a huff : does he *bring*,
 Like Harris's Empress and Elliston's King ?
 Or, are you still dosed with stars, ribands, and garters,
 Cars, cream-colour'd horses, poles, platforms, and Tartars ?
 We can't *come it* here like your Viscounts and Madams
 At Westminster Abbey : our President Adams
 To sport a procession has no hidden hoards,
 I reckon he'd cut a *shy show* on the boards.
 When guests tuck their *trotters* beneath his *mahogany*,
 Short *bite* for Jonathan : if for good *prog* any
 Visiter gapes, why the bigger *flat* he :
 The President *comes down* with nothing but *tea* :
 For which, if the *Yankees* know what they're about,
 They'll treat him, next *Caucus*, with *tea and turn out*.
 But pen cries peccavi, and paper is narrow,
 So, Bob, I'm your *humble cum dumble*,

R. BARROW.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.—NO. II.

ROSSANNA.

"One tear, one passing tribute, and I've done."

THERE cannot be a more beautiful spot on earth than Rossanna, the domain of the Tighe family—not long since the residence of the lovely, the talented, the early summoned Muse of "Psyche." It is situated in the very Eden of Ireland, a few miles from the town of Wicklow.

Many an evening have I wandered through the vale, ignorant that it possessed any latent charm of memory or association, and thought

"How here the Muse should love to dwell."

Often on the eminence of Broomfield, that overlooks it, have I stood for hours, contemplating the finest prospect that ever met my view—the ocean and sky mingling in vast and painful distance, over which the eye dilated with the consciousness of desolate and overpowering grandeur—the far promontory that broke upon the sea horizon, its gloom contrasted with the gay town that shone upon its side, and the fleet of fishing-smacks that bent upon their evening cruise under its protection—then the line of hills that rise beyond the wooded domain of Rossanna, and the immense vale, thirty miles in extent, so nobly terminating in the Croaghan, or Gold Mine Mountain; while the eye is relieved at intervals by some glittering spire or ambitious mansion that breaks the sameness and the vastness of the view. Towards the west rears itself the Carrig Moriliah, or Beautiful Rock, deservedly so called: its extended summit, which is a perfect *sierra*, and graceful descent to the valleys that separate it from the chain of mountains, in the midst of which it stands perfectly isolated, make one of the most singular objects of the picturesque. From its summit, as well as from Cronroe, which is beneath, and of easier access, may be described the celebrated Vale of Ovaca—"The meeting of the waters"—hallowed not only by having inspired the muse of Moore, but for having given to one of Ireland's noblest and most upright sons the title he so proudly merited—the early friend of Curran, Lord Avonmore. Below the rock of Cronroe is the sweet cottage of Mont Alta, where the unfortunate Trotter composed the life of his friend and patron, Charles James Fox. And then, to conclude my panoramic enthusiasm, the sun sets behind the most beautiful and most terrific of ravines—the Devil's Glen: a torrent breaks into it in a cataract from the farther extremity, continues its furious course under the walls of Glenmore Castle, and recovers its tranquillity in the silent shades of Rossanna, where the fair minstrel of Psyche has immortalized it in the song,

"Sweet are thy banks, O Vartree," &c.

The highest rank of genius is not that which most commands our sympathy; its independent character rather represses such a feeling, its capriciousness and unamiability are too often revolting. Minds of inferior power, but still of genius, command more of our love, if not so much of our admiration; we understand their joys and sorrows, which, however heightened, are still those of sane and healthy feeling. The sentiments they excite are not the fiercest

paroxysms; but, on the other hand, they never verge upon the ridiculous. Mrs. Henry Tighe's poem of "Psyche" is elegant and tender—languidly poetical like the mind of its author, which pined under the wasting disease of a slow consumption. There was not vigour enough in that delicate frame for a continued poem; but in her minor effusions, the momentary sparks of inspiration, we see the pathetic and spirited muse, that sickness undermined and at length destroyed. Its tone, as well as fate, reminds one of that of Henry Kirke White, save that in hers, who in birth and life was of the first rank in society, that refinement and elegance was natural, which in his was acquired. His, too, was the earlier fate; the flower of female genius and beauty was not cut off till it had lived its short but fragrant summer.

We would not seem to jest, in remarking that consumption is a poetical malady; besides the interesting appearance it gives the frame and countenance, it is consonant with our physical ideas, that genius should waste the body it inhabits,

"And o'erinform its tenement of clay."

Besides, the plaintive thoughts and prayers to which it gives birth, are generally of that mild, resigned, and angelic character, which the heart must be worse than dull if it can resist. The victims do not lament imaginary woes, nor gather interminable grief from their own querulous fantasies. It is the slow and awful hand of death they feel approaching, which is mingled with every sensation, and called up by every object;—it is a gloom we must all appreciate, because we must all feel it.

Such are the associations that shed an interest over the vale of Rossanna. The house, though extensive, is not elegant; it is shaded, and almost concealed by clumps of luxuriant chesnut-trees, whose extended branches are reflected in the river that flows beneath them. A sonnet of Mrs. Tighe's, by no means the best of her productions, alludes to them;

"Dear chesnut bower! I hail thy secret shade,
Image of tranquil life! escaped yon throng,
Who weave the dance and swell the choral song,
And all the summer's day have wanton play'd,
I bless thy kindly form in silence laid:
What though no prospects gay to thee belong,
Yet here I heed nor showers, nor sunbeams strong," &c.

The fair poet has informed us, that her sorrows were alleviated by the visitings of the Muse—she has rendered it the means of alleviating the sorrows of others. By her will the produce of the publication of her poems was directed to be applied to the establishment of an additional ward in Wicklow Hospital. It has been carried into effect, and her bequest goes by the name of the Psyche Ward.

It is to Mrs. Tighe that Moore is supposed to allude in the following beautiful lines:

"I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of Time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!

Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er look'd more purely bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams, that run o'er golden mines,
With modest murmur glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath a simple guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that, which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left thy sphere;
Or could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet,
Than to remember thee, Mary!

R.

A CHAPTER ON "TIME."

BEING AN ATTEMPT TO THROW NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD SUBJECT.

"We know what we are," said poor Ophelia, "but we know not what we may be." Perhaps she would have spoken with a nicer accuracy had she said, "we know what we *have been*." Of our present state we can, strictly speaking, *know* nothing. The act of meditation on ourselves, however quick and subtle, must refer to the past, in which alone we can truly be said to live. Even in the moments of intensest enjoyment, our pleasures are multiplied by the quick-revolving images of thought; we feel the past and future in each fragment of the instant, as the flavour of every drop of some delicious liquid is heightened and prolonged on the lips. It is the past only which we really enjoy as soon as we become sensible of duration. Each by-gone instant of delight becomes rapidly present to us, and "bears a glass which shows us many more." This is the great privilege of a meditative being—never properly to have any sense of the present, but to feel the great realities as they pass away, casting their delicate shadows on the future.

Time, then, is only a notion—unfelt in its passage—a mere measure given by the mind to its own past emotions. Is there, then,

* The elegant poet here quoted has perhaps unconsciously translated one of the most beautiful of modern Latin epitaphs.

Ah, Maria!
Puellarum elegantissima!
Ah flore venustatis abrepta,
Vale!
Heu quanto minus est
cum reliquis versari,
quam tui
meminisse!

any abstract common measure by which the infinite variety of intellectual acts can be meted—any real passage of years which is the same to all—any periodical revolution, in which all who have lived have lived, out equal hours? Is chronology any other than a fable, a "tale that is told?" Certain outward visible actions have passed, and certain seasons have rolled over them; but has the common idea of Time, as applicable to these, any truth higher or surer than those infinite varieties of duration which have been felt by each single heart? Who shall truly count the measure of his own days—much more scan the real life of thousands?

The ordinary language of moralists respecting Time shows that we really know nothing respecting it. They say that life is fleeting and short; why, humanly speaking, may they not as well affirm that it is extended and lasting? The words "short" and "long" have only meaning when used comparatively; and to what can we compare or liken this our human existence? The images of fragility—thin vapours, delicate flowers, and shadows cast from the most fleeting things—which we employ as emblems of its transitoriness, really serve to exhibit its durability as great in comparison with their own. If life be short, compared with the age of some few animals, how much longer is it than that of many, some of whom pass through all the varieties of youth, maturity, and age, during a few hours, according to man's reckoning, and, if they are endowed with memory, look back on their early minutes through the long vista of a summer's day! An antediluvian shepherd might complain with as much apparent reason of the brevity of his nine hundred years, as we of our threescore and ten. He would find as little to confute or to establish his theory. There is nothing visible by which we can fairly reckon the measure of our lives. It is not just to compare them with the duration of rocks and hills, which have held out "a thousand storms, a thousand thunders;" because where there is no consciousness, there is really no time. The power of imagination supplies to us the place of ages. We have thoughts which "date beyond the pyramids." Antiquity spreads around us her mighty wings. We live centuries in contemplation, and have all the sentiment of six thousand years in our memories:—

"The wars we too remember of King Nine,
And old Assaracus and Ibycus divine."

Whence then the prevalent feeling of the brevity of our life? Not, assuredly, from its comparison with any thing which is presented to our senses. It is only because the mind is formed for eternity that it feels the shortness of its earthly sojourn. Seventy years, or seventy thousand, or seven, shared as the common lot of a species, would seem alike sufficient to those who had no sense within them of a being which should have no end. When this sense has been weakened, as it was amidst all the exquisite forms of Grecian mythology, the brevity of life has been forgotten. There is scarcely an allusion to this general sentiment, so deep a spring of the pathetic, throughout all the Greek tragedies. It will be found also to prevail in individuals as they meditate on themselves, or as they nurse up in solitude and silence the instinct of the eternal.

The doctrine that time exists only in remembrance, may serve to explain some apparent inconsistencies in the language which we use respecting our sense of its passage. We hear persons complaining of the slow passage of time, when they have spent a single night of unbroken wearisomeness, and wondering how speedily hours, filled with pleasure or engrossing occupations, have flown; and yet we all know how long any period seems which has been crowded with events or feelings leaving a strong impression behind them. In thinking on seasons of ennui we have nothing but a sense of length—we merely remember that we felt the tedium of existence; but there is really no space in the imagination filled up by the period. Mere time, unpeopled with diversified emotions or circumstances, is but one idea, and that idea is nothing more than the remembrance of a listless sensation. A night of dull pain and months of lingering weakness are, in the retrospect, nearly the same thing. When our hands or our hearts are busy, we know nothing of time—it does not exist for us; but as soon as we pause to meditate on that which is gone, we seem to have lived long, because we look back through a long series of events, or feel them at once peering one above the other like ranges of distant hills. Actions or feelings, not hours, mark all the backward course of our being. Our sense of the nearness to us of any circumstance in our life is determined on the same principles—not by the revolution of the seasons, but by the relation which the event bears in importance to all that has happened to us since. To him who has thought, or done, or suffered much, the level days of his childhood seem at an immeasurable distance, far off as the age of chivalry, or as the line of Sesostris. There are some recollections of such overpowering vastness, that their objects seem ever near; their size reduces all intermediate events to nothing; and they peer upon us like "a forked mountain, or blue promontory," which, being far off, is yet nigh. How different from these appears some inconsiderable occurrence of more recent date, which a flash of thought redeems for a moment from long oblivion;—which is seen amidst the dim confusion of half-forgotten things, like a little rock lighted up by a chance gleam of sunshine afar in the mighty waters!

What immense difference is there, then, in the real duration of men's lives! He lives longest of all who looks back oftenest, whose life is most populous of thought or action, and on every retrospect makes the vastest picture. The man who does not meditate has no real consciousness of being. Such an one goes to death as to a drunken sleep; he parts with existence wantonly, because he knows nothing of its value. Mere men of pleasure are, therefore, the most careless of duellists, the gayest of soldiers. To know the true value of being, yet to lay it down for a great cause, is a pitch of heroism which has rarely been attained by man. That mastery of the fear of death, which is so common among men of spirit, is nothing but a conquest over the apprehension of dying. It is a mere victory of nerve and muscle. Those whose days have no principle of continuity—who never feel time but in the shape of ennui—may quit the world for sport or for honour. But he who truly lives, who feels the past and future in the instant, whose days are to

him a possession of majestic remembrances and golden hopes, ought not to fancy himself bound by such an example. He may be inspired to lay down his life, where truth or virtue demands so great a sacrifice ; but he will be influenced by mere weakness of resolution, not by courage, if he suffer himself to be shamed, or laughed, or worried out of it !

Besides those who have no proper consciousness of being, there are others even perhaps more pitiable, who are constantly irritated by the knowledge that their life is cut up into melancholy fragments. This is the case of all the pretending and the vain ; those who are ever attempting to seem what they are not, or to do what they cannot ; who live in the lying breath of contemporary report, and bask out a sort of occasional holiday in the glimmers of public favour. They are always in a feverish struggle, yet they make no progress. There is no dramatic coherence, no unity of action, in the tragi-comedy of their lives. They have hits and brilliant passages perhaps, which may come on review before them in straggling succession ; but nothing dignified or massive, tending to one end of good or evil. Such are self-fancied poets and panting essayists, who live on from volume to volume, or from magazine to magazine, who tremble with nervous delight at a favourable mention, are cast down by a sly alliteration or satirical play on their names, and die of an elaborate eulogy "in aromatic pain." They begin life once a quarter, or once a month, according to the will of their publishers. They dedicate nothing to posterity ; but toil on for applause till praise sickens, and their "life's idle business" grows too heavy to be borne. They feel their best days passing away without even the effort to build up an enduring fame ; and they write an elegy on their own weaknesses ! They give their thoughts immaturely to the world, and thus spoil them for themselves for ever. Their own earliest, and deepest, and most sacred feelings become at last dull common-places, which they have talked of and written about till they are glad to escape from the theme. Their days are not "linked each to each by natural piety," but at best bound together in forgotten volumes. Better, far better than this, is the lot of those whose characters and pretensions have little "mark or likelihood ;"—whose days are filled up by the exercise of honest industry, and who, on looking back, recognise their lives only by the turns of their fortune, or the events which have called forth their affections. Their first parting from home is indelibly impressed on their minds—their school-days seem to them like one sweet April day of shower and sunshine—their apprenticeship is a long week of toil ;—but then their first love is fresh to them as yesterday, and their marriage, the births of their children, and of their grand-children, are events which mark their course even to old age. They reach their infancy in thought by an easy process, through a range of remembrances few and simple, but pure, and even holy. Yet happier is the lot of those who have one great aim ; who devote their undivided energy to a single pursuit ; who have one idea of practical or visionary good, to which they are wedded. There is a harmony, a proportion, in their lives. The alchemist of old, labouring with undiminished hope, cheering his solitude with ureams of boundless

wealth, and yet working on, could not be said to live in vain. His life was continuous—one unbroken struggle—one ardent sigh. There is the same unity of interest in the life of a great verbal scholar, or of a true miser; the same singleness of purpose, which gives solidity to floating minutes, hours, and years.

A great lawyer deserves an eminent rank among true liver. We do not mean a political adventurer, who breathes feverishly amidst the contests, and intrigues, and petty triumphs of party; nor a dabbler in criticism, poetry, or the drama; nor even a popular nisi-prius advocate, who passes through a succession of hasty toils and violent excitements to fortune and to oblivion. But we have respect to the real dull plodder—to him who has bidden an early "farewell to his Muse," if he ever had one; who counts on years of solitary study, and shrinks not back; who proceeds, step by step, through the mighty maze with a cheerful heart, and counts on his distant success with mathematical precision. His industry and self-denial are powers as true as fancy or eloquence, and he soon learns to take as hearty a pleasure in their exercise. His retrospect is vast and single—of doubts solved, stoutest books mastered, nicest webs disentangled, and all from one intelligible motive which grows old with him, and, though it "strengthened with his strength," will not diminish with his decline. It is better in the end to have had the pathway of life circumscribed and railed in by forms and narrow observances, than to have strayed at will about the vast field open to human enterprise, in the freest and most graceful wanderings; because in the latter case we cannot trace our road again, or call it over; while in the first, we see it distinctly to the last, and can linger in thought over all the spots where our feet have trodden. The "old names" bring back the "old instincts" to our hearts. Instead of faint sympathies with a multitude of things, a kind of small partnership with thousands in certain general dogmas and speculations, we have all our own past individual being as a solid and abiding possession.

A metaphysician who thinks earnestly and intensely for himself, may truly be said to live long. He has this great advantage over the most felicitous inventor of machinery, or the most acute of scientific inquirers, that all his discoveries have a personal interest; he has his existence for his living study; his own heart is the mighty problem on which he meditates, and the "exceeding great reward" of his victories. In a moment of happy thought he may attain conquests, "compared to which the laurels which a Cæsar reaps are weeds." Years of anxious thought are rewarded by the attainment of one triumphant certainty, which immediately gives a key to the solution of a thousand pregnant doubts and mysteries, and enables him almost to "curdle a long life into an hour." When he has, after long pursued and baffled endeavours, rolled aside some huge difficulty which lay in his path, he will find beneath it a passage to the bright subtleties of his nature, through which he may range at will, and gather immortal fruits, like Aladdin in the subterranean gardens. He counts his life thus not only by the steps which he has taken, but by the vast prospects which, at every turn of his journey, have recompensed his toils, over which he has dif-

fused his spirit as he went on his way rejoicing. We will conclude this article with the estimate made of life from his own experience by one of the most profound and original of thinkers.

"It is little, it is short, it is not worth having—if we take the last hour, and leave out all that has gone before, which has been one way of looking at the subject. Such calculators seem to say that life is nothing when it is over; and that may, in their sense, be true. If the old rule—*Respice finem*—were to be made absolute, and no one could be pronounced fortunate till the day of his death, there are few among us whose existence would, upon such conditions, be much to be envied. But this is not a fair view of the case. A man's life is his whole life, not the last glimmering snuff of the candle; and this I say is considerable, and not a little matter, whether we regard its pleasures or its pains. To draw a peevish conclusion to the contrary, from our own superannuated desires or forgetful indifference, is about as reasonable as to say, a man never was young because he is grown old, or never lived because he is now dead. The length or agreeableness of a journey does not depend on the few last steps of it, nor is the size of a building to be judged of from the last stone that is added to it. It is neither the first nor the last hour of our existence, but the space that **parts** these two—not our exit, nor our entrance upon the stage, but what we do, feel, and think while there—that we are to attend to in pronouncing sentence upon it. Indeed, it would be easy to show that it is the very extent of human life, the infinite number of things contained in it, its contradictory and fluctuating interests, the transition from one situation to another, the hours, months, years, spent in one fond pursuit after another; that it is, in a word, the length of our common journey, and the quantity of events crowded into it, that, baffling the grasp of our actual perception, make it slide from our memory, and dwindle into nothing in its own perspective. It is too mighty for us, and we say it is nothing! It is a speck in our fancy, and yet what canvass would be big enough to hold its striking groups, its endless objects! It is light as vanity; and yet, if all its weary moments, if all its head and heart-aches were compressed into one, what fortitude would not be overwhelmed with the blow! What a huge heap, a 'huge, dumb heap,' of wishes, thoughts, feelings, anxious cares, soothing hopes, loves, joys, friendships, it is composed of! How many ideas and trains of sentiment, long, deep, and intense, often pass through the mind in one day's thinking or reading for instance! How many such days are there in a year, how many years in a long life, still occupied with something interesting—still recalling some old impression—still recurring to some difficult question, and making progress in it, every step accompanied with a sense of power, and every moment conscious of 'the high endeavour or the glad success;' for the mind seizes only on that which keeps it employed, and is wound up to a certain pitch of pleasurable excitement by the necessity of its own nature."—*Hazlitt's Table Talk, Essay 6.*

T. N. T.

STANZAS ON SOME SKULLS IN BEAULEY ABBEY, NEAR
INVERNESS.

In silent barren synod met
Within these roofless walls, where yet
The sever'd arch and carved fret
Cling to the ruin,
The brethren's skulls mourn, dewy wet,
Their Creed's undoing.

The mitred ones of Nice and Trent
Were not so tongue-tied,—no, they went
Hot to their councils, scarce content
With orthodoxy;
But ye, poor tongueless things, were meant
To speak by proxy.

Your chronicles no more exist,
For Knox, the revolutionist,
Destroy'd the work of every fist
That scrawl'd black letter;
Well! I'm a craniologist,
And may do better.

This skull-cap wore the cowl from sloth,
Or discontent, perhaps from both;
And yet one day, against his oath,
He tried escaping;
For men, though idle, may be loth
To live on gaping.

A toper this! he plied his glass
More strictly than he said the mass,
And loved to see a tempting lass
Come to confession,
Letting her absolution pass
O'er fresh transgression.

This crawl'd through life in feebleness,
Boasting he never knew excess,
Cursing those crimes he scarce could guess,
Or feel but faintly,
With prayers that Heaven would cease to bless
Men so unsaintly.

Here's a true churchman!—he'd affect
Much charity, and ne'er neglect
To pray for mercy on th' elect,
But thought no evil
In sending Heathen, Turk, and Sect
All to the Devil.

Poor skull, thy fingers set a-blaze,
With silver Saint in golden rays,
The holy Missal; thou dost craze
'Mid bead and spangle,
While others pass'd their idler days
In coil and wrangle.

Stanzas on Skulls.

Long time this sconce a helmet wore,—
 But sickness smites the conscience sore ;
 He broke his sword, and hither bore
 His gear and plunder.
 Took to the cowl,—then raved and swore
 At his damn'd blunder'

This lily-colour'd skull, with all
 The teeth complete, so white and small,
 Belong'd to one whose early pall
 A lover shaded ;
 He died ere superstition's gall
 His heart invaded.

Ha! here is "undivulg'd crime!"
 Despair forbad his soul to climb
 Beyond this world, this mortal time
 Of fever'd sadness,
 Until their monkish pantomime
 Dazzled his madness.

A younger brother this,—a man
 Aspiring as a Tartar Khan,
 But, curb'd and baffled, he began
 The trade of frightening ;
 It smack'd of power!—and here he ran
 To deal Heaven's lightning.

This idiot-skull belong'd to one,
 A buried miser's only son,
 Who penitent, ere he 'd begun
 To taste of pleasure,
 And hoping Heaven's dread wrath to shun,
 Gave Hell his treasure.

Here is the forehead of an ape,
 A robber's mark,—and near the nape
 That bone, fie on 't! bears just the shape
 Of carnal passion ;
 Ah! he was one for theft and rape,
 In monkish fashion.

This was the porter! he could sing,
 Or dance, or play, do any thing,
 And what the friars bade him bring
 They ne'er were balk'd of,
 Matters not worth remembering,
 And seldom talk'd of.

Enough! why need I farther pore?
 This corner holds at least a score,
 And yonder twice as many more
 Of reverend brothers:
 'Tis the same story o'er and o'er,—
 They're like the others.

DWARFS.

*"Illum omnis tectis agrisque effusa Juventus
Turbaque miratur matrum, et prospectat cuntem
Attonitis inhians animis."*

THERE appears to be no reason drawn from either physiology or analogy, why the most astonishing powers of intellect, the soundest sense, the most luxuriant imagination, should not take up their abode in those abridgments of human nature, called Dwarfs. Even were we so unhappy as to yield our assent to the startling and humiliating propositions, "that medullary substance is capable of sensation and thought," "that the phenomena of mind result entirely from bodily structure," and "that Shakspeare's and Newton's superiority consisted only in having an extra inch of brain in the right place," we might still stand up in support of the mental capabilities of the pigmy race. Messrs. Lawrence, Spurzheim, &c. must confess, that the brain of a Dwarf bears, at least, the same proportion to the weight of his whole body as that of a full-grown man, and, in many instances, a much larger, if we were permitted to judge from the size of the casket which contains it. Large heads, however, are almost proverbially indicative of small brains; and those little beings whose Lilliputian character has been stamped, not by injury prior or subsequent to birth, but by the finger of Nature herself, are often beautifully proportioned in every respect, perfect and pleasing miniatures of the human animal. If, from speculating on the *possibility* of having dwarf statesmen, philosophers, and poets, we proceed to inquire into the results of actual experience, we shall indeed find less reason to expect a Locke thirty inches high, or an epic poem written by fingers no thicker than a goose-quill. Among all those human toys that have at different times amused Romans and children, carried knights' shields, and ladies' love-letters, told monarchs unpalatable truths, and danced hornpipes upon tables, we cannot remember one distinguished by higher mental powers than were sufficient to produce a timely jest or smart repartee, while numbers of the dwarfish tribe have ranked yet lower in the scale of intellect. Genius, indeed, would be no compensation for tiny stature; on the contrary, it would considerably aggravate the misfortune of personal singularity. That acute sensibility, that proud consciousness of superiority, which usually accompany strong mental powers, would for ever torment and distress the tenant of a ridiculously small body: he would be angered by the coaxing tone of familiarity which it is scarcely possible to avoid when addressing a little creature of childish proportions, he would indignantly spurn the privileges to which diminutive size could alone entitle him, and perhaps reject the proffered kiss of rank and beauty, which would not be offered were he three feet taller, and which, if three feet taller, he would consider worth an age of homage and exertion,—a guerdon, "Tal che nel fuoco faria l'uom felice." The pointing finger of vulgar astonishment would outweigh the applause of the learned, and wreaths of bay and laurel would not console him for the impossibility of walking through a town without a troop of rude gazers at his heels. Better, happier is it for Dwarfs, that instead of being *wise*, they are *vain*; that they are generally great admirers

of their own curious little figures, amused by dressing and decorating them, and inclined, like a conceited woman, preposterously attired, to mistake the stare of astonishment for that of admiration. On the score of intellect they feel equally comfortable: every thing they say is listened to with attention, and its merit, by an almost unavoidable mistake, magnified by the smallness of their stature. Compliments, witticisms, and remarks, which would be considered very common-place if they issued from a mouth five feet from the ground, are highly applauded when they proceed from one at half the distance.

Indeed, in our opinion, there is a set of very short men who are more pitiable and unhappy than the race of undoubted Dwarfs, who possess almost all the inconveniencies without the advantages of real pigmies; who are stared at and quizzed, without being fondled and flattered; who are too short for the army or navy, the pulpit or the bar, and yet too tall to be shown for sights, or pensioned by monarchs; who are a foot too low to obtain kisses of affection, and a foot too high for those of compassion.

The Count Boruwlaski, of whom every one has heard, has given his memoirs to the world, a singular specimen of pigmy auto-biography, from which considerable entertainment might be expected. They are preceded by an eulogy from the pen of one of his friends, who affirms that "Nature has endowed the Count with a mind superior to the generality of men," and that having "seen much of mankind in various stations of life, though considered more as a plaything than a companion, he had omitted no opportunity of making remarks." On perusing the book, we confess ourselves unable to discover any proof of either of these assertions: we see no glimpses of superior mind, we find no traces of a habit of observation. No one would be disposed to judge harshly the composition of a Dwarf and a foreigner, whose education was neglected, and who reprints and continues his memoirs (for we believe they have been previously published abroad) at a very advanced age; but the question of his superior intellect is one of peculiar interest, it would form an isolated and curious fact in the history of man, and will *now* be decided by the test by which authors are tried, a test tolerably accurate, their own writings. The Count Boruwlaski was a great traveller, he visited nearly the whole of Europe, and a considerable part of Asia; his pecuniary circumstances opened the middle and lower classes to his inspection, while his size admitted him into palaces, and introduced him to the most distinguished characters; yet we hear nothing new or entertaining of either persons or places, and the compliments and repartees which gained him rings and caresses, appear to lose all their merit when transferred to paper. Neither have we any particulars as to the workings of his own mind under the circumstances of his very peculiar fate; and over the most interesting relations of his life, he has thrown a veil of pride, of prudence, or of delicacy, at once tantalizing and impolitic, which provokes the curiosity it refuses to gratify, and occasions suspicions and conjectures for which there may possibly be no foundation.

His days appear to have glided on, if not in a very happy, in a very similar manner, without any of the fatal celebrity which attended Jeffery Hudson, the Dwarf of whom England makes her boast. This

curious little creature was born in 1619 at Oakham, in Rutlandshire, as a compliment, we suppose, to the size of the county. At seven years old he was eighteen inches high, and continued in all the pre-eminence of this extraordinary elevation till the age of thirty, when he shot up to the comparatively gigantic stature of three feet nine inches. By his fair mistress, Henrietta Maria, this progressive increase must have been watched with unmixed vexation; while Jeffery himself was perhaps divided between his love of consequence and his dislike of ridicule, between his desire of escaping the jests and insults of the courtiers and attendants, and his fear of losing the perquisites and privileges of Dwarf to the Queen. He stopped, however, far below the height where wonder ends and insignificance begins, revelled in former favour, and fretted under former scoffs. His introduction to her Majesty was curiously managed. He was served up in a cold pie at an entertainment given by the Duke of Buckingham to Charles I. and his Queen soon after their marriage, and presented to Henrietta Maria by the Duchess, his former mistress. Royal favour and caresses gave him high notions of his own importance, and thus, increasing the natural waspishness of his disposition, rendered him little able to bear with patience the inevitable consequences of his pigmy stature; and he was once so provoked by a young gentleman named Crofts, that he immediately sent him a challenge. His antagonist, in contemptuous wantonness, came to the appointment armed with a squirt, which so angered the Lilliputian that a duel absolutely ensued. It has been said, in defence of that honourable system of deliberate murder called duelling, that it is the only security men of inferior stature possess from the insolence of brutal strength; and that it may fully answer this purpose was fatally proved by the event of this extraordinary contest. The parties met on horseback, and armed with pistols, in order to equalize, as much as possible, their advantages. The Dwarf fired, and Mr. Crofts fell dead at his feet. Nor was this the only important adventure of Jeffery's life. He was once taken prisoner by the Dunkirkers on his return from France, whither he had been to fetch a midwife for the Queen; and again, on another occasion, he became the captive of a Turkish pirate. He followed his mistress when she took refuge in France, and returned with her at the Restoration; and at length, in 1682, being suspected of a concern in the Popish plot, was imprisoned in the Gatehouse, Westminster, where he died soon afterwards, in the 63d year of his age.

Count Boruwlski, both from his own memoirs, and from common report, appears in a much more advantageous light than his English rival; and, while we doubt the superiority of his intellect, we readily credit all that has been said of the kindness of his disposition, of his gratitude, his vivacity, and we can ourselves speak to the gentlemanly, the courtly polish of his manners.

He was born in Polish Russia, the son of a gentleman of respectability, who, dying early in life, left his widow and family in straitened circumstances. The Count's parents were both of middle height, and had six children alternately tall and short, three shooting into manly proportions, while the rest kept each other in countenance as Dwarfs. One of the Count's brothers, six feet four in height, was of a very delicate constitution, while the little gentle-

man himself, born at the almost invisible size of eight inches, and taking thirty years to accomplish his ultimate elevation of three feet three, and his eldest brother, who was only three inches taller, enjoyed robust health, and in infancy gave their mother no greater trouble than, one may suppose, must always be occasioned by children of the Tom Thumb species, who may be drowned in a basin of milk, trodden to death by a cat, concealed in the folds of a rumpled pocket-handkerchief, lost in a bed of spinage, and carried away in a lady's reticule. We may remark, *en passant*, that dwarfs are, in general, superior to giants, both in health and longevity, which appears to overthrow the hypothesis of Adam's having exceeded the present race of men in stature, as in age. Surely, as man approached nearer to those dimensions which belonged to him in the energy and freshness of recent creation, his physical powers would be more likely to improve than to deteriorate, and his life to approximate more closely to antediluvian length.

The Count was taken from his mother by her friend, the Starostin de Caorlix, and, on that lady's second marriage, passed into the favour of the Countess Humiecka, of distinguished family, rank, and beauty. With her he travelled through a considerable part of Europe, his size every where procuring him much attention and many privileges. Even the jealousy of a Turkish Pasha found no food for suspicion in his diminutive person, and Joujou (as the Count was then called) was admitted into the innermost apartments of a *seraglio*. He was clasped in the arms, and seated on the lap of Maria Theresa, who placed on his tiny finger a ring drawn from the hand of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, then only six years old. At Luneville he was honoured by the notice of Stanislaus, the titular King of Poland, at whose court he was introduced to one of his fraternity, in the person of the renowned Bebe, dwarf to that monarch. Joujou, however, on being measured with his rival, had the proud satisfaction of finding himself three inches the superior in littleness, but in mental stature he far surpassed Bebe, whose understanding was little beyond the intelligence of a well-taught pointer. At Paris Joujou was most kindly received. M. Bouret, the farmer-general, gave him an entertainment, at which all the plates, knives, forks, &c. were proportioned to the size of his guest, and the eatables were ortolans, beccaficos, and other dainties of Lilliputian dimensions. It was this Bouret who, having invited some person of distinction to dine with him early in the spring, treated him with peas at a guinea a quart. The following year, at the same season, the visiter received a second invitation, and begged M. Bouret not to purchase peas again at this exorbitant price, as he could make a very good dinner without them. His host bowed in acquiescence, and the first thing his guest saw on entering M. Bouret's grounds, was a red cow feasting on a pailful of the dainty vegetables he had refused.

From Paris the Countess Humiecka repaired to Holland, while Joujou "*sequitur—non passibus æquis*," and from thence to Warsaw, the capital of their native country. Here the Count Boruwlaski, by his own confession, became a little irregular in his habits, frequented the theatre, and was guilty of a few indiscretions. A little good advice and reflection, however, speedily stopped him in his career

of dissipation, and he regained the favour of the Countess, who shortly afterwards discouraged Stanislaus II. from bestowing an estate upon her protégé. How completely does such conduct explain, and degrade, the motives which induced her ladyship to take Jougou under her patronage! how does it transmute gold into lead, and change benevolence and compassion into a mean spirit of selfishness, a puerile love of possessing what is curious, and a contemptible desire of keeping the poor little Count dependent on her and her alone! We must do him the justice to say, that he avoids all harsh language with respect to his early benefactress, and speaks of her behaviour to him in more moderate terms than, from his own account, it deserved. Among other inadvertent or designed omissions, he has neglected to state the year in which he was born; and from the memoirs before us we are unable to discover his age at any one period of his adventures. We learn, however, from another source, that it was at the mature age of forty-one when the calm tenor of his days was first disturbed by the admission of love into his hitherto peaceful bosom. The object of his attachment was a young lady, named Isalina, residing in the Countess Humiecka's family, but in what capacity we are not informed, of middle stature, expressive countenance, amiable temper, and never-failing vivacity. The Count says, with a happy but amusing vanity, "I had made an impression on the tender heart of Isalina; and, indeed, *how could I fail*, my love being guided by sincerity, and her want of fortune proving my disinterestedness?" We cannot help suspecting that the Count might have met with ladies, who, though equally convinced of his sincere and disinterested affection, might have been less ready to reward it with the gift of their hands.

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth;" and, notwithstanding the lady's kindness, obstacles interfered to retard poor Jougou's felicity. The Countess disapproved his attachment, banished Isalina from her house, and confined the tiny lover to his own room for a fortnight. With the art, the bribery, or the eloquence of lovers "of a larger growth," the Count contrived to gain the servant who was set to guard him, and to establish a correspondence with his dear Isalina. Two of his love-letters are given, as specimens of Lilliputian courtship. At length the Countess sent a messenger to her little prisoner with offers of amity, on condition of his resigning Isalina, but threatening the immediate loss of her protection if he persisted in his attachment. A lover six feet high could not have abandoned more magnanimously fortune and favour for poverty and love. He left the Countess Humiecka's house, and threw himself at Isalina's feet. Fortunately, Prince Casimir had interested himself in the Dwarf's amour, and had procured for him a pension of a hundred ducats from his brother, the King. The Count says, that "the Nuncio, misinformed by the Countess, endeavoured, by some ridiculous pretext, to prevent the marriage;" but Royalty itself interfered, every objection was overruled, and the happy pair were united.

The Count observes a most mysterious silence on all the subsequent events of his matrimonial life; and it is impossible to avoid suspecting that "they two who with so many thousand sighs did

buy each other," did not live in the harmony that might have been expected, or that the lovely, lively Isalina disappointed the fond anticipations of her little husband. However this may be, whether he thought with the prudent Italian proverb, "E meglio dir poveretto me, che poveretti noi," or whether he found, on experiment, that he had no taste for the connubial felicity described by Boileau :—

"Quelle joie en effet, quelle douceur extrême !
De se voir caresser d'une Epouse qu'on aime :
De s'entendre appeler 'petit Cœur,' ou 'mon Bon,'
De voir autour de soi croître dans sa maison,
Sous les paisibles loix d'une agréable Mère,
Des petits Citoyens dont on croit être Père."—

Certain it is that, finding his pension unequal to his wants, he took the advice of his friend, Prince Casimir, and resolved to revisit the different Courts of Europe; and that from the 57th page of his "Memoirs," where he says, "the idea of seeing my beloved Isalina in misery did not permit me long to enjoy the happiness of possessing her," to the 383d, which concludes the volume, the name of his "*beloved Isalina*" is not again mentioned, nor is there the slightest allusion to his matrimonial ties. He evidently travelled alone; and amidst all his cares and comforts, those of the husband and the father remain unnoticed: yet his wife bore him several daughters; and we can remember reading in some old newspaper, or magazine, an account of the christening of one of them, born, we suppose, in this country, to whom several persons of distinction acted as sponsors.

To return to the Count's travels. Provided, by order of the King, with a convenient coach, such a one, perhaps, as appears in the pantomime of Gulliver, he left Warsaw, and proceeded to Vienna, where he gave a concert. Disappointed by its indifferent success, he seems to have directed all his hopes towards the most uncivilized countries; and considering that he declares his travels had profit, not amusement or information for their object, we cannot but feel astonished at the route he chose to select. He visited Hungary, Turkey, Arabia, Syria, Astracan, Finland, Lapland, and Nova Zembla. His friends strongly dissuaded him from visiting the latter place, and foretold that a concert would not thrive on so barbarous a soil; but the Count was obstinate, and confesses that he afterwards repented his pertinacity. He appears to have been once in some danger from the impetuous curiosity of the natives, who surrounded the house in which he was, and insisted on his coming forth. Like Blucher, he obeyed, and the savages devoutly "thanked the Sun for showing them such a man;" which "*flattering compliment*," as the Count fortunately considered it, induced him to play them a tune on his guitar. The wondering auditors returned this civility by the gift of some sables. The rambling Lilliputian next visited Tobolsk and Kamschatka, and proceeded as far as Behring's Straits, occasionally procuring a lucrative concert to defray his travelling expenses. On his return towards Europe, he stopped at Catherineburg, where the Director of the Siberian mines resided, who paid the Count considerable attention. This director must have been a wonderful man, not only

a profound observer of events himself, but the cause of profound observation in others ; for a short conversation with him on politics led Count Boruwlaski to believe, " that there is a large apple-dumpling made, and now boiling in the pot, for certain princes, which must in due time be ready for their dinner." Here, too, he retrogrades in his narration, to give an account of a pursuit after the philosopher's stone, in which he had been at some former period engaged. Unsuccessful himself in this old-fashioned search, he is kind enough to describe the method he adopted, which sounds too much like *gibberish* to be intelligible to any but the disciples of Geber. The Count gives us another digression, occasioned by the sight of the "Henriade" in a gentleman's library, in order to favour us with an account of his introduction to M. de Voltaire, whom he had formerly met at Madame Pompadour's. The first sight of the philosopher produced a most unusual effect on his little admirer—it completely silenced him. When the first surprise was over, he made a speech in explanation of his taciturnity and in praise of Voltaire ; on hearing which, " the eyes of that respectable old philosopher filled with an expression of surprise and delight," which he manifested by snatching up the pigmy panegyrist in his arms.

Retracing his steps, the Count returned to Germany, visited Munich and other cities, and at Triersdorff was persuaded by the Margrave and Margravine of Anspach to try his fortune in England. Through this and the sister countries he made expeditions for many years, sometimes giving concerts, and sometimes, we believe, exhibiting himself in a less equivocal manner. At length, just as he was on the point of setting out for America, he received from some kind and generous friends a sum sufficient to secure to him a moderate independence. His delight at thus terminating wanderings and labours now so unsuited to his years, his new and happy sensations of ease and security, his sincere and lively gratitude, are simply but strongly expressed ; he settled himself at Durham near some of his friends, and there he still resides, waiting his summons to that state where every outward distinction will cease, where those who were here " curtailed of this fair proportion, cheated of *stature* by dissembling Nature," will as amply fill the glorious robes of light and immortality, as if they had been Earth's fierce issue, the "immania Monstra Gigantes." W. E.

EPIGRAM.

" I AM not changed, yet Henry flies"—
 " Not changed ?—Oh sadly changed thou art !
 When Flavia prompted Henry's sighs,
 Her virtue form'd her fairest part.

" Then, Flavia, cease this idle rant,
 One solemn truth let Reason speak—
 When woman has no more to grant.
 Her lover has no more to seek."

ALFIERI'S FILIPPO AND SCHILLER'S DON CARLOS.

THE circumstances of Don Carlos' death are involved in doubt and mystery. The truth could not be expected from the Spanish historians of the time, even if they had known it; and the motives that occasioned the many accusations against Philip II. from other quarters are too apparent, not to inculcate caution in deciding on such testimony. Marianna, who is, however, a bad authority where Philip is the accused, says that "foreigners relate many idle and absurd tales on this subject, which must be considered as wild inventions." The most generally received of these tales is that which ascribes the death of the Prince of Spain to the King's suspicions of his persevering attachment to Elizabeth of Valois, who had been betrothed to Don Carlos before she was married to King Philip. This incident, possessing the highest dramatic interest, but requiring the nicest skill in managing it, has been chosen by the two greatest dramatists of the last half century as the groundwork of their respective plays mentioned at the head of this article. It is scarcely possible to produce two writers of merit more opposite than Alfieri and Schiller. One is a dramatist of the old, the other, of the new school; one is disdainful of imagery, and concise even to abruptness of expression; the other florid, diffuse, and eloquent. Their pieces, therefore, though constructed on the same plot, are as widely different as the genius of the authors.

It is not the object of this paper to say much of the first of these pieces. It has been minutely analysed by a very eminent critic, whose criticism consequently must be often repeated in expatiating upon its beauties. In the character of Philip, Alfieri has vented, that which he enumerates among his dramatic qualifications, his "*profonda ferocissima rabbia ed aborrimiento contra ogni qualsivoglia tirannide*." He has painted him a monster, and perhaps he was so; but it seems unnecessary to describe him as indifferent to his wife's affection.

——— I never prized
Thy love; but such inviolable duty
Thou shouldst have felt towards thy lord and king,
As should have made thee c'en at a frail thought
Shudder with horror.*

Schiller, whose profound historical knowledge is a sufficient guarantee for the fidelity of his portraits, has not judged it requisite to deprive this character of all sympathy. His admiration of the generous sentiments of De Posa serves to display more forcibly the prejudices of his education, when he can continue to act in opposition to those sentiments; and the situation of the Queen becomes still more interesting, when in contending against the ill-fated passion, which it was once not criminal to listen to, she hears from her husband such sentiments as these:

They style me richest in the Christian world;
The sun doth never set in my domains.
Yet those domains another hath possess'd,

* The extracts from Alfieri are given in the words of Mr. Lloyd's translation, the excellence of which renders a new version unnecessary.

And many more will after me possess them.
There stands my *own*. All that the King can claim
Belongs to Fate:—Elizabeth to Philip.
There is the part, where I indeed am mortal.

The next difference observable between Alfieri and Schiller is in the character of the Queen. Alfieri takes care to inform his audience, in the first line, that her marriage with the father has not taught her to forget the son. "Love, apprehension, and flagitious hope her breast invade." She invokes their absence, but promotes their stay. In this we think it will be seen that Schiller has greatly the advantage. His Elizabeth is the redeeming angel of his piece; she maintains the equipoise, threatened to be shaken on the one hand by the savage barbarity of Philip, and, on the other, by the unruly passions of Carlos: her calm sense of propriety, tempering her unhappy attachment, her melancholy remembrance of past hopes, joined to her steady performance of present duties, awaken our admiration whilst they excite our pity. Had it been otherwise, Schiller's play must have been a tragedy of incest, for he has adhered more closely to the story in portraying the impetuous and rebellious temper of Carlos, than Alfieri, who has made him a more obedient son than he has authority for. With these feelings, then, on the part of Isabella, the lovers meet at the commencement of the piece, and the Queen's demeanour is more indicative of melting tenderness than steady virtue. Alfieri's strict observance of the unity of action, leading him to make the single incident, on which his plot is founded, predominant, nothing occurs, from the first scene to the last, to withdraw the attention from it. When we are introduced to Philip, it is only to observe the development of his suspicions; and the manner in which they are communicated to his minister, tried and finally confirmed, is an evidence of skill that has perhaps never been surpassed. It has been correctly observed, that he has a confidant, to whom he however communicates nothing, allowing him only to derive the benefit of his own conclusions. Behold the confidence which such a king bestows on such a minister.

Philip. What, above all things that this world can give,

Dost thou hold dear?

Gom. Thy favour.

Phi. By what means

Dost hope to keep it?

Gom. By the means that gain'd it:

Obedience and silence.

Phi. Thou art call'd

This day to practise both.

Gomez is then stationed as a silent spy, whilst Philip tortures his unhappy wife with artful interrogatories, tending to induce her to believe that he is acquainted with her secret, then again branching off to some other subject, and thus exposing her agitated mind to the cold and steady gaze of his vile associate. A speech or two will serve to display Alfieri's extraordinary skill in this part of his performance.

Phi. But tell me also, ere the fact I state,
And tell without reserve, dost love, or hate
Carlos, my son?

Alfieri's Filippo and Schiller's Don Carlos.

Isa. My Lord?

Phi. I understand thee.

If thou didst yield to thy first impulses,
And not obey the stern behests of duty,
Thou wouldst behold him as a step dame.

Isa. No:

Thou art deceived The Prince

Phi.

Is dear to thee.

Yet hast thou so much of true honour left,
That being Philip's wife, that Philip's son
Thou lov'st with love maternal.

Carlos is then introduced, and the same artful form of speech is continued, whilst thus confronted, their mutual glances are watched, and the countenance of each is searched for evidence of the guilt of the other. When they are both dismissed, Philip thus impressively, but with the same cautious spirit of reserve, seeks from the minister a confirmation of his own suspicions.

Philip. Heard'st thou?

Gom. I heard.

Phi. Saw'st thou?

Gom. I saw.

Phi. Oh, rage!

Then the suspicion

Gom. Now is certainty.

Phi. And Philip yet is unrevenged?

Gom. Reflect.

Phi. I have reflected. Follow then my footsteps.

We feel convinced that if this were sustained by excellent acting, no dramatic representation could possibly be more effective on the stage.

Alfieri sustains an undivided and almost breathless interest for the fate of his lovers to the final scene. The monkish dress and disguise as the apparition of Charles the Fifth is an expedient to force a *denouement* which is unworthy of the genius of Schiller, and more suitable to the catastrophe of a melo-drama than of a tragedy. "Il Filippo" is a web of calamity which is wound up by regular approaches. It is natural that Isabella should be thrown off her guard by Carlos's arrest:—it is natural that she should believe the specious tale of the means provided for his escape, and eagerly accept the proffered aid to procure her last and secret interview with him in the prison:—it is natural that Carlos, whose feelings are then more calm, should perceive, on the instant, that that aid is the successful accomplishment of long-attempted treachery. He sees that she has been betrayed into a step which admits of no explanation. He asks but the name of the agent. She answers—Gomez. It is sufficient. Philip, the dagger, and the cup, are anticipated before they appear.

In the opening of his plot, Schiller displays very considerable skill. Carlos, like Hamlet, is accosted by a spy, sent by the king to entrap his secret. He perceives the treachery, and evades the inquiries. But he shrinks from the impression that all around are his foes. He has none to listen to his grief, and to solve his doubts. He is in despair, when, at this critical juncture, the companion of his boyhood, the sworn friend of his youth, returns after a long absence.

Carlos falls on his neck in a transport of gratitude and friendship. He confesses his own desolate condition—he implores De Posa not to desert him.

— I have no friend—no friend,
On this wide spacious earth, I have no friend.
Far as the sceptre of my father sways,
Far as the Spanish flag triumphant waves,
There is no spot, none—none, where I may weep.
Where I may give my bursting heart relief,
Save this alone. Oh I conjure you then,
By all we both hereafter hope in Heaven,
Chase me not, Roderick, from this resting-place.

Even after this solemn appeal, Carlos hesitates at imparting his dangerous confidence. He makes a second appeal to the feelings of his friend. He reminds him of their youthful days; he calls to his recollection how long his tardy affection was withheld, until Carlos purchased it by a generous act of self-devotion. He repeats the vow then made to discharge the debt of friendship; he claims the fulfilment of that vow, and unburdens his whole soul.

Marquis. (holding forth his hand)
I will, my Carlos. The boy's grateful vow
The man now ratifies. I will fulfil it.
Even now, perchance, the moment has arrived.
Carlos. Now, now;—Oh linger not! It has arrived.
This is the time when thou must keep thy vow.
I need thy love. A secret full of horror
Burns in my breast. It shall, it shall be told.
In thy pale cheek will I my sentence read.
Hear—grow transfix'd—but answer not a word:—
I love my mother.

Marquis. All-powerful God!
Carlos. Nay, I will not be spared. Speak freely out,
Say that this vast circumference of earth
Holds not a wretch like Carlos.—Speak; I charge thee.
All that thou hast to say, I guess already.
The son doth love the mother—human laws,
Nature's pure ordinance, and the church's precepts,
Forbid alike the passion. My pretensions
Invade most fearfully my father's rights.
I feel it, yet love still. I tread a path
Which has no end save madness or the scaffold.
I love without a hope—I love with guilt—
With all death's anguish and with all life's danger—
All this I know, yet still persist to love.

Shocked at such an avowal, and after fruitless endeavours to avert the wo which he sees impending, De Posa consents, under the Prince's solemn promise to undertake nothing without his concurrence, to endeavour to obtain an interview for him with the Queen. Throughout this scene, and the two following, Schiller seems to feel the delicate ground he is treading on, and nothing is communicated without due preparation. The Marquis, admitted to an audience with the Queen to deliver letters, speaks only in parables. The tale which he asserts to have learnt on his return from Naples,

affects all his auditors ; but to one ear it conveys the full impression of its meaning. As we are probably indebted to that tale for the hint of a very beautiful production in our own language, it is here translated.

Marquis. Two noble houses in Mirandola,
Weary of ancient rivalry and hate,
Which, since the feuds of Guelphs and Ghibellines,
Had pass'd from age to age, and sire to son,
Resolved by wedlock's gentle bands to frame
A mutual covenant of eternal peace.
The powerful Pietro's sister's son, Fernando,
And fair Matilda, high Colonna's daughter,
Were chosen as the links of this alliance.
Never had Nature for each other form'd
Hearts so delightfully accordant, never
Had choice so happy claim'd the world's approval.
His lovely bride Fernando had adored
In imaged beauty only. Oh how he trembled
To find confirm'd what his most ardent hopes
Could scarcely credit on the picture's warrant.
In Padua, where his studies bound his stay,
Fernando linger'd till the joyous moment
Which would transport him to Matilda's feet,
To falter forth the homage of his love.

(The Queen listens with increased attention. The Marquis, after a short pause, continues the story, addressing his discourse, as far as the presence of the Queen will permit, to the Princess Eboli.)

Meanwhile the hand of death struck Pietro's consort,
And left him free to seek a new alliance.
With boy-like ardour to the voice of fame,
That in the rumour of Matilda's beauty
Was loudly eloquent, the old man listen'd.
He comes—he sees—he loves ! The new emotion
Stifles the earlier, softer voice of nature ;
The uncle woos his nephew's plighted bride,
And consecrates the rape upon the altar.

Queen. How did Fernando act ?

Marquis. On wings of love
Wholly unconscious of the fearful change,
Th' enthusiast hastens to Mirandola.
At midnight did his rapid courser stop
Before the gate. A bacchanalian roar,
With sounds of music, dancing, struck his ear,
Proceeding from th' illuminated palace.
He totters up the steps, and slowly enters,
An unknown guest, within the wide saloon.
There, by the revellers' noisy band surrounded,
Sat Pietro—with an angel by his side,
An angel, whom Fernando recognised,
Who ne'er to him in dreams had seem'd so lovely :
A single glance shows him what once was his—
Shows him what now he has for ever lost.

Princess Eboli. Unfortunate Fernando !

Queen. Said you not
Fernando was your friend ?

Marquis. I have none dearer.

Princess Eboli. Go on then with the story, Chevalier.

Marquis. 'Tis very sad, and the remembrance of it
Does but renew my pain. Permit me here
To stop. (*A general silence.*)

Of the scene between the Queen and Don Carlos, it is impossible in these limits to give a translation. But the few extracts which follow display, in some measure, the wild, impetuous passion of Carlos, and the dignified, virtuous, yet tender affection of Elizabeth. Her calm self-possession, her patient attempts to turn the frenzied mind of the ill-fated youth to objects of nobler emulation, and her whole admirable demeanour in this and every other situation in which she is placed, may be considered as the triumph of Schiller in the delineation of female excellence, in which he far surpasses the great poet whose name is associated with his in these pages.

Carlos. O Heaven! O Heaven! I go.
I will consent to leave you. Must I not,
When you require my absence? Mother! Mother!
How terribly you sport with me! A glance,
A half regard, your lips' least, lightest murmur
Can summon me to live, or bid me perish:
Declare then what you wish, it shall be done.
What can exist beneath yon burning sun,
Which Carlos would refuse to sacrifice
When you require it?

Queen. Depart!

Carlos. O Heaven!

Queen. The sole request which I with tears pronounce,
Which I implore, is—leave me—ere my suite,
Ere my attendant-gaolers find us here
Together, and the mighty news convey
Officious to your father's ear.

Carlos. My fate,
Be it or life or death, I will await.
What? Have I anxiously turn'd all my hopes
To this one single, solitary moment,
Which now presents itself, without a witness.
That foolish fears should deaden its enjoyment?
No, Queen, the world may change an hundred times,
A thousand times may see its poles revolve,
Ere Fortune grant again this happy moment.

Queen. Never again such moments shall she grant.
Unhappy man! What would you then of me?

Carlos. O Queen, that I have striven with my passion,
Striven as mortal never strove before,
God is my witness—Queen! I strove in vain.
Gone is my heroism. I confess me vanquish'd.

Queen. No more of this—for my peace' sake—no more.

Carlos. You were my own—in sight of all the world;
To me by two great thrones you were betrothed;
To me by Heaven and Nature both adjudged;
And Philip—Philip—he has stolen you from me.

Queen. He is your father.—

Carlos. He is too your husband—

Queen. Who gives the richest kingdom of the earth

Alfieri's Filippo and Schiller's Don Carlos.

To you for an inheritance.

Carlos. And you

He gives me for a mother.

Queen. Gracious Heaven!

You rave!

Carlos. Knows he indeed how rich he is?

Has he a heart that can appreciate thine?

I will not murmur—no, I will forget

How happy, past expression, I had been

With thee—if Philip be but happy.

He is *not* happy. That is Hell's worst torture.

He is *not* happy, and will never be so.

You took a blessed paradise from me

To blast its richness in King Philip's arms.

Queen. Horrible thought!

Carlos. Oh, I am well aware

Who was the framer of this marriage. Well

I know how Philip learn'd to love and wed.

What are you in this kingdom? Tell me, now,

Are you the reigning Queen? Oh no, you are not.

Where you were Queen, could such as Alba murder?

Where you were Queen, could Flanders bleed for faith?

Are you then Philip's wife? Impossible.

Never can I believe it. For a wife

Has still her husband's heart—and who has Philip's?

Queen. — Do I then comprehend you?

You still have hopes? You dare to entertain them;

To cherish hope where all, where all is lost?

Carlos. I know of nothing lost but to the dead.

Queen. For me, even for your mother, cherish hopes?

(She gazes on him for some moments with a look of earnest contemplation, then proceeds in a dignified and serious tone.)

Why should you not? The new-created King

May do still more:—may cast into the flames

His predecessor's acts:—may tear his statues down;—

Nay—even more—for what is to prevent him?

He may lay bare the ashes of the dead,

From the Escorial's dark and peaceful vaults

Snatch and expose them to the light of Heaven,

To the four winds scatter the sacred dust;

And then, at last, he may—fit consummation—

Carlos. Stop, stop, for Heaven's sake, say no more.

Queen. Then last of all—may marry with his mother!

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER VI.

GEORGE CULPEPPER'S ambition has been at length gratified. He has become acquainted with a Captain of Dragoons. Captain Augustus Thackeray and he happened to go in the same steam-vessel, the *Majestic*, to Margate, on a certain Saturday; they, moreover, returned together on the Monday following. While sojourning at that populous watering-place, they dined in the same coffee-room. Mutual ennui produced mutual acquaintance. They discussed the weather and the price of mackarel; the Upper and the Lower Pier; the Light-house, and the North Foreland; the forward state of the harvest, and the scarcity of fine women at the last night's assembly at Howe's. It has even been rumoured, that, on their return by the Eclipse, they danced upon deck with two young ladies from Cranbourne-passage. This, however, they both resolutely deny; and I own that the rumour lacks confirmation. George, on his return to Savage-gardens, talked much of his new acquaintance, and dropped a hint about inviting him to dinner. The elder Culpepper discountenanced the idea. For his part, he observed, he had not much opinion of the army. Whenever he walked up St. James's-street, which, he thanked his stars, was only twice a year, to receive the rent of a house in Great Ryder-street, he observed three officers in uniform, arm in arm, lounging up and down upon the foot-path, and thrusting the women and children either through the shop-windows, or into the gutter. This, he continued, might be good manners at Boodle's, but it would be voted vulgar at Tom's or John's. Nay, he had a much weightier objection to a red coat. A young puppy in scarlet, one ensign Tibbs, had run up a bill with him, some eighteen years ago, of thirty-six pounds, for slops, and the devil a shilling of the money had he been able to touch from that time to this. George, Clara, and Mamma, pronounced this to be illiberal: they had known many officers who paid their way, and behaved very much like gentlemen, and they had no doubt that Captain Thackeray was one of the number. "Well, well!" ejaculated the old gentleman, "do as you please: if any thing turns out contrary-ways, I wash my hands of it." Captain Thackeray was invited to dinner on the following Wednesday.

On the morning of the last-mentioned day, a consultation took place upon the subject of wine. George and his sister said that no decent people ever sat down to dinner without two long-necked black bottles in the centre of the table, charged with hock and champagne. Old Culpepper offered to produce the key of his cellar-door, and told his son that he was at liberty to drink all the hock and champagne it contained. "It may be bought," said the son. "Then buy it," said the father. This did not suit; so a bottle of gooseberry and another of perry were settled as the substitutes. Five precisely was the time written upon the card. The clock struck five—no Captain; it chimed a quarter—still no Captain. Culpepper senior now began to wax fidgety. He looked at his watch—wondered what people could mean by keeping people fasting. People should consider, that, though some people have no

appetite, other people have." "La! Papa, don't be *fussy*," was the consolation administered by Clara, as the clock chimed half after five. "I'll not wait another moment," roared the vender of slops; and was in the act of applying his grasp to the bell-rope, when eleven raps in quick time and seven in slow, proceeding from the ponderous street-door knocker, announced the arrival of the military visiter. The tremendous din echoed to the most distant recesses of Crutched Friars: Miss Patterson, the neighbouring old maid, started from her half-sipped Bohea, and craned her long neck through the casement, to ascertain the phenomenon. Even old Andrew Dixon drew the pipe from his mouth, and "spread his broad nostrils to the wind" like the stag in "Marmion." Jack, the foot-boy, rushed up breathless from the kitchen to "answer the door;" and finding that the officer carried at his left side a tremendous iron-shod sword, the end of which clattered on the floor; and finding also that a countless quantity of strap, buckle, belt, leather, and chain, commonly called a sabre-tash, hung down intermingled with the weapon, obligingly lent all his strength to aid the sufferer, in bearing a load under which Baron Trenck himself might have fainted; and as the visiter entered the parlour, could not avoid exclaiming, in a pitiful tone, "Lord! Lord! Captain, what have they tied you to?"

The appearance of Captain Augustus Thackeray might indeed have appalled a stouter heart than that which beat in the bosom of Jack the foot-boy. His age appeared to be about twenty-three; that is, judging from his figure:—for his face was so enveloped in whisker, mustachio, and chin-tuft, that he might have been sixty-three for any thing which that denoted to the contrary. On his head he balanced a mass of fur, like a Patagonian lady's muff, from the apex of which hung a large piece of scarlet cloth edged with gold lace. From his shoulder hung negligently, behind, a blue jacket in the half-on and half-off fashion, decorated with countless loops and buttons of gold, laced with the same material, and edged with sable. Every rib of his body was coated by an external rib of golden filigree, insomuch that he bore the appearance of Harlequin Skeleton turned trooper. His pantaloons of white elastic silk were embroidered by a deep broad seam of scarlet, edged with lace. The above-mentioned sword banged the calf of either leg as he marched toward the fire-place, and might, in time, have bruised those parts of his body, had not each of them been protected by a hussar boot of yellow leather, topped with scarlet, heeled with the same colour, and oramented in front with a tassel of gold. George Culpepper rose a foot taller from the consciousness of such an acquaintance; Mrs. Culpepper took out her *sal volatile*; her spouse could scarcely ejaculate, "Glad to see you, Sir;" and Clara was actually thunder-struck with delight. The conversation of the illustrious stranger was as enigmatical as his aspect. That, however, I reserve for another Epistle.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER.

In the gay radiance of this lofty room,
Roses, just hired, expand their summer bloom;
The rich camelia shines, a glowing white,
Beneath the lamp's resplendent orb of light;
And glossy leaves reflect an emerald ray,
Where glancing crystals tremulously play.

'Tis a warm night, but you can feel the air
Blow on your fresh'ning cheek from Grosvenor-square;
Above, like stars, what brilliant lustres shine,
Sparkling and quivering in an airy line;
Or like celestial fountains, hung on high,
That reach not us, but glitter through the sky.
Below, in snowy chalk, foredoom'd to fade
Long ere the night withdraws her sullen shade,
(Like fated victims on this troublous earth,
Crush'd by the careless step of lordly mirth,)
Are quaint devices drawn upon the floor,
Sphinx, Cupids, Arabesques, and twenty fancies more.

But where is Lady Mary's matron grace?
Where the soft charm of Adelina's face?

The gentle Lady Mary scolds her maid,
For Beaumont has her curls so long delay'd,
She must, unwillingly, at last resign
Hopes in those ringlets on this night to shine.
And Adelina feels a satin shoe
Her little foot so very closely woo,
That pinch'd with pain, detesting in her heart
Taylor's soft simper and persuasive art,
Exclaims at last the long-enduring she—
"Oh! had some coarser artist work'd for me,
No power had he possess'd that could persuade
This was the easiest shoe he ever made."

Inferior ringlets are at last arranged:
The fair descend—the guilty shoe is changed;
"Come, Adelina, I must see your dress,"
Says dear Mamma, "and let your looks express
A mind all gentleness, serenely gay;
You saw the Duke of Nimini to-day:
He's silent, wary, cold, and hard to please,
Yet you, methinks, might manage him with ease.
I should think all my trouble well bestow'd,
You saw him in the Park—'twas he who rode
The chestnut pony you admired to-day.
Nay recollect, my love—his coat light grey—
Whiskers jet black—a very handsome man.
No more—It long has been my favourite plan—
My dear, you must not dance till he arrive."
"Not dance, Mamma?"—"Not, if you wait till five!"

The knocker now its pealing thunder rolls—
A skilful hand the echoing brass controls:
"The Ladies Evergreen"—Tiresome old souls,
Who of a thousand always come the first,
Though of a thousand they're the very worst.—
Dear Lady Evergreen! you're always kind,
To early hours you know how I'm inclined!
And, really, every body comes so late!"

The Younger Brother.

The room shines out, with gay progressive state
 Thickens the busy crowd, and noise, and prate—
 The careless question—the unheard reply—
 The smile, at variance with an envious eye—
 Allurements whisper—pleasures airy glance,
 And the sweet labours of the sultry dance ;
 Semblance of happiness in all awake,
 As if some dear attainment were at stake,
 All struggle to be gay. From country air
 The dame escaped, who visits Portman-square,
 For one short vernal month, is most alert,
 Most lively, active, *debonnaire*, and pert.
 Afraid to look like one whom none can know,
 If you address her, she'll not let you go—
 At least, detains you till her watchful eye
 Detects some new acquaintance stealing by.
 But here and there, with sweet Madonna grace
 And sandal'd foot, we see a pensive face :
 These are the Sylphs have not been ask'd to dance,
 Who give to languor the disgrace of chance ;
 With downcast eyes, and sadly pleasing voice,
 Feigning this rapture of repose their choice !

Alas, how vain those glances at the door,
 Fair Adelina, look that way no more—
 No crowded room shall hear his placid vows
 Reserved for Kensington's innumerable boughs.
 Muffle the knocker—drop the muslin blind—
 For poor Mamma, by a sad cold confined,
 Thrown on a sofa in the thickest shade,
 By curtains, draperies, and flounces made,
 Blows her fair nose in broidery of France,
 Where on white cambric nymphs and cupids dance ;*
 Sips *eau sucrée*, and lends her willing hand
 To the seductive touch of Dr. Bland :
 In softer tones his mild prescription flows,—
 " Indulge yourself, dear Madam, and repose—
 Eat whatsoe'er your fancy may require,
 If ice of pine-apple, once pass'd through fire
 You daily add—of this a pint you'll take :
 Remember it, dear Madam, for my sake."

He then displays his trinkets, rich and rare,
 Gifts of the great, the witty, and the fair,
 And gilds the various topics of the day,
 With grace wins those who hear, to wish his stay ;
 Till, recollecting that this very now
 Ten patients wait, he makes an hasty bow.

Almack's fair Adelina loses, and French plays,
 But in green Kensington contented strays ;
 And while her graceful lover smiles and talks
 Wonders how fashion can desert these walks ;
 And secretly applauds the tedious hours
 That led her, half unwilling, to those bowers,
 In close attendance on a country friend,
 She wish'd to hide, and yet not quite offend.

* " Les principaux traits de l'histoire Grecque et Romaine sont brodés dans mes mouchoirs, pour l'instruction de ma fille," said a scientific Parisian belle.

The Younger Brother.

67

Mamma recovers—Can disease withstand
Retirement—darkness—ice—and Doctor Bland?
Attack'd with vigour thus, her cold gives way;
To see the Duke at last she names a day;
And deigns that morn her drawing-room to grace,
Envelop'd in light folds of Brussels lace;
Beneath her dimpled chin is part confined,
The rest falls lightsomely—a veil behind.

'Tis two o'clock—he cannot yet arrive!—
“No, Ma! he never visits till past five.”
“Then give my notes—now to my daily task—
This perfumed seal is cupid in a mask,
I fear 'tis some petition for Almack's;
The strangest people make such bold attacks!”

She reads—she trembles—and she looks aghast,
Like some unhappy merchant, when a blast
Has wreck'd the stately ship before his eyes,
Where all his hope of earthly treasure lies.
No Duke of Nimini, alas! has won
Fair Adelina—but a younger son,
Detested name! comprising all the faults
That can offend a mother's tender thoughts—
His Grace's brother—ay, and four between—
Abominable—odious—unforeseen.
After some nonsense about love and truth,
Resistless charms, and unresisting youth,
Thus closed the flippant Dandy's foolish note,
One more unwelcome never lordling wrote:—

“You see I but deserve a mild rebuke,
I never, never said I was the Duke:
When first you met me riding, after dark,
Your La—ship then mistook me, in the Park;
And feeling that my name, for conquest known,
Might fright an infant Cupid from his throne,
I mask'd the glories I have fairly won
In Love's campaigns. As on a rising sun
Shaded by mist, those eyes securely gaze,
That might be dazzled by his cloudless rays,
I wore my brother's title as a shade;
But now Love's blossoms fully are display'd,
Disguise, as useless, may be laid aside.
To-day I come—to claim my beauteous bride.”

The guilty paper, in a thousand scraps,
Lies torn and trembling in the ladies' laps.
“Mamma, my dear Mamma! what can be done?”
“Ah, what indeed, my Love!—a younger son!”

From pique, shame, anger Lady Mary wept:
Contagious softness on her daughter crept:
With noiseless step, amid this shower of tears,
Gay, confident, and bright—Lord John appears:
The truth he could not doubt, nor they deny,
While drops were glistening in each fair one's eye.
He made his farewell bow, with easy grace;
She dried her tears, lest they might spoil her face;
Short were her sorrows—for she still was free,
And still might wed the Duke of Nimini.

ANTIPATHIES.

EVERY one, who has mingled in society, is acquainted with the peculiar feeling of aversion towards particular individuals, which is so well described in the hacknied verse :—

I do not like thee, Doctor Fell ;—
The reason why I cannot tell,
But yet this truth I know full well,
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.

But though this aversion should be felt and acknowledged, it would still puzzle the observer to state from what particular feature of the object contemplated his dislike arose, or wherefore it was felt at all. Nevertheless the antipathy continues, and is found too powerful for the aid of reason to overcome. The effect is notorious—the cause remains a *Je ne sçai quoi*, a something, we know not what. It almost seems as if we viewed in some of our fellow creatures an *esprit malin* in the disguise of humanity. We often think we see “treasons, stratagems, and spoils,” in every wrinkle ploughed by time on the visage of an unoffending fellow mortal ; and no bitter drug from the nauseous recess of the apothecary, no potion mingled to set at nought the strongest stomach, will make the “gorge rise” more effectually, than the sight of “the human face divine,” stamped with an indescribable character, will awaken our prejudices. But it is not through the organ of vision alone that our antipathies are excited. The voice and address of one man may cause all his good qualities to be overlooked : he may differ from us on a favourite topic, or he may fling a colouring over his first intercourse with us, which may arouse inextinguishable dislike ; but in such cases, there are at least assignable causes for the feeling, however unjustifiable that feeling may be in itself, while, in the antipathy awakened oftentimes from a solitary glance, there is not the least clue to direct us to the cause.



The antipathies of mankind are a numerous family, connected with things animate and inanimate. Nature, for example, is said to have an antipathy to a vacuum, and the Law to perpetuities. But Chancery matters are, no doubt, to be excepted from this rule ; for, regarding them, the law seems to feel an unconquerable aversion the other way, scorning alike the inviolability of property, and the limits of conceivable duration.

No one has walked up the Strand at noon-day, and glanced his eye at the ten thousand faces he is sure to encounter in the course of his peregrination, but has felt the species of antipathy in question towards some whom he has met, who were perfect strangers, and were neither wanting in comeliness of countenance, nor exhibited a vicious physiognomy. We may see ugliness and deformity enough in our rambles, and they may produce pity without our indulging an ill-natured antipathy towards them ; because reason whispers us that the ugly or deformed man is perhaps just, amiable, and generous, and we are mostly willing to concede the point, and may even feel a degree of respect for him ; which is not the case when our intuitive antipathies take possession of us. We seem to indulge them in defiance of common sense, until they become but

little qualified from downright hatred. Whence can this feeling of the human bosom arise, more powerful than reason, and so palpably unjust in itself?

Some persons will go so far towards justifying themselves, that they will deny ever having been mistaken in their ideas of an individual, after having once looked him in the face; and, like Judge Buller regarding the guilt of a criminal, (so fame reports) pronounce them to be good or bad, according to the impression their countenances may excite. But there must be numerous instances which are exceptions to such uncharitable assertions as these, in the experience of any who will candidly examine into the subject for themselves. It is, however, remarkable, that while we cannot tell wherefore we condemn the unoffending object of our antipathy, we can neither appeal to reason nor good-nature for a justification of our conduct, nor find any thing resembling statute law to bear us out. Thus it is to judge from the first impression made upon the senses, which impression may arise from distorted vision; or who knows but some objects may be more calculated than others to produce an unpleasant sensation on the brain, through the organ of sight, by their reflecting distorted rays of light, instead of those which are rectilinear?

Addison gives strength to an idea something similar to this, by imagining an invisible communication from an unseen object of antipathy equally powerful with one which is visible. He facetiously relates the story of a lover who felt a mortal antipathy to a cat, and was pushing his suit with a young lady, in the full tide of success, and in the teeth of a rival. The latter had begun to withdraw his attentions in despair, when he learnt the strong prejudice entertained by his antagonist against the feline species. He immediately bribed the young lady's waiting-woman to pin a cat's tail under the dress of her mistress, whenever his rival was to pay her a visit. The success of the stratagem was complete: the unlucky cat-hater turned pale whenever he approached the lady's person, and soon began to display an indifference towards her, which she speedily perceived and resented, by dismissing him, and marrying his wily adversary. But stratagems like these are not practised where they could have no end to accomplish, where no mistress was to be won, or rival scared away. Perhaps the theory of Gall and Spurzheim may throw some light upon the subject. We may easily imagine, from what appears in their transcendent discoveries, that the boss of murder may be placed on a head otherwise well-formed and possessing a comely countenance. The cranium of the street-passenger, studded with protuberances like an Alpine Lilliput, which are concealed beneath a thick covering of hair and a ponderous beaver, when they happen to be of volcanic materials, or, to drop metaphor, of integuments enclosing rapes, murders, or treasons, may throw off certain effluvia, or reflect light in certain directions, which by its unpleasant impression may be calculated to produce antipathy in beholders. This must, of course, take place insensibly, and thus a warning to keep us from too close a contact with bad characters may be furnished us by the guardian benevolence of Nature.



Some few, indeed, of visual antipathies are definable. One person has an unconquerable aversion to any stranger he meets who walks with an open mouth and displays the gum over the upper teeth, like Belzoni's mummy. Another dislikes the corkscrew twist of the mouth, especially when coupled with a leer of the eye. A third is horror-struck at an air of Jewishness, or an old clothesman-like expression, which seems to say, "let no such man be trusted," and still no feature of the face shall be ill-made. A fourth exclaims, "*Hic niger est*" at the sight of under-jawed people, especially when possessing hooked noses; and a fifth has a hatred to the pug-nose and high cheek-bones, prevalent in a sister-island. But these are sensible and accountable antipathies.

Antipathies to animals are a numerous list: some accountable, as depending upon form, others profoundly mysterious in the why and wherefore. All ladies fall into hysterics at the approximation of a spider. Snakes are generally objects of fear, rather than antipathy, from the deadly power which some of the species possess; but why a beautiful lizard, a sleek mouse, or a rat, should be objects of antipathy, it is difficult to conjecture; elegant in form, and harmless, they might at least be looked upon with complacency. The sight of a rat has been known to throw even the male sex into convulsions. Claude Prosper Juliot de Crebillon, a name conspicuous in the annals of French literature, was confined in the Bastille in pursuance of the caprices of one of the old Bourbon satraps, who often amused themselves by shutting up in dungeons the men of the age most conspicuous for talent and learning, if they chanced to disoblige a court prostitute, or ventured to promulgate unsavoury truths. One night Crebillon felt what he thought to be a cat reposing by his side in bed:—glad of such a companion in that *maison de silence*, where, to many a prisoner, "hope never came," he stretched out his hand to caress it; but it ran away. The following day, when seated at his dinner, he saw, through the "darkness visible" of his cell, an animal squatted, *vis à vis*, on his table, and was soon able to perceive that it had a long slender tail, and was not a cat, which at first he had imagined it to be, but an enormous rat. He had an unconquerable antipathy to rats, and, springing from his seat, cried aloud with terror, and overturned his table: the noise brought in a turnkey, who found him pale, trembling, and nearly senseless, and it was a long time ere he recovered himself. This animal had been the companion of a preceding prisoner, who had tamed it; and so well did the horrible solitude of the Bastille operate in removing the antipathy of Crebillon to these creatures, that at length he became reconciled to its company, and even shared his provisions with it. The case of Crebillon may serve as a useful hint for effecting the cure of most other antipathies to animals.

The antipathy which is too frequently felt towards that part of the female sex, who have condemned themselves through life to the penance of perpetual virginity, has been overlooked. Old Maid is a term of reproach in society; but it would be difficult to discover why it should be so. At the present period of overstocked population, fashionable political economists cannot but think them deserving the thanks of their country. Perhaps the scandalous use of the

organ of speech, common among some of the sisterhood, may have involved the whole in a sweeping censure, which many of its members no more deserve than the sage matron or the buxom widow. She who has seen the winters of half a century pass over her head, unprotected and uncherished by the other sex; who has been stretched on the pillow of sickness without a comforter, and has weathered the temptations of life with unimpeachable honour—the very breath of slander passing over her, and leaving her spotless—such an one may excite unasked pity, but cannot be deemed a fair object of antipathy. Yet, we fear, no vestal virgin, with her head encircled by the grey honours of age, though a priestess, would now live in single blessedness unscathed at. It may be the case, perhaps, that we unconsciously feel an antipathy to a state of existence *hors de la nature*, and forget the common remark, that “there is no rule without an exception.” Many among the roses that “wither on virgin thorns” may reflect with complacency on the past part of their lives, and congratulate themselves, that if they have lacked some of its pleasures, they have escaped a proportionate share of its miseries, and have got so far over the rugged journey of life with fewer overturnings and joltings than the generality of their sex, who have followed a different road.

Finally, much good may be afforded by a proper study of human antipathies. Anger may be quelled, latent virtues called forth, love excited, or fear overcome, by properly humouring them, and understanding how to employ them to the best advantage. In the science of government they may be made highly useful. No barometer will more correctly indicate a change of weather, than national antipathies will point out the proper course by which the powers at the state-helm may steer. In modern days a knowledge of them is worth all the theories of philosophers; and the simplicity of their indications will be clearly seen in the cloudiest atmosphere and during the most boisterous weather. Thus nations and individuals that can never subdue their antipathies, may still be justified in making the best possible use of them; no passion having been bestowed on humanity without a beneficial object. S. V.

MODERN COURTSHIP, OR THE LOVER'S LAMENTATION.

Written at the request of a Gentleman who had been rejected by a Lady on account of his want of fortune.

CURB, thou changeful roving boy,
In times of old the source of joy
And god of tender passion;
Why hast thou changed, ah! why array'd
Thy lovely form in masquerade,
And bow'd to tyrant Fashion?

Where are thy smiles, so warm, so bright?
Where is thy torch of waving light
That claim'd the minstrel's duty?
All, all, alas! have had their day,
And ancient fashions must not sway
The heart of modern beauty.

Modern Courtship.

No more thy myrtle wreath of truth
Entwines the brows of blooming youth ;

But now, thy hoary suitors
To pay thy toll submissive wait,
And offer at thy golden gate
A passport signed by Plutus.

Thy smiles, that bless'd the faithful heart,
They seek at Beauty's auction-mart,
And win, if none bid higher ;
And when the brilliant lot is sold,
Vain Folly eyes the shining gold,
And little heeds the buyer.

No more thy vassals deck thy shrine
With offerings from the tuneful Nine,
Thy taste is cloy'd with honey ;
More solid gifts thy favour prove,
And thou deniest thy smile to Love,
Till Love is join'd with money.

Then how can I, a lowly bard,
Attempt to prove my fond regard,
Say, tyrant god, how show it ?
Thou scorn'st the gift of former hours,
The wreath of wild Parnassian flowers,
Twined by an humble poet.

Come, fired with dreams of glittering pelf,
I'll strive to qualify myself
Wealth for thy smiles to barter,
To Fortune's favour'd dome will steal,
And lure the goddess from her wheel,
Led on by Bish and Carter !

I will not boast of changeless truth,
Nor plead the claims of blooming youth,
(Those once-allow'd essentials) ;
No,—modern taste shall guide my Muse.
Bank notes shall be my billets-doux,
And guineas my credentials !

Love shall not guide my tender scrolls,
For love to wise enlighten'd souls
Is but an empty vapour ;
And none can fail his wit to praise,
Who boasts the name of Henry Hase
Emblazon'd on his paper.

Some pliant maid, who feels no shocks,
Save at the rise and fall of stocks,
Shall crown a chase so mettled ;
And chain'd in golden links of love,
Say, who can fear the heart should rove,
When stamp'd, and seal'd, and settled :

And should I still stern grief endure,
With potent wealth I'll buy a cure,
Nor see much cause to doubt one ;
For if the foolish heart gives pain,
Gold surely might a patent gain,
To learn to do without one !



TABLE-TALK.—NO. I.

*On going a Journey.**

ONE of the pleasantest things in the world is going a journey; but I like to go by myself. I can enjoy society in a room; but out of doors, nature is company enough for me. I am then never less alone than when alone.

“The fields his study, nature was his book.”

I cannot see the wit of walking and talking at the same time. When I am in the country, I wish to vegetate like the country. I am not for criticising hedge-rows and black cattle. I go out of town in order to forget the town and all that is in it. There are those who for this purpose go to watering-places, and carry the metropolis with them. I like more elbow-room, and fewer incumbrances. I like solitude, when I give myself up to it, for the sake of solitude; nor do I ask for

————— “a friend in my retreat,
Whom I may whisper solitude is sweet.”

The soul of a journey is liberty, perfect liberty, to think, feel, do just as one pleases. We go a journey chiefly to be free of all impediments and of all inconveniences: to leave ourselves behind, much more to get rid of others. It is because I want a little breathing-space to muse on indifferent matters, where Contemplation

“May plume her feathers and let grow her wings,
That in the various bustle of resort
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd,”

that I absent myself from the town for a while, without feeling at a loss the moment I am left by myself. Instead of a friend in a post-chaise, or in a tilbury, to exchange good things with, and vary the same stale topics over again, for once let me have a truce with impertinence. Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like “sunken wrack and sumless treasures,” burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again. Instead of an awkward silence, broken by attempts at wit or dull common-places, mine is that undisturbed silence of the heart which alone is perfect eloquence. No one likes puns, alliterations, antitheses, argument, and analysis better than I do; but I sometimes had rather be without them. “Leave, oh leave me to my repose!” I have just now other business in hand, which would seem idle to you, but is with me “very stuff of the conscience.” Is not this wild rose sweet without a comment? Does not this daisy leap to my heart set in its coat of emerald? Yet if I were to explain to

* These Essays are by the well-known author of “Table-Talk,” in 1 vol. 8vo. published during the last year.

you the circumstance that has so endeared it to me, you would only smile. Had I not better then keep it to myself, and let it serve me to brood over, from here to yonder craggy point, and from thence onward to the far-distant horizon? I should be but bad company all that way, and therefore prefer being alone. I have heard it said that you may, when the moody fit comes on, walk or ride on by yourself, and indulge your reveries. But this looks like a breach of manners, a neglect of others, and you are thinking all the time that you ought to rejoin your party. "Out upon such half-faced fellowship," say I. I like to be either entirely to myself, or entirely at the disposal of others; to talk or be silent, to walk or sit still, to be sociable or solitary. I was pleased with an observation of Mr. Cobbett's, that "he thought it a bad French custom to drink our wine with our meals, and that an Englishman ought to do only one thing at a time." So I cannot talk and think, or indulge in melancholy musing and lively conversation by fits and starts. "Let me have a companion of my way," says Sterne, "were it but to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun declines." It is beautifully said: but in my opinion, this continual comparing of notes interferes with the involuntary impression of things upon the mind, and hurts the sentiment. If you only hint what you feel in a kind of dumb show, it is insipid: if you have to explain it, it is making a toil of a pleasure. You cannot read the book of nature, without being perpetually put to the trouble of translating it for the benefit of others. I am for the synthetical method on a journey, in preference to the analytical. I am content to lay in a stock of ideas then, and to examine and anatomize them afterwards. I want to see my vague notions float like the down of the thistle before the breeze, and not to have them entangled in the briars and thorns of controversy. For once, I like to have it all my own way; and this is impossible unless you are alone, or in such company as I do not covet. I have no objection to argue a point with any one for twenty miles of measured road, but not for pleasure. If you remark the scent of a bean-field crossing the road, perhaps your fellow-traveller has no sense of smell. If you point to a distant object, perhaps he is shortsighted, and has to take out his glass to look at it. There is a feeling in the air, a tone in the colour of a cloud, which hits your fancy, but the effect of which you are unable to account for. There is then no sympathy, but an uneasy craving after it, and a dissatisfaction which pursues you on the way, and in the end probably produces ill humour. Now I never quarrel with myself, and take all my own conclusions for granted till I find it necessary to defend them against objections. It is not merely that you may not be of accord on the objects and circumstances that present themselves before you—these may recal a number of objects, and lead to associations too delicate and refined to be possibly communicated to others. Yet these I love to cherish, and sometimes still fondly clutch them, when I can escape from the throng to do so. To give way to our feelings before company, seems extravagance or affectation; and on the other hand, to have to unravel this mystery of our being at every turn, and to make others take an equal interest in it (otherwise the end is not answered), is a task to which few are competent. We must "give it an understanding, but no tongue."

My old friend C——, however, could do both: He could go on in the most delightful explanatory way over hill and dale, a summer's day, and convert a landscape into a didactic poem or a Pindaric ode. "He talked far above singing." If I could so clothe my ideas in sounding and flowing words, I might perhaps wish to have some one with me to admire the swelling theme; or I could be more content, were it possible for me still to hear his echoing voice in the woods of All-Foxden. They had "that fine madness in them which our first poets had;" and if they could have been caught by some rare instrument, would have breathed such strains as the following:—

— "Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet
As when smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled stream, with flow'rs as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbine, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiss her sweetest."——

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

Had I words and images at command like these, I would attempt to wake the thoughts that lie slumbering on golden ridges in the evening clouds: but at the sight of nature my fancy, poor as it is, droops and closes up its leaves, like flowers at sunset. I can make nothing out on the spot:—I must have time to collect myself.

In general, a good thing spoils out-of-door prospects: it should be reserved for Table-talk. L—— is for this reason, I take it, the worst company in the world out of doors; because he is the best within. I grant, there is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk on a journey; and that is, what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night. The open air improves this sort of conversation or friendly altercation, by setting a keener edge on appetite. Every mile of the road heightens the flavour of the viands we expect at the end of it. How fine it is to enter some old town, walled and turreted, just at the approach of night-fall, or to come to some straggling village, with the lights streaming through the surrounding gloom; and then, after inquiring for the best entertainment that the place affords, to "take one's ease at one's inn!" These eventful moments in our lives' history are too precious, too full of solid, heart-felt happiness, to be frittered and dribbled away in imperfect sympathy. I would have them all to myself, and drain them to the last drop: they will do to talk of, or to write about afterwards. What a delicate speculation it is, after drinking whole goblets of tea,

"The cups that cheer, but not inebriate,"

and letting the fumes ascend into the brain, to sit considering what we shall have for supper—eggs and a rasher, a rabbit smothered in onions, or an excellent veal-cutlet ! Sancho in such a situation once fixed upon cow-heel ; and his choice, though he could not help it, is not to be disparaged. Then, in the intervals of pictured scenery and Shandean contemplation, to catch the preparation and the stir in the kitchen—*Procul, O procul este profani !* These hours are sacred to silence and to musing, to be treasured up in the memory, and to feed the source of smiling thoughts hereafter. I would not waste them in idle talk ; or, if I must have the integrity of fancy broken in upon, I would rather it were by a stranger than a friend. A stranger takes his hue and character from the time and place : he is a part of the furniture and costume of an inn. If he is a Quaker, or from the West Riding of Yorkshire, so much the better. I do not even try to sympathise with him, and he breaks no squares. I associate nothing with my travelling companion but present objects and passing events. In his ignorance of me and my affairs, ~~in~~ a manner forget myself. But a friend reminds one of other things, rips up old grievances, and destroys the abstraction of the scene. He comes in ungraciously between us and our imaginary character. Something is dropped in the course of conversation that gives a hint of your profession and pursuits ; or from having some one with you that knows the less sublime portions of your history, it seems that other people do. You are no longer a citizen of the world : but your “ unhouseed free condition is put into circumscription and confine.” The *incognito* of an inn is one of its striking privileges—“ lord of one’s-self, uncumber’d with a name.” Oh ! it is great to shake off the trammels of the world and of public opinion—to lose our importunate, tormenting, everlasting personal identity in the elements of nature, and become the creature of the moment, clear of all ties—to hold to the universe only by a dish of sweet-breads, and to owe nothing but the score of the evening—and, no longer seeking for applause and meeting with contempt, to be known by no other title than *the Gentleman in the parlour* ! One may take one’s choice of all characters in this romantic state of uncertainty as to one’s real pretensions, and become indefinitely respectable and negatively right worshipful. We baffle prejudice, and disappoint conjecture ; and from being so to others, begin to be objects of curiosity and wonder even to ourselves. We are no more those hackneyed common-places that we appear in the world : an inn restores us to the level of nature, and quits scores with society ! I have certainly spent some enviable hours at inns—sometimes when I have been left entirely to myself, and have tried to solve some metaphysical problem, as once at Witham-common, where I found out the proof that likeness is not a case of the association of ideas—at other times, when there have been pictures in the room, as at St. Neot’s, (I think it was) where I first met with Gribelin’s engravings of the Cartoons, into which I entered at once, and at a little inn on the borders of Wales, where there happened to be hanging some of Westall’s drawings, which I compared triumphantly (for a theory that I had, not for the admired artist) with the figure of a girl who had ferried me over the Severn, standing up in the boat between me and the twilight—at other times I might mention luxuriating in

books, with a peculiar interest in this way, as I remember sitting up half the night to read Paul and Virginia, which I picked up at an inn at Bridgewater, after being drenched in the rain all day ; and at the same place I got through two volumes of Madame D'Arblay's Camilla. It was on the 10th of April, 1798, that I sat down to a volume of the New Eloise, at the inn at Llangollen, over a bottle of Sherry and a cold chicken. The letter I chose was that in which St. Preux describes his feelings as he first caught a glimpse from the heights of the Jura of the Pays de Vaud, which I had brought with me as a *bon bouche* to crown the evening with. It was my birth-day, and I had for the first time come from a place in the neighbourhood to visit this delightful spot. The road to Llangollen turns off between Chirk and Wrexham ; and on passing a certain point, you come all at once upon the valley, which opens like an amphitheatre, broad, barren hills rising in majestic state on either side, with "green upland swells that echo to the bleat of flocks" below, and the river Dee babbling over its stony bed in the midst of them. The valley at this time "glittered green with sunny showers," and a budding ash-tree dipped its tender branches in the chiding stream. How proud, how glad I was to walk along the high road that overlooks the delicious prospect, repeating the lines which I have just quoted from Mr. Coleridge's poems ! But besides the prospect which opened beneath my feet, another also opened to my inward sight, a heavenly vision, on which were written, in letters large as Hope could make them, these four words, LIBERTY, GENIUS, LOVE, VIRTUE ; which have since faded into the light of common day, or mock my idle gaze.

"The beautiful is vanish'd, and returns not."

Still I would return some time or other to this enchanted spot ; but I would return to it alone. What other self could I find to share that influx of thoughts, of regret, and delight, the fragments of which I could hardly conjure up to myself, so much have they been broken and defaced ? I could stand on some tall rock, and overlook the precipice of years that separates me from what I then was. I was at that time going shortly to visit the poet whom I have above named. Where is he now ? Not only I myself have changed ; the world, which was then new to me, has become old and incorrigible. Yet will I turn to thee in thought, O sylvan Dee, in joy, in youth and gladness, as thou then wert ; and thou shalt always be to me the river of Paradise, where I will drink of the waters of life freely !

There is hardly any thing that shows the short-sightedness or capriciousness of the imagination more than travelling does. With change of place we change our ideas ; nay, our opinions and feelings. We can by an effort indeed transport ourselves to old and long-forgotten scenes, and then the picture of the mind revives again ; but we forget those that we have just left. It seems that we can think but of one place at a time. The canvass of the fancy is but of a certain extent, and, if we paint one set of objects upon it, they immediately efface every other. We cannot enlarge our conceptions, we only shift our point of view. The landscape bears its bosom to the enraptured eye, we take our fill of it, and seem as

if we could form no other image of beauty or grandeur. We pass on, and think no more of it: the horizon that shuts it from our sight, also blots it from our memory like a dream. In travelling through a wild barren country, I can form no idea of a woody and cultivated one. It appears to me that all the world must be barren, like what I see of it. In the country we forget the town, and in town we despise the country. "Beyond Hyde Park," says Sir Toppling Flutter, "all is a desert." All that part of the map that we do not see before us is a blank. The world, in our conceit of it, is not much bigger than a nutshell. It is not one prospect expanded into another, county joined to county, kingdom to kingdom, lands to seas, making an image voluminous and vast;—the mind can form no larger idea of space than the eye can take in at a single glance. The rest is a name written in a map, a calculation of arithmetic. For instance, what is the true signification of that immense mass of territory and population, known by the name of China, to us? An inch of pasteboard on a wooden globe, of no more account than a China orange! Things near us are seen of the size of life: things at a distance are diminished to the size of the understanding. We measure the universe by ourselves, and even comprehend the texture of our own being only piece-meal. In this way, however, we remember an infinity of things and places. The mind is like a mechanical instrument that plays a great variety of tunes, but it must play them in succession. One idea recalls another, but it at the same time excludes all others. In trying to renew old recollections, we cannot as it were unfold the whole web of our existence; we must pick out the single threads. So in coming to a place where we have formerly lived, and with which we have intimate associations, every one must have found that the feeling grows more vivid the nearer we approach the spot, from the mere anticipation of the actual impression: we remember circumstances, feelings, persons, faces, names, that we had not thought of for years; but for the time all the rest of the world is forgotten!—To return to the question I have quitted above.

I have no objection to go to see ruins, aqueducts, pictures, in company with a friend or a party, but rather the contrary, for the former reason reversed. They are intelligible matters, and will bear talking about. The sentiment here is not tacit, but communicable and overt. Salisbury Plain is barren of criticism, but Stonehenge will bear a discussion antiquarian, picturesque, and philosophical. In setting out on a party of pleasure, the first consideration always is where we shall go to: in taking a solitary ramble, the question is what we shall meet with by the way. "The mind is its own place;" nor are we anxious to arrive at the end of our journey. I can myself do the honours indifferently well to works of art and curiosity. I once took a party to Oxford with no mean *éclat*—showed them that seat of the Muses at a distance,

"With glistening spires and pinnacles adorn'd"—

descanted on the learned air that breathes from the grassy quadrangles and stone walls of halls and colleges—was at home in the Bodleian; and at Blenheim quite superseded the powdered Cicero that attended us, and that pointed in vain with his wand to common-

place beauties in matchless pictures.—As another exception to the above reasoning, I should not feel confident in venturing on a journey in a foreign country without a companion. I should want at intervals to hear the sound of my own language. There is an involuntary antipathy in the mind of an Englishman to foreign manners and notions, that requires the assistance of social sympathy to carry it off. As the distance from home increases, this relief, which was at first a luxury, becomes a passion and an appetite. A person would almost feel stifled to find himself in the deserts of Arabia without friends and countrymen: there must be allowed to be something in the view of Athens or old Rome that claims the utterance of speech; and I own that the Pyramids are too mighty for any single contemplation. In such situations, so opposite to all one's ordinary train of ideas, one seems a species by one's-self, a limb torn off from society, unless one can meet with instant fellowship and support.—Yet I did not feel this want or craving very pressing once, when I first set my foot on the laughing shores of France. Calais was peopled with novelty and delight. The confused, busy murmur of the place was like oil and wine poured into my ears; nor did the mariners' hymn, which was sung from the top of an old crazy vessel in the harbour, as the sun went down, send an alien sound into my soul. I only breathed the air of general humanity. I walked over "the vine-covered hills and gay regions of France," erect and satisfied; for the image of man was not cast down and chained to the foot of arbitrary thrones: I was at no loss for language, for that of all the great schools of painting was open to me. The whole is vanished like a shade. Pictures, heroes, glory, freedom, all are fled: nothing remains but the Bourbons and the French people!—There is undoubtedly a sensation in travelling into foreign parts that is to be had nowhere else: but it is more pleasing at the time than lasting. It is too remote from our habitual associations to be a common topic of discourse or reference, and, like a dream or another state of existence, does not piece into our daily modes of life. It is an animated but a momentary hallucination. It demands an effort to exchange our actual for our ideal identity; and to feel the pulse of our old transports revive very keenly, we must "jump" all our present comforts and connexions. Our romantic and itinerant character is not to be domesticated. Dr. Johnson remarked how little foreign travel added to the facilities of conversation in those who had been abroad. In fact, the time we have spent there is both delightful and in one sense instructive; but it appears to be cut out of our substantial, downright existence, and never to join kindly on to it. We are not the same, but another, and perhaps more enviable individual, all the time we are out of our own country. We are lost to ourselves, as well as our friends. So the poet somewhat quaintly sings,

"Out of my country and myself I go."

Those who wish to forget painful thoughts, do well to absent themselves for a while from the ties and objects that recall them: but we can be said only to fulfil our destiny in the place that gave us birth. I should on this account like well enough to spend the whole of my life in travelling abroad, if I could any where borrow another life to spend afterwards at home!—

T.

A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

How light and lovely is that parting hour,
 When, swath'd in lambent gold, the autumnal sun:
 Centres upon the west his pomp and power,
 And tells in glory that his work is done?
 How deep the joy, at such an hour to shun
 All that the expanding spirit might control;
 To seek, in solitude, the Eternal One,
 Where the wide waves their glorious vespers roll,—
 And muse the voiceless thought, and gaze the impassion'd soul!

The shoreward deep like molten emerald glows;
 The distant burns with quivering rubies gay;—
 As, o'er its bower of green, the crimson'd rose
 Shoots into air, and trembling drinks the day:
 Each keel that lordly ploughs the crashing spray
 Furtows its course in foam and light behind;
 Around the bark careering sea-fowl play,
 With sidelong wings to woo the breeze inclined;
 While the hoarse ship-boy's song floats mellowing on the wind.

Pregnant with light some sprinkled cloudlets swell,
 In burning islets, o'er the illumined west,—
 Long to retain the lingering sun's farewell,
 Like the last smile of Love on Grief impress'd.
 Day sinks, but triumphs as it sinks, to rest,
 Like Virtue lightening through the grave to Heaven:—
 Yet, even on earth, what more than earthly zest
 To the rapt spirit's sun-ward glance is given,
 While thus it springs to drink the glassy gold of even!

A world of light and music!—Many a breeze
 Pants on the wave, and trembles to the shore,
 Whispering its love-tales to the dimpling seas,
 And fleeting, soon as its light vows are o'er.—
 Oh! these are hours when the poor soul may soar,
 In dreamful blessedness to climes above,—
 May join the beings it had loved of yore
 In starry spheres of cloudless light and love,
 Where through the bowers of bliss the immortal waters rove.

Lo, the proud Mount!* whose form, in graceful sweep,
 Dyed with the last hues of the year and day,
 Curves, like a forest-rainbow, o'er the deep,
 Which heaves, all foamless, round its sheltering bay!—
 Pilgrims of Beauty! ye who, far away,
 Roam where poetic deserts sadly smile!
 Gaze here, and own—'Tis a distant clime display
 A scene more rich than yonder gorgeous pile?—
 Oh! ere you leave her, search your own unrivall'd Isle! •

For who, with human heart, could ever roam
 Through scenes and hours like these, nor prize them high—
 Hail the green land that girds his childhood's home,
 And cease for brighter suns and realms to sigh?

* Mount Edgcumbe.

"Vain"—very vain—to search a distant sky
For charms profusely sparkling o'er our own :
For he who seeks, will find beneath his eye
All that can teach what Genius e'er has known,
And bid the heart aspire to Glory's Alpine throne.

Low sinks the sun,—and dim, o'er shore and sea,
Steals a transparent shade, of deepening gloom ;
And louder swells the wave's wild melody,
As if its tones might fill the sun-light's room :
Now comes the enchanted hour, when Fancy's loom
Weaves o'er the visible dark her mystic charms—
Calls forms from Heaven, or wakes them from the tomb,—
All that the weak or guilty soul alarms,
And with Elysian dreams the mourner's spirit warms !

List ! heard ye not, amid the pausing surge,
Some more majestic and unearthly tone ;
A strange deep sound—Day's momentary dirge—
At whose lone voice the waters hush'd their own ?
It seem'd the sighing and sepulchral moan
Of Syren, waiting in her sparry cell,
O'er powers and charms no longer fear'd or known :
And wild and sad that mermaid-voice did swell,
As, o'er the dusky heath, the distant funeral bell.

'Tis hush'd : and o'er the darkening waste once more
I hear the waves, and sea-bird's desolate cry :
The nearer waters melt into the shore,
While their far verge is blended with the sky :
The star which lovers worship, gleams on high ;
And, traced in glittering fragments on the main,
Binds Heaven and Ocean in a golden tie—
Type of that bright and more than mortal chain,
Which links young hearts, where Love and Love's sweet
witcheries reign.

J.

ON AN INTENDED REMOVAL FROM A FAVOURITE RESIDENCE.

ADIEU, beloved and lovely home, adieu !
Thou pleasant mansion, and ye waters bright,
Ye lawns, ye aged elms, ye shrubberies light,
(My own contemporary trees that grew
Even with my growth,) ye flowers of orient hue,
A long farewell to all ! Ere fair to sight
In summer-shine ye bloom with beauty dight,
Your halls we leave for scenes untried and new.
O shades, endeared by Memory's magic power,
With strange reluctance from your paths I roam !
But Home lives not in lawn, or tree, or flower,
Nor dwells tenacious in one only dome ;—
Where smiling friends adorn the social hour,
Where they, the dearest, are—there will be Home.

M.

* Goldsmith.

I HAVE NOW been in Paris several days—have traversed it in various directions, and inspected all its most celebrated structures: the result is a conviction that we saw the best of it in our first excursion; that a great deal is sacrificed for effect; and that the feelings of admiration excited by the first *coup-d'œil*, will not by any means be increased by a more minute acquaintance with its interior system and economy. Its luxury and magnificence are principally external; while in London these qualities exhibit themselves chiefly in the interior of buildings. Paris attains its most distinguishing feature (the lofty range and extensive plan of her houses) by a great sacrifice of domestic comfort; and we shall be less surprised at the handsome designs of the architects, if we reflect that each structure is tenanted by a little colony of its own. Such is the case in a great proportion of the most elegant erections, and the annoyances to which it subjects the inmates are neither few nor trifling. The stairs, being “open to all parties,” are very often “influenced by none,” so far as regards their conservation in a proper state of cleanliness, especially if the lodgers, as is very apt to be the case in Paris, keep a dog or two upon each floor.

The pavements here, though generally excellent in the centre of the street, and kept in good order by the limited traffic, the total absence of any ponderous carriages, and the imperturbability of the stones when once laid down, universally wants that indispensable article of comfort to pedestrians—a foot-pavement. Walking is not only fatiguing and distressing to the unaccustomed soles of Englishmen, but it compels them to move in perpetual discomfort, from the necessity of being everlastingly on the *qui vive*, and looking before and behind, and on one side, if they wish to avoid an unprofitable encounter with a *fiacre* or *cabriolet*. It is very illustrative of the different notions of comfort in the two countries, that while here, with an immediate supply of materials under their feet, they neglect to use them, in England they procure this accommodation from a great distance and at a vast expense, and with undistinguishing luxury extend it to the narrowest street and the shabbiest alleys. In Paris, probably, the disregard of a *trottoir* originated in that aristocratical feeling, which considered the common people as nothing; so at least Rousseau seemed to think, when he judged from our English foot-paths, that they were something, and thanked God for it. If to all these points of indisputable inferiority it be added, that the French metropolis is entirely without those extensive and handsomely planted squares that form such an embellishment to London; and that its streets, with a few exceptions, are not so long, or so wide, or so regular as ours, it may be doubted whether, upon the whole, it deserves the name of a finer city, if by that phrase we mean to indicate a greater combination of external and internal recommendations:—though it must always be conceded that the immediate purlieus of the Court present an assemblage of magnificence and beauty unrivalled in London, or perhaps in any other city. The whole country, indeed, to judge by what we have seen, exhibits traces of a long-continued, but tasteful despotism, which has sacrificed France to Paris, and Paris to the Court.

The public buildings at present carrying on in this capital, are fully calculated to support its architectural reputation. After having been for some time unforwarded, the new Exchange is now in active progress towards completion, and will unquestionably be the noblest in Europe. Perfectly simple in its design and decorations, it has an air of the most impressive grandeur and majesty from its vastness and fine proportions, being encircled by a cluster of sixty-four lofty columns worthy of the ancient Romans, though their effect be somewhat frittered down by the smallness of the blocks of which they are constituted. It is not easy to account for this blemish, which we also observed in other buildings, as the quarries seem to supply masses of every dimension. The new church of La Madeleine, which Napoleon had destined for a Temple of Glory, seems to have been begun upon too gigantic a plan to encourage hopes of its completion. Churches and temples of glory, indeed, can hardly expect to take a bond of fate in these days of evanescent dynasties and popular instability; and the beginnings of this stupendous edifice, as well as of the Triumphal Arch beyond the Barrier of Neuilly, are unnoticed except by foreigners, who, estimating the Hercules by his foot, or the Mammoth from his skeleton, cannot help respecting the gigantic conceptions in which they originated. Amusement, however, is a goddess to whose worship even the fickle Parisians are constant; and no changes have for a moment impeded the completion of the new French Opera House, which forms at present their paramount object of attention, and has sprung rapidly up in the Street Lepelletier. It is a light and elegant building, surmounted by handsome statues of *eight* Muses, the architect having unaccountably not left space enough for the ninth. I inquired of a grave elder, who was contemplating the *façade*, the cause of this omission:—"Monsieur, c'est que l'autre est occupée avec Apollon," was the truly Parisian reply.

Versailles.—I have said that France, in some of its departments, bears the impress of a long despotism which had exhausted the provinces for the embellishment of the capital, in which latter term the contiguous parks and palaces must be included. These are of the most grand and sumptuous character; and he who in one day has visited Versailles when the great water-works play, the two Triansons, and St. Cloud, all adjoining to each other, will probably have witnessed a rarer display of architectural and hortulan splendour—a more surpassing union of natural and artificial beauties, than could be any where paralleled within the same compass; and may form some notion of the splendour of the old French Court, as well as of the wild profusion which lavished the revenues of an empire on the freaks of a profligate monarch and his weak and wanton mistresses.

The Palace of Versailles forms a superb front of 800 yards extent, when viewed from the gardens; and accords, both externally and internally, with our preconceived notions of the vain and ostentatious Louis XIV., who, at an expense of between eighty and ninety millions of francs, completed this enormous mass of pompous extravagance. Here, however, there are at least some durable evidences of taste; some permanent monuments of art;—something which the French, for many ages to come, will have to show for their money:

it has not been fribbled away upon thatched cottages, Chinese pagodas, and sprawling green dragons, of which the present age would be still more ashamed, but for the consoling reflection that in a few years such fantastical gewgaws will have tumbled to pieces, and be no more remembered than the tin and tinsel palaces in the last scene of one of Astley's pantomimes. Speaking individually, I would rather contribute half my substance to the embellishment of a Versailles, than a tithe of the sum to unnecessary wars (and unnecessary most wars are); yet what a trifle is the cost of this stupendous piece of extravagance, when compared with that of a few campaigns! Unfortunately Louis XIV. united both modes of expenditure. Going over a palace is generally a great drudgery; they have all a strong family-likeness:—from the ceilings, “where sprawl the saints of Verrio and La Guerre,” down to the tessellated marble under foot, where “half the platform just reflects the other,” they are alike apt to be very fine and very tiresome. Servants in rich old-fashioned liveries led us from room to room, exclaiming, “Salon de Mars!”—“Salon d’Apollon!”—“Salon de Mercure!” and “Salon de Diane!” till we began to speculate with some pleasure on the exhaustion of the Heathen Deities; but alas! they were succeeded by the divinities of legitimacy, and the officers of their almost interminable household. The want of furniture, all of which disappeared in the Revolution, adds to the monotony of the chambers, which seem to be astonished at their own forlorn finery, as they glitter in the gorgeousness of the new gilding with which they have been lately decorated. Here and there an obnoxious pannel torn out, attested the political change which had so unexpectedly restored its old masters, which was also evidenced by the sedulous restoration of the *fleur de lis*, perhaps destined at no distant period to be again supplanted. With the exception of the Chapel, which, in spite of Voltaire's lampoon, is very elegant, though somewhat too gaudy—and the great gallery, 222 feet in length, with its mirrors reflecting the gardens and waters,—we encountered nothing very striking, till, on passing through some gloomy and shabby passages, we groped our way into the once magnificent Amphitheatre, or Salle des Spectacles, now dismantled, silent, and abandoned to dust, darkness, and desolation. Every thing that was royal, joyous, and festive, conspired to give splendour and *eclat* to this masterpiece of luxury, which was completed in 1770, on the marriage of the unfortunate Louis XVI. The Amours of the Gods, painted by Du Rameau, on the ceiling, could hardly suggest to the imagination scenes of more voluptuous enchantment than were once realized on the floor below, when, on the removal of a portion of the gilded columns, which were made hollow for that purpose, the whole arena was converted into a sumptuous ball-room; and the most splendid Court in Europe, in the height of its lustre, headed by Marie Antoinette in the zenith of her fascinations, mingling in the graceful dance, dazzled the spectator with the sight of beautiful and laughing faces, and sparkling diamonds, and nodding plumes, and gay colours, all reflected and multiplied a thousand times by the innumerable mirrors with which every box and every wall was completely pannelled. We sat in the very box which had been so often graced by Royalty;—we stood on the boards where they had danced;—here

and the music poured its exhilarating strains; here had the laugh resounded amid the encounter of bright eyes, and the sparkling coruscations of wit. Gracious God! what a frightful change did a few years present!—That lovely Queen, with her ill-fated husband, and a great portion of the beauty and chivalry of their court, all miserably slaughtered; the rest in exile, penury, and wretchedness; the palace devastated by an infuriate mob; and this glorious temple of their festivity left as we now beheld it—denuded of all its gildings, and trappings, and costly mirrors; the paintings crumbling to decay; the boards creaking beneath the foot; and spiders weaving their webs, amid gloom and silence, athwart the trellis-work of that box, over which the beautiful arm of Marie Antoinette had so often been suspended!

A superannuated domestic, harmonizing well with this affecting picture of human instability, conducted us over the dilapidated grandeur. There are men in humble station whom one involuntarily respects for the appalling changes they have witnessed, and the consequent feelings of which their bosoms must be the depositories:—and this was such a person. Taken when a boy into the service of royalty, he had been present at the marriage of Louis XVI., when there were ten thousand people lodged in the palace, and every one of its rooms rang with mirth and music: he had seen the Queen address the raving mob of Paris from the balcony of the Old Court, when they came here to seek her: he had trembled with horror and dismay when the same couple, whom he had seen united at the altar amid prayers, blessings, and festivities, were savagely hurried to the guillotine: and, finally, at the sacking of Versailles, he had fled into concealment, but not until he and some faithful fellow-servants had hidden the portraits of the royal family beneath the floor of the Sacristy, at a time when a discovery of such treason to the new order of things would infallibly have cost him his head. After a long interment these pictures had, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, emerged into light, if that can be called light, which in the blaze of a summer noon diffused little more than a darkness visible around the stage part of this tattered theatre, where they stood without frames, as if still afraid of venturing into the haunts of men. Our venerable Cicerone led us from queen to king, and from monarch to mistress, detailing, with profound respect, the marriages and relationships of each, until we came to one which he passed unnoticed; and on inquiring the reason, he replied, with a careless toss of his head, that it was *only a church picture*. Those persons are assuredly very wrong who connect the ancient order of things with a necessary respect for religion: respect for an earthly divinity it may indeed have inculcated, and here, where a loose monarch is every where seen deified in marble in the midst of his mistresses, such devotion was probably as fervent as it was prevalent; but this is directly opposed to that pure religion which, bidding us disclaim the lusts of the flesh and all earthly pomps, has morality for its basis, and Heaven for its reward. Here, as well as upon several other occasions, we observed that, amid various classes in France, Christianity was considered with indifference, and in some instances with contempt.

Passing by the Grand Reservoir, an enormous and lofty mound of stone, constructed for the supply of a single water-work, we advanced into the gardens, laid out in the usual formal style of parterres, green vistas, and alleys; but magnificently decorated with 150 marble statues of rare workmanship, besides numerous figures, vases, and groups, of bronze, all of which we commanded from the elevated terrace where we stood; while, in whatever direction we turned our eyes, columns and various combinations of water were thrown aloft into the air, some immediately surrounding us, some from the successive terraces beneath us: some having the nodding plumage of their summits relieved by the verdant alleys and niches in which they were embowered; while others shooting up against the bright blue sky turned over their foaming capitals, like Corinthian pillars; or, as the wind gently agitated them, scattered their silver spray in the last gleams of the setting sun. It was a scene of enchantment—a dream,—an attempt to embody some of the descriptions in the “Arabian Nights Entertainments,” of which we only beheld the perfect realization when we reached the Bosquet de la Colonnade, a circular enclosure of thirty-two marble columns decorated with Naiads, Sylvens, and Genii, holding the attributes of love, surrounding a central basin, and noble group of the Rape of Proserpine, every one of the numerous figures keeping up a perpetual discharge of water, until the whole enclosure was enveloped in a cloud of foam. If these sparkling exhibitions and beautiful baubles had recalled to us the fantastic fables of our infancy, not without some passing impressions of their puerility, or at least of their trivial value in the eye of genuine taste, we had a treat in store for us, infinitely more exquisite in itself, and unalloyed by any of these drawbacks upon our delights. This, too, was a scene calculated to revive the visions of our early reading, but of those more classical fictions of Grecian story, which transport the imagination to the Vale of Tempe, or the hallowed precincts of Mount Parnassus and Delphi. Quitting the planned parterres and radiated walks of the gardens, we passed through a gate into an unfrequented enclosure, left in the wild luxuriance of Nature, when, after winding a little while among shady walks, we came abruptly upon a sloping grass-plot, shelving down to the Baths of Apollo. An enormous rock, o’er-canopied by lofty trees and umbrageous shrubs, is hollowed out into three grottos, representing the entrance into the Palace of Thetis, in the centre one of which is Apollo seated, surrounded by six nymphs attiring him after the bath: in the two side grottos are Tritons watering the horses of the tuneful god; at their feet is the bath from which he is supposed to have just emerged, not circumscribed by marble or cut into squares, but hiding its edges in the grass and rushes; while the whole, shut in by a surrounding grove, has the exact aspect of such a nook in Arcady or Thessaly, as we may imagine the deity to have selected for the purpose. The sculptures, universally admitted to be the *chefs-d’œuvre* of Girardon, are most exquisite; and the scenic accompaniments and embellishments imparted to them such an air of reality, that we contemplated them in an ecstasy of silent reverence, half inclined to shrink behind the trees, lest we should be con-

dered as intruding upon the haunts of the immortals. It appears strange that advantage has not been taken of this species of illusion to enhance the attractions of other celebrated statues, by surrounding them with correspondent associations. Connoisseurs, it may be said, experience too intense a delight in the prodigies of art to require any stimulus to their admiration; but the most vivid imaginations cannot embody all the picturesque of a subject at one moment; and if they could, they should recollect that men of more sluggish faculties, or less cultivated taste, cannot indulge in such delicious reveries without the aid of ocular excitement. The Baths of Apollo form also an extensive play of waters; but fortunately they were not working at the time we beheld them:—I say fortunately, for I should have been sorry indeed had their noisy spouting banished the impressive, heartfelt silence of the spot; or substituted for those delicious visions which wafted us back through nymphs and fauns, and Thessalian woods, to the banks of the Peneus, any reminiscences connected with Louis Quatorze, the Bois de Boulogne, and the banks of the Seine.

Yet such a revulsion were we doomed to experience; for we found that the group before us was in fact a species of apotheosis of Louis the Fourteenth, represented under the figure of Apollo, while the attendant nymphs drying his feet, anointing his hair, and performing other menial offices, were portraits of his six mistresses! One knows not which is most fulsome and revolting—the weak and unmanly vanity of the monarch, or the crawling profligacy of the women who could suffer themselves to be handed down to posterity in such mutually disgraceful characters; yet this shameless and boastful trifling is perpetually thrust into the face of the world as if it were a virtue, almost every nymph in the gardens being the bust of a mistress, and almost every god a likeness of the monarch. This is legitimacy with a vengeance; and the advocates of that doctrine who are of opinion that, after impoverishing his people by boundless extravagance, a rectilinear king may corrupt them by publishing his seraglio in marble, and that he may not only be despotic himself, but put *lettres de cachet* in the power of his numerous concubines, should certainly make a point of visiting Versailles. Could we trace that hidden relationship which sows in one age the seeds of the events that are to grow up in another, we might probably establish an unbroken connexion between the building of this palace and the destruction of the Bastille. These occurrences are action and re-action; cause and effect: and when certain writers lament (as they may well do) the outrages of the Revolution, it would be but fair to extend their sympathy a little farther back, and bewail those long-existing outrages of despotism by which it was generated.

The Trianons present nothing particularly deserving notice after the splendours of Versailles; although the greater one, built for Madame de Maintenon, has the same pretension to pomp, saloons, and picture-galleries, all at a humble distance from the gorgeous prototype. The celebrity of the little Trianon arises from its delightful gardens, assuming to be laid out in the English style, and, with certain exceptions, not undeserving that proud distinction. Delille, however, the poet of the gardens, could find nothing

better to say of them than to compare them, with true French *politesse*, to Marie Antoinette—

Semblable à son auguste et jeune Deité,
Trianon joint la grâce avec la majesté.

A Parisian's notions of the pastoral very seldom range beyond the Court and the metropolis. Fatigued with gazing upon stone buildings and glaring statues, I wandered into an unfrequented part of these delicious groves, to recreate my aching eyes with the sight of verdant lawns and the pleasant green light that oozes through boughs and leaves; and never have I felt the bewitching power of Nature with more intense enjoyment than in the few exquisite minutes passed amid the silent shades of the little Trianon. Contrast imparted an irresistible charm to the beauties of the scene, which melted the soul like the first meeting with those we love after a long separation. Seated under the shade of a chesnut-tree, I saw across the green sward before me a beautiful cluster of foliage, consisting of aspens, acacias, limes, and white ash trees; and as their light feathery boughs kept undulating in the wind, I could hardly help fancying that they did it on purpose to engage my attention to the rustling of their leaves, whose sound seemed to reproach me gently for my long secession from the worship of Nature; and at last, with more vivacious music, to welcome me back to her sylvan dominions. In the enthusiasm of the moment, I made a mental vow of future fealty and devotion; and in the stern necessity that invariably starts up to dissipate all the day-dreams of romance, and illusions of fancy, I answered the impatient summons of our guide, and got quietly into the carriage that reconducted us along dusty roads to the hermitage of—the *Chaussée d'Antin* at Paris. When again alone, I seriously doubted whether I had done right in withdrawing myself from the welcome of the woods; for never had the iron tongues of Bow bells rung out a more distinct summons to Whittington, than did the silver voices of the leaves pour into my ear as I listened to their song; and I amused myself with conjecturing what rural honours "Jove in his chair, of the sky Lord Mayor," would have showered down upon me, had I yielded to the invitation of the French Dryads and Hamadryads. I had not yet settled whether I should have been converted into a silk-stocking Faunus, leading out his Dryope to perform pirouettes and entrechats on a smooth grass-plot—or a royal huntsman, such as I had seen at Versailles, with a monstrous cocked hat, a sword by his side, and red velvet inexpressibles,—when in this pleasing uncertainty I fell fast asleep.

REFLECTIONS ON PLUM-PUDDING, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

MR. EDITOR,—For the sake of giving harmonious clearness to this Essay, let me describe the circumstances that have induced me to send it. This is beginning *ab ovo*, or from the egg; but what then? is a fresh egg an unimportant ingredient in a plum-pudding? I must also speak of myself. But be so good, Sir, as to respect me; for though poor, I am a gentleman. I am no admirer of such vulgar plum-puddings as are doled out to the unwashed artificer from the common

cook's shop or the wheelbarrow. No, Sir, I love only such as breathe, like Milton's music, "*a steam of rich distilled perfumes.*" Such were those which were once revealed to me from beneath the silver cover of my friend;—but he is gone, and with him the days of pleasurable and pudding recollections—perhaps never to return.

I live genteely in an attic lodging up three pair of stairs, and support myself and a grey cat in a state of honourable independence and sleekness—(I apply the sleekness to my cat, and not myself.) Necessity, however, drove me lately to make a sly attempt at employment from a bookseller. I called on Messrs. Blank and Blank—(well may I call them blank, for they sent me away very blank, and I could have piously tossed them in a blanket.) I inquired about literature, and how authors contrived to live. "On bullock's liver," said the bookseller. "We have two hundred sermons a year from the Reverend Hum Drum, and fifty volumes of history from Dr. Dryrott, warranted to us better than Hume's or Robertson's, at the rate of a halfpenny a paragraph. High feeding, Sir, makes authors abominous and stupid. What clever selling elegies Boyce would have written, with his hand stuck through a hole in the blanket, had you kept him from porter. But we are liberal, Sir,—nobody more so." I thought to myself, there is no plum-pudding to be found here; and went home chop-fallen, to dine on a solitary chop. But the thoughts of plum-pudding still haunted me. Next morning came the red-cheeked and curly-pated butcher's boy to my door, and hinted his expectation of a Christmas-box by a message desiring to know if I wanted any suet for a Christmas-pudding; for that the apothecary over the way had bespoken nine pounds of suet for the aforesaid dish. "Go," said I, "boy, learn of the apothecary's cook how many guests are to consume this pudding, and be assured of thy Christmas-box." He returned like lightning—Cook was positive that the dining-room could dine only eighteen persons. Now then began I to reflect. Nine pounds of suet, suppose as many of flour, and twice as many of fruit, besides etceteras. Here is half a pound of suet to each particular stomach, without reckoning other things. Let me call upon you, Mr. Editor, by all that is dear to you in Christmas revels, to reflect on the sublime and beautiful conception of this apothecary's plum-pudding. What "double double toil and trouble" to his cook, and what clanging of pestles and future employment for his prentices, thus providently stored up by his hospitality in the bowels of his friends and customers!—I meant to have written a long Essay on the subject; but hope that what I have written will bring me a sum sufficient to save me from the horrors of spending Christmas without a pudding. And with respectful compliments from my grey cat, which a punning friend calls a cat of praise-worthy humour, (or *laudable pus*.) I remain your respectful humble servant,

LORENZO LANKSIDE.

LETTER FROM INDIA.

My dear C——

Calcutta.

Of all the miseries of human life, none, I find, are sooner forgotten than those endured on ship-board. The shore is such a healing balsam, that a four-and-twenty hours' application effaces almost every scratch. Though I may be said to be still dripping with the salt spray, and to have the sound of waters still "ringing in my ears," yet all the crosses and accidents of my voyage are fast fading away; or, if they are in part remembered, it is only to hug myself, and think how much more agreeable is my present situation than tumbling in the Bay of Bengal. Besides, there is the satisfaction of recounting these things. In contemplating the dangers and sufferings that are past, we are apt to give ourselves credit for a certain degree of fortitude which makes the recollection of them very delightful; we forget all the wry faces that were made at the time, and look most valiantly upon the perils that are no more. My days at sea passed away in a sort of reverie. I have most imperfect and indistinct recollections of all that was said, or done, or thought, during that period: there was neither mile-stone nor prospect to mark the way, nor incidents to note the time; and really if I were not positively assured by the concurrent testimony of most respectable witnesses, I am inclined to think I should dispute both. A thought, a single thought you know, "is capable of years;" and *vice versa*, a long life may be lived in a day. Hence some divines have charitably inferred, in their dark metaphysics, that the dying sinner may be actually suffering the torture of ages in his expiring agony. If you ask me for my adventures on my way hither, I can only say, that I have eaten, drunk, and slept—that I have sat for hours and days watching the sea and the clouds, and speculating upon porpoises and flying-fish—"et præterea nihil." If it were possible to give utterance to the wayward fancies that have occupied my attention "thick as the notes that people the sun's beam," they would sound more like the day-dreams of a fever-stricken man than the cogitations of a rational being. Upon turning over the leaves of my journal, (a morocco-bound book of considerable thickness, bought in England expressly for the purpose of noting down strange incidents and useful observations,) I find only one note in these few words: "Crossed the line, Nov. —." As an exception, however, to the general monotony of this voyage, I have some reason to remember one or two events, the first of which took place at Madeira about twelve days after leaving the Land's End.

It was late in the evening when we made that island; and orders were given for the ship to stand off and on during the night, in order that we might land early on the ensuing morning. Unhappily, these orders were injudiciously obeyed; the wind failed during the night, and at daybreak we found ourselves becalmed within five miles of shore. It was Sunday; the convent bells tolling for mass were distinctly heard, but we waited in vain for a breeze, till at two o'clock our patience being exhausted, the jolly-boat was hoisted out and we crowded into her to the number of sixteen, including the captain and four boys at the oar. Every body who has been at Madeira must recollect the *Lew rock*, a high craggy point which is

severed from the main land, and is used as a signal-fort; upon reaching which we were met by the custom-house boat with an officer on board, who demanded our "Bill of Health." With this we were unfortunately not provided, and in consequence were ordered to remain in our boat close under the Lew rock till our case could be represented on shore, and permission sent off for us to land. Here we staid for some hours in a most disagreeable state of suspense. In the mean time the day was wearing fast away, and no answer arrived. The sky became overcast with clouds that swept across the face of the heavens—the air grew chilly—the wind rose, and instead of the smooth glittering surface over which we had glided in the morning, the sea was broken up into billows that began to show their curling heads. The captain grew impatient to rejoin his ship, having made no arrangements for passing the night on shore; and after venting his discontent in a volley of oaths and grumbling, he gave the order to "shove off." As we were doing this the sentry from the top of the rock, whose form was half hid in the approaching darkness, was observed waving his hand with violence, and bending his body in the act of calling to us; but his signs were not understood; his voice was drowned in the wind and the roaring of the sea. As I gazed upon this man, a chilling and foreboding anxiety came over me, and his unintelligible sounds fell upon my ear like the mysterious warning voice of the Prophet. His meaning was too soon apparent. From his lofty position he could see the approaching storm, which was hid from us. We had scarcely cleared the rock when we found ourselves in a tumbling sea that was rising every moment with the wind, and soon became formidable to our small and crowded boat. The sun was just sinking amidst a thick bank of clouds (and you will recollect there is no twilight in this latitude) the tops of the hills and back part of the island, which had been shut out from our view while under the lee of the land, now showed themselves covered with clouds, and every thing gave token that the squall would increase into a violent gale. We were at once aware of our danger:—we had no sail—the boys were exhausted with their exertions during the heat of the day, and in such a sea we could not relieve them. We would gladly have put back; but it was impossible. The wind and waves drove us rapidly from the shore. Our ship was tacking about in the distance, half her mast just visible above water;—if we missed her—beyond was the ocean—night and storm. We were most of us landsmen; but we should not have felt so much alarm had our captain betrayed less symptoms of apprehension. I sat near him, and could see his countenance change as he looked from the sea to the sky. His boisterous overbearing accent of command sunk into a tone of familiar entreaty, as he encouraged the boys at the oar; and told plainly of the fearful equality to which danger levels all distinctions. His face grew very pale, and he exclaimed—"I would give one hundred guineas, gentlemen, if we were safe at yonder ship!" This was not comforting. In the mean time the sea was every moment rising, and looked tremendous—every wave covered us with spray; but we contrived to break its violence by fastening an oar astern, an expedient commonly resorted to in such cases; and two of our party were sent forward to trim the boat—one of these was my brother,

and, as I saw his youthful and delicate form tossed to and fro amid the boisterous element, I could not help thinking for a moment what would have been the sensations of his mother, had she beheld him in such a situation. As it grew darker, we fastened a white pocket-handkerchief to the end of the boat-hook, in the hopes of attracting the attention of the ship; and when this miserable scanty flag was suspended aloft, and was scattered in the wind and spray, it looked indeed like a "forlorn hope." At first we imagined that this expedient had been successful, for the ship seemed bearing down upon us, and we were flushed with expectation. But in a few minutes she tacked, and all possibility of reaching her seemed at an end. If I live to be an old man, I shall never forget the sensations of that moment—it were ridiculous to attempt a description in words; but I am sure it is a terrible thing to meet death with open eyes and the full possession of all one's faculties. Still we did not utterly despair—there was yet a little light left: the ship might possibly change her course; but fear seemed to have paralyzed our efforts—the oars were almost useless—we made no way, and for many minutes there was no rational expectation of saving our lives. Of what occurred during this horrible interval, I have a very indistinct recollection. I remember, however, being struck with the various forms in which fear displayed itself—some were silent, some talkative, some prayed, some laughed. One young man lamented bitterly his disappointment in not having tasted the Malmsey Madeira, and the grapes he had promised himself; and another, a young officer, seated at my right, was eternally occupied in letting fall and picking up his sword and sash, which his fingers seemed incapable of detaining in their grasp. My own arm was perfectly black, the next morning, from the violence with which it was seized by my companion on the left. These and other such things were hardly noticed at the time, but were recollected upon afterwards comparing notes.

We were roused from a sort of stupor by a sudden squall and shift of wind, accompanied with heavy rain, which obliged our ship to go upon another tack. We emerged from our despair to the wildest exultation; for a few minutes brought us so near to each other that our cries were heard, though it was then too dark to see us till we were close alongside. In a word, we exchanged our frail vessel for an ark of comparative safety: our drenched clothes were put off, and the fried bacon and mutton-chops that were eaten that night (though no very savoury dainties in their way), and the punch that was drunk (which really was very choice), will, I make no doubt, be remembered by all who composed the party to their dying day.—I recollect reading when a schoolboy, in Campbell's *Overland Journey to India*, an account of a shipwreck, and being much struck with a passage in which he relates, that as the ship was near going down, he saw a little black boy seated on the poop, crying most bitterly, and at the same time voraciously devouring some mangoes that were in a basket beside him. This always appeared to me a most unaccountable story; but I can now perfectly comprehend it. So much for the dangers of the sea; but allow me to add, that it is worth while being a little initiated into these mysteries, if it be only to enjoy Falconer's Poem, which cannot be truly relished but upon the high seas, and may therefore be called a

Water-piece with as much propriety as the compositions of Handel bearing that name.

We were becalmed four weeks in the latitude of two degrees south of the Line. We were scorched under a tropical sun, till we were become irritable and alive to every foolish impression. Our stock and water were rapidly decreasing. We had been an unusual time without a breath of wind, and the sailors had begun to throw out their superstitious hints that some ill luck was hanging over us: we became infected with their folly. We quarrelled with our captain for not having a steam-engine on board. We did a thousand absurd things, and really began to think we never should stir again, when one morning at daybreak I was awakened from a deep sleep by the noise of men trampling above my head. I thought I could distinguish the cheering voices of the sailors, as if they were bracing the yards, and that hissing sound which a ship makes in going through the water. Was it a dream? No. I started up in ecstasy, and running upon deck, found many of our *compagnons de voyage* in the same picturesque dress as myself, to wit, *en chemise*, gazing in stupid astonishment at the sails that were actually filled and bellying with the wind. The glazed surface of the ocean—that dreadful sameness which made the very eye-balls ache to look on it, was gone, and with it went our looks of gloomy despondency. We were really sailing five knots before the wind. There was a tone of bustle and animation from captain to cabin-boy. It was a fresh departure; and from that hour to the time of our landing in India, I do not know that we had half a dozen calm days to complain of. If you ever go to sea, pray to be delivered from a long calm—a gale of wind is nothing to it. Human beings are the worst of all luggage to carry when stowed closely together. If they have nothing wherewith to kill time, they immediately begin to think of killing each other; thanks to the devil, who, to spare us a world of *ennui*, always occupies a man whom he finds idle. Luckily for us, we had no duelling pistols on board; but there was frequent “note of preparation” heard, and sundry arrangements were made for future bloody combats, which, like the silly petitions addressed to Jupiter, were all dissipated by the wind.

I made some experiments on books which may be interesting to you. It is related in some Life of Fox, that when he was travelling by the *Treckshuyte*, through the uninteresting flats of Holland, he chose that opportunity for reading aloud every day a portion of Tom Jones; the eternal bustle, life, and variety of which composition was rendered ten times more striking and enjoyable when contrasted with the monotony of such a stirless tour. However, one morning a sail was proclaimed, and all eyes and glasses were put in requisition. Some said it was a cloud—some a sun-beam—some a water-spout; and if old Polonius had been there he might with perfect safety have said it was “a mountain or an elephant.” Long before we could satisfy ourselves upon these points, the sailors had made out her royals, and coursers, and flying jib, &c.; and in a word, a ship it most certainly was. Then we looked at the strange sight with as much agitation as Robinson Crusoe at the print of a footstep in the sand. It might be a pirate:—we had ten guns and

plenty of fools to fight, but no ammunition. Whatever she might be "were her intent wicked or charitable?"—all was uncertainty. There was scarcely any wind, but we gradually neared each other, and at eight o'clock at night (it was a beautiful moonlight night) the stranger had dropped close astern. We waited in breathless expectation. Presently a loud voice sounded along the water, demanding our name, &c. and was immediately answered by our captain. There was something awful in the manner in which these stately preliminaries were flourished forth in the silent night. It was much above the tone and key of an ordinary address, and well suited to the element and the occasion. I could fancy Neptune trumpeting his orders to the winds in some such fashion.

"Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite vestro,
Non illi imperium pelagi sævumque tridentem,
Sed mihi sorte datum ———"

Surely one would suppose that a man on going to sea might pack up his hospitality, together with sundry other virtues, and reckon upon no inconvenience for the want of them; but here, at one thousand miles from land, were strangers waiting for an invitation for supper. And supper they had, for she was a Liverpool vessel bound to Madras; and for two days, while the weather continued moderate, we continued interchanging visits with mutual satisfaction.

Before we bid good-bye to the sea, I have one more remark to make: a long voyage is an excellent preparative towards an accurate examination of men, manners, customs, and things. You are so long and so thoroughly abstracted from the business of life, that you come fresh to the task with all old prejudices and points of comparison fading away. You are half way towards the happy condition recommended by Des Cartes, who declares that (if you would attain true wisdom) you must begin by rubbing out all former opinions and principles; and when your brain is a perfect *tabula rasa*, then philosophy may begin to indite good sound matter thereon.

I shall not trouble you with the delights of landing after a voyage; I might as well talk to you of the delights of eating green cabbage, after having lived six weeks upon farinaceous matter, when I promise you, you would be more in danger of gluttony than at any venison-feast. My first evening at Calcutta was a sort of fairy-like existence. Transported from a crowded cabin, white faces, and a noisy element, to a spacious and palace-like building (the house of Mrs. ———) with a host of black attendants, and all the magnificence of the gorgeous East, I was for a time fairly bewildered. I envy a Russian his faculties, who can walk from a hot bath to a cold bath and then back again, and perhaps do a hundred other absurdities with equal facility. For my part, I sat after a late and sumptuous dinner, gazing first at the brilliant assemblage of *Europeans*, my own dear beautiful countrywomen, and then at the tall black forms that flanked this white assemblage, with their turbans, and eyes that flashed light at every moment—

"Each giving each a double charm,
Like pearls upon an Ethiop's arm—"

And then the waving of punkahs—such a delicious breeze, and the silent hurrying to and fro in the distance of the lofty and ample apartment—it was too much for me—my brain grew dizzy—I thought of the Arabian Nights—the Sultana—the enchanters; and a thousand wild and incoherent visions flitted before me; and in fine, I remember nothing till I awoke on the following morning. The light was streaming through the Venetian blinds. I started up, and hastily drawing them aside, beheld (open your eyes well, I pray you) *ten* good miles of India. The Hoogley, a branch of the Ganges, was rolling beneath me its majestic volume of waters, glittering in the beams of the morning sun. Numberless vessels were plying to and fro; and in it a hundred Hindoos were performing their morning ablutions, washing and praying, and praying and washing, in all sorts of attitudes. Scrubbing seems at first view a singular act of devotion; but we Christian good folks, and Englishmen of India in particular, are not without absurdities to rival those of the Hindoos. As an instance of this, though it is, as I have said, warm, and occasionally even unto scratching, for new comers (I wonder, by the way, they have not blacks to scratch as well as fan), though Nature here keeps a muslin-shop on purpose, and says as plainly as she can say it, “make unto yourselves raiment of this commodity—loose bishop-like sleeves and wavy-pantaloon,” yet our excellent countrymen must needs array themselves in André’s hats (helmets they might be called), and in Stultz’s padded coats. When you dine out, you must appear in an English full dress; but having made your appearance, and demonstrated to the company that you have a wardrobe of such useless things, you are then permitted (unless it be an occasion of state and ceremony) to retire and doff these horrible incumbrances for your white linen jacket, &c. A fashionable Englishman should certainly have his Hoby boots, his coat, and some new waistcoat patterns stuffed into his coffin with him, as some Indian tribes bury their dead with their hatchet, flint, &c.; for I am confident they will never be happy in this world or the next without such things. As for the military, I say nothing about their costume; first, because the red coat seems a necessary component part of a young soldier, and Heaven forefend that our army in India should want recruits; and, secondly, because in these latitudes it quickens promotions, and I have a younger brother a subaltern. But for us civilians—if the good lady of the house must be convinced that we have a coat, &c. why not send them upon a pole before us, and let them flourish free and fair like a Roman trophy? Or, if it be absolutely necessary that ourselves and our garments should make one, why not do, at all events, as the Highland regiment did, when, with a view to doing away the national dress of petticoats and bare legs, they were ordered to appear the next field-day with breeches?—They came, men and officers, with the breeches under their arms.

But I see my carriage and horses, that is, my palanquin, waiting below; therefore, for the present, adieu. You may, perhaps, hear from me shortly, when I can furnish you with more interesting details of what I shall have seen and heard in this country. I begin to be wonderfully impressed with the dignity of colours; and

these palanquins are the most delightful things imaginable. Let them talk in England as much as they please about "trampling upon the heads of the people," and riding the people to death, and such like stuff; trust me it is only in India we have a true *ascendancy* over the "*lower orders*." I will be free, however, to confess between ourselves (for it would be criminal to whisper such things here) that I am sometimes silly enough to imagine, that if there be any retribution in a future state, some of us will be turned into palanquin-bearers.

H. H.

 TO JULIA.

BREATHE not again that tender air,
 To other strains attune your strings,
 It once could charm me from despair,
 But now—despair is all it brings!

Oh! it recalls a pang so keen
 Of budding joy—of promise blighted!—
 Tells me of Love that once hath been,
 Reminds me how that Love was slighted!

With smiles my early hopes she fed,
 With passion-flowers my forehead shaded;
 Her smiles were false—my hopes are fled—
 And every flower of Love hath faded!

Thus sunny beams delight the bee,
 As o'er the fragrant bower he hovers,
 Selects the fairest flower, like me,
 And dreams not of the snake it covers.

For Hope had painted scenes so bright,
 Without one single tinge of sorrow;—
 But, ah! those scenes are closed in night,
 A night, alas! without a morrow!

Yet in my heart she buried lies,
 Still, still her memory I nourish;
 Again you bid her image rise—
 But, ah! her falsehoods with it flourish.

Like you she sang—like you she play'd,
 Her eyes, like yours, with smiles would glisten;
 I dread, lest I'm again betray'd,
 I fear I'm lost, and yet I listen.

Then play no more—no more then sing,
 Let not *her* words again be spoken—
 For, oh! you touch too keen a string
 Upon a heart already broken!

Φ.

LETTER TO THE MOHAWK CHIEF AHYONWAEGBS, COMMONLY CALLED JOHN BRANT, ESQ. OF THE GRAND RIVER, UPPER CANADA. FROM THOMAS CAMPBELL.

London, January 20, 1822.

SIR,—Ten days ago I was not aware that such a person existed as the son of the Indian leader Brant,* who is mentioned in my poem "*Gertrude of Wyoming*." Last week, however, Mr. S. Bannister of Lincoln's Inn, called to inform me of your being in London, and of your having documents in your possession which he believed would change my opinion of your father's memory, and induce me to do it justice. Mr. Bannister distinctly assured me that no declaration of my sentiments on the subject was desired but such as should spontaneously flow from my own judgment of the papers that were to be submitted to me.

I could not be deaf to such an appeal. It was my duty to inspect the justification of a man whose memory I had reprobated, and I felt a satisfaction at the prospect of his character being redressed, which was not likely to have been felt by one who had wilfully wronged it. As far as any intention to wound the feelings of the living was concerned, I really knew not, when I wrote my poem, that the son and daughter of an Indian chief were ever likely to peruse it, or be affected by its contents. And I have observed most persons to whom I have mentioned the circumstance of your appeal to me, smile with the same surprise which I experienced on first receiving it. With regard to your father's character I took it as I found it in popular history. Among the documents in his favour I own that you have shown me one which I regret that I never saw before, though I might have seen it, viz. the Duke of Rochefoucault's honourable mention of the chief in his travels.† Without meaning, however, in the least to invalidate that nobleman's respectable authority, I must say, that even if I had met with it, it would have still offered only a general and presumptive vindication of your father, and not such a specific one as I now recognise. On the other hand, judge how naturally I adopted accusations against him which had stood in the *Annual Register* of 1779, as far as I knew, uncontradicted for thirty years. A number of authors had repeated them with a confidence which beguiled at last my suspicion, and I believe that of the public at large. Among those authors were Gordon, Ramsay, Marshall, Belsham, and Weld. The most of them, you may tell me perhaps, wrote with zeal against the American war. Well, but Mr. John Adolphus was never suspected of any such zeal, and yet he has said in his *History of England, &c.* (vol. iii. p. 110) "that a force of sixteen hundred savages and Americans in disguise, headed by an Indian Col. Butler, and a half

* The name has been almost always inaccurately spelt Brandt in English books.

† The following testimony is borne to his fair name by Rochefoucault, whose ability and means of forming a correct judgment will not be denied. "Colonel Brandt is an Indian by birth. In the American war he fought under the English banner, and he has since been in England, where he was most graciously received by the king, and met with a kind reception from all classes of people. His manners are semi-European. He is attended by two negroes; has established himself in the English way; has a garden and a farm; dresses after the European fashion; and nevertheless possesses much influence over the Indians. He assists at present (1795) at the Miami Treaty, which the United States are concluding with the western Indians. He is also much respected by the Americans; and in general bears so excellent a name, that I regret I could not see and become acquainted with him."—Rochefoucault's *Travels in North America*.

Indian of extraordinary ferocity named Brant, lulling the fears of the inhabitants (of Wyoming) by treachery, suddenly possessed themselves of two forts, and massacred the garrisons." He says farther, "that all were involved in unsparing slaughter, and that even the devices of torment were exhausted." He possessed, if I possessed them, the means of consulting better authorities; yet he has never to my knowledge made any atonement to your father's memory. When your Canadian friends, therefore, call me to trial for having defamed the warrior Brant, I beg that Mr. John Adolphus may be also included in the summons. And after his own defence and acquittal, I think he is bound, having been one of my historical misleaders, to stand up as my gratuitous counsel, and say, "*Gentlemen, you must acquit my client, for he has only fallen into an error, which even my judgment could not escape.*"

In short, I imbibed my conception of your father from accounts of him that were published when I was scarcely out of my cradle.—And if there were any public, direct and specific challenges to those accounts in England ten years ago, I am yet to learn where they existed.

I rose from perusing the papers you submitted to me certainly with an altered impression of his character. I find that the unfavourable accounts of him were erroneous, even on points not immediately connected with his reputation. It turns out, for instance, that he was a Mohawk Indian of unmixed parentage. This circumstance, however, ought not to be overlooked in estimating the merits of his attainments. He spoke and wrote our language with force and facility, and had enlarged views of the union and policy of the Indian tribes. A gentleman who had been in America, and from whom I sought information respecting him in consequence of your interesting message, told me that though he could not pretend to appreciate his character entirely, he had been struck by the *naïveté* and eloquence of his conversation. They had talked of music, and Brant said, "I like the harpsichord well, and the organ still better; but I like the drum and trumpet best of all, for they make my heart beat quick." This gentleman also described to me the enthusiasm with which he spoke of written records. Brant projected at that time to have written a History of the Six Nations. The genius of history should be rather partial to such a man.

I find that when he came to England, after the peace of 1783, the most distinguished individuals of all parties and professions treated him with the utmost kindness. Among these were the late Bishop of London, the late Duke of Northumberland, and Charles Fox. Lord Rawdon, now Marquess of Hastings, gave him his picture. This circumstance argues recommendations from America founded in personal friendship. In Canada the memorials of his moral character represent it as naturally ingenuous and generous. The evidence afforded induces me to believe that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. Lastly, you affirm that he was not within many miles of the spot when the battle which decided the fate of Wyoming took place, and from your offer of reference to living witnesses I cannot but admit the assertion. Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief. I cannot, indeed, answer by anticipation what the writers who have either to retract or defend what they may have said about him, may have to allege; I can only say that my own opinion about him is changed. I am now inclined exceedingly to doubt Mr. Weld's anecdote, and for this reason: Brant

was not only trusted, consulted, and distinguished by several eminent British officers in America, but personally beloved by them. Now I could conceive men in power, for defensible reasons of state politics, to have officially trusted and even publicly distinguished at courts or levees an active and sagacious Indian chief, of whose private character they might nevertheless still entertain a very indifferent opinion. But I cannot imagine high-minded and high-bred British officers, forming individual and fond friendships for a man of ferocious character. It comes within my express knowledge that the late General Sir Charles Stuart, fourth son of the Earl of Bute, the father of our present ambassador at Paris, the officer who took Minorca and Calvi, and who commanded our army in Portugal, knew your father in America, often slept under the same tent with him, and had the warmest regard for him. It seems but charity to suppose the man who attracted the esteem of Lord Rawdon and General Stuart, to have possessed amiable qualities, so that I believe you when you affirm that he was merciful as brave. And now I leave the world to judge whether the change of opinion, with which I am touched, arises from false delicacy and flexibility of mind, or from a sense of honour and justice.

Here, properly speaking, ends my reckoning with you about your father's memory: but, as the Canadian newspapers have made some remarks on the subject of Wyoming, with which I cannot fully coincide, and as this letter will probably be read in Canada, I cannot conclude it without a few more words, in case my silence should seem to admit of propositions which are rather beyond the stretch of my creed. I will not, however, give any plain truths which I have to offer to the Canadian writers the slightest seasoning of bitterness, for they have alluded to me, on the whole, in a friendly and liberal tone. But when they regret my departure from historical truth, I join in their regret only in as far as I have unconsciously misunderstood the character of Brant, and the share of the Indians in the transaction, which I have now reason to suspect was much less than that of the white men. In other circumstances I took the liberty of a versifier to run away from fact into fancy, like a schoolboy who never dreams that he is a truant when he rambles on a holiday from school. It seems however, that I falsely represented Wyoming to have been a terrestrial paradise. It was not so, say the Canadian papers, because it contained a great number of Tories; and undoubtedly that cause goes far to account for the fact. Earthly paradises, however, are not earthly things, and Tempe and Arcadia may have had their drawbacks on happiness as well as Wyoming. I must nevertheless still believe that it was a flourishing colony, and that its destruction furnished a just warning to human beings against war and revenge. But the whole catastrophe is affirmed in a Canadian newspaper to have been nothing more than a fair battle. If this be the fact, let accredited signatures come forward to attest it and vindicate the innocence and honourableness of the whole transaction, as your father's character has been vindicated. An error about him by no means proves the whole account of the business to be a fiction. Who would not wish its atrocity to be disproved? But who can think it disproved by a single defender, who writes anonymously, and without definable weight or authority?

In another part of the Canadian newspapers, my theme has been regretted as dishonourable to England. Then it was, at all events, no

THE FIGHT.

—“The *fight*, the *fight*’s the thing,
Wherein I’ll catch the conscience of the king.”

Where there’s a will, there’s a way.—I said so to myself, as I walked down Chancery-lane, about half-past six o’clock on Monday the 10th of December, to inquire at Jack Randall’s where the fight the next day was to be; and I found “the proverb” nothing “musty” in the present instance. I was determined to see this fight, come what would, and see it I did, in great style. It was my *first fight*, yet it more than answered my expectations. Ladies! it is to you I dedicate this description; nor let it seem out of character for the fair to notice the exploits of the brave. Courage and modesty are the old English virtues; and may they never look cold and askeance on one another! Think, ye fairest of the fair, loveliest of the lovely kind, ye practisers of soft enchantment, how many more ye kill with poisoned baits than ever fell in the ring; and listen with subdued air and without shuddering, to a tale tragic only in appearance, and sacred to the FANCY!

I was going down Chancery-lane, thinking to ask at Jack Randall’s where the fight was to be, when looking through the glass-door of the *Hole in the Wall*, I heard a gentleman asking the same question at Mrs. Randall, as the author of *Waverley* would express it. Now Mrs. Randall stood answering the gentleman’s question, with the authenticity of the lady of the Champion of the Light Weights. Thinks I, I’ll wait till this person comes out, and learn from him how it is. For to say a truth, I was not fond of going into this house of call for heroes and philosophers, ever since the owner of it (for Jack is no gentleman) threatened once upon a time to kick me out of doors for wanting a mutton-chop at his hospitable board, when the conqueror in thirteen battles was more full of *blue ruin* than of good manners. I was the more mortified at this repulse, inasmuch as I had heard Mr. James Simpkins, hosier in the Strand, one day when the character of the *Hole in the Wall* was brought in question, observe—“The house is a very good house, and the company quite genteel: I have been there myself!” Remembering this unkind treatment of mine host, to which mine hostess was also a party, and not wishing to put her in unquiet thoughts at a time jubilant like the present, I waited at the door, when, who should issue forth but my friend Jo. Toms, and turning suddenly up Chancery-lane with that quick jerk and impatient stride which distinguishes a lover of the FANCY, I said, “I’ll be hanged if that fellow is not going to the fight, and is on his way to get me to go with him.” So it proved in effect, and we agreed to adjourn to my lodgings to discuss measures with that cordiality which makes old friends like new, and new friends like old, on great occasions. We are cold to others only when we are dull in ourselves, and have neither thoughts nor feelings to impart to them. Give a man a topic in his head, a throb of pleasure in his heart, and he will be glad to share it with the first person he meets. Toms and I, though we seldom meet, were an *alter idem* on this memorable occasion, and had not an idea that we did not candidly impart; and “so carelessly did we fleet the time,” that I wish no better, when there is another fight, than to have him for a companion on my journey down, and to return with my friend Jack Pigott, talking of what was to *happen* or of what did happen, with a noble subject always at hand,

and liberty to digress to others whenever they offered. Indeed, on my repeating the lines from Spencer in an involuntary fit of enthusiasm,

"What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than to enjoy delight with liberty?"

my last-named ingenious friend stopped me by saying that this, translated into the vulgate, meant "*Going to see a fight.*"

Jo. Toms and I could not settle about the method of going down. He said there was a caravan, he understood, to start from Tom Belcher's at two, which would go there *right out* and back again the next day. Now I never travel all night, and said I should get a cast to Newbury by one of the mails. Jo. swore the thing was impossible, and I could only answer that I had made up my mind to it. In short, he seemed to me to waver, said he only came to see if I was going, had letters to write, a cause coming on the day after, and faintly said at parting (for I was bent on setting out that moment)—"Well, we meet at Philippi!" I made the best of my way to Piccadilly. The mail coach stand was bare. "They are all gone," said I—"this is always the way with me—in the instant I lose the future—if I had not stayed to pour out that last cup of tea, I should have been just in time"—and cursing my folly and ill-luck together, without inquiring at the coach-office whether the mails were gone or not, I walked on in despite, and to punish my own dilatoriness and want of determination. At any rate, I would not turn back: I might get to Hounslow, or perhaps farther, to be on my road the next morning. I passed Hyde Park Corner (my Rubicon), and trusted to fortune. Suddenly I heard the clattering of a Brentford stage, and the fight rushed full upon my fancy. I argued (not unwisely) that even a Brentford coachman was better company than my own thoughts (such as they were just then), and at his invitation mounted the box with him. I immediately stated my case to him—namely, my quarrel with myself for missing the Bath or Bristol mail, and my determination to get on in consequence as well as I could, without any disparagement or insulting comparison between longer or shorter stages. It is a maxim with me that stage-coaches, and consequently stage-coachmen, are respectable in proportion to the distance they have to travel: so I said nothing on that subject to my Brentford friend. Any incipient tendency to an abstract proposition, or (as he might have construed it) to a personal reflection of this kind, was however nipped in the bud; for I had no sooner declared indignantly that I had missed the mails, than he flatly denied that they were gone along, and lo! at the instant three of them drove by in rapid, provoking, orderly succession, as if they would devour the ground before them. Here again I seemed in the contradictory situation of the man in Dryden who exclaims,

"I follow Fate, which does too hard pursue!"

If I had stopped to inquire at the White Horse Cellar, which would not have taken me a minute, I should now have been driving down the road in all the dignified unconcern and *ideal* perfection of mechanical conveyance. The Bath mail I had set my mind upon, and I had missed it, as I missed every thing else, by my own absurdity, in putting the will for the deed, and aiming at ends without employing means. "Sir," said he of the Brentford, "the Bath mail will be up presently, my brother-in-law drives it, and I will engage to stop him if there is a place empty." I almost doubted my good genius; but, sure enough, up it

drove like lightning, and stopped directly at the call of the Brentford Jehu. I would not have believed this possible, but the brother-in-law of a mail-coach driver is himself no mean man. I was transferred without loss of time from the top of one coach to that of the other, desired the guard to pay my fare to the Brentford coachman for me as I had no change, was accommodated with a great coat, put up my umbrella to keep off a drizzling mist, and we began to cut through the air like an arrow. The mile-stones disappeared one after another, the rain kept off; Tom Turtle, the trainer, sat before me on the coach-box, with whom I exchanged civilities as a gentleman going to the fight; the passion that had transported me an hour before was subdued to pensive regret and conjectural musing on the next day's battle: I was promised a place inside at Reading, and upon the whole, I thought myself a lucky fellow. Such is the force of imagination! On the outside of any other coach on the 10th of December with a Scotch mist drizzling through the cloudy moonlight air, I should have been cold, comfortless, impatient, and, no doubt, wet through; but seated on the Royal mail, I felt warm and comfortable, the air did me good, the ride did me good, I was pleased with the progress we had made, and confident that all would go well through the journey. When I got inside at Reading, I found Turtle and a stout valetudinarian, whose costume bespoke him one of the FANCY, and who had risen from a three months' sick bed to get into the mail to see the fight. They were intimate, and we fell into a lively discourse. My friend the trainer was confined in his topics to fighting dogs and men, to bears and badgers; beyond this he was "quite chap-fallen," had not a word to throw at a dog, or indeed very wisely fell asleep, when any other game was started. The whole art of training (I, however, learnt from him,) consists in two things, exercise and abstinence, abstinence and exercise, repeated alternately and without end. A yolk of an egg with a spoonful of rum in it is the first thing in a morning, and then a walk of six miles till breakfast. This meal consists of a plentiful supply of tea and toast and beef-steaks. Then another six or seven miles till dinner time, and another supply of solid beef or mutton with a pint of porter, and perhaps, at the utmost, a couple of glasses of sherry. Martin trains on water, but this increases his infirmity on another very dangerous side. The Gas-man takes now and then a chirping glass (under the rose) to console him, during a six weeks probation, for the absence of Mrs. Hickman—an agreeable woman, with (I understand) a pretty fortune of two hundred pounds. How matter presses on me! What stubborn things are facts! How inexhaustible is nature and art! "It is well," as I once heard Mr. Richmond observe, "to see a variety." He was speaking of cock-fighting as an edifying spectacle. I cannot deny but that one learns more of what is (I do not say of what *ought to be*) in this desultory mode of practical study, than from reading the same book twice over, even though it should be a moral treatise. Where was I? I was sitting at dinner with the candidate for the honours of the ring, "where good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." Then follows an hour of social chat and native glee; and afterwards, to another breathing over heathy hill or dale. Back to supper, and then to bed, and up by six again—Our hero

"Follows so the ever-running sun,
With profitable *ardeur*—"

to the day that brings him victory or defeat in the green fairy circle. Is not this life more sweet than mine? I was going to say; but I will not libel any life by comparing it to mine, which is (at the date of these presents) bitter as coloquintida and the dregs of aconitum!

The invalid in the Bath mail soared a pitch above the trainer, and did not sleep so sound, because he had "more figures and more fantasies." We talked the hours away merrily. He had faith in surgery, for he had had three ribs set right, that had been broken in a *turn-up* at Belcher's, but thought physicians old women, for they had no antidote in their catalogue for brandy. An indigestion is an excellent common-place for two people that never met before. By way of ingratiating myself, I told him the story of my doctor, who, on my earnestly representing to him that I thought his regimen had done me harm, assured me that the whole pharmacopeia contained nothing comparable to the prescription he had given me; and, as a proof of its undoubted efficacy, said, that "he had had one gentleman with my complaint under his hands for the last fifteen years." This anecdote made my companion shake the rough sides of his three great coats with boisterous laughter; and Turtle, starting out of his sleep, swore he knew how the fight would go, for he had had a dream about it. Sure enough the rascal told us how the three first rounds went off, but "his dream," like others, "denoted a foregone conclusion." He knew his men. The moon now rose in silver state, and I ventured, with some hesitation, to point out this object of placid beauty, with the blue serene beyond, to the man of science, to which his ear he "seriously inclined," the more as it gave promise *d'un beau jour* for the morrow, and showed the ring undrenched by envious showers, arrayed in sunny smiles. Just then, all going on well, I thought on my friend Toms, whom I had left behind, and said innocently, "There was a blockhead of a fellow I left in town, who said there was no possibility of getting down by the mail, and talked of going by a caravan from Belcher's at two in the morning, after he had written some letters." "Why," said he of the lapells, "I should not wonder if that was the very person we saw running about like mad from one coach-door to another, and asking if any one had seen a friend of his, a gentleman going to the fight, whom he had missed stupidly enough by staying to write a note." "Pray Sir," said my fellow-traveller, "had he a plaid-cloak on?"—"Why, no," said I, "not at the time I left him, but he very well might afterwards, for he offered to lend me one." The plaid-cloak and the letter decided the thing. Joe, sure enough, was in the Bristol mail, which preceded us by about fifty yards. This was droll enough. We had now but a few miles to our place of destination, and the first thing I did on alighting at Newbury, both coaches stopping at the same time, was to call out, "Pray, is there a gentleman in that mail of the name of 'Toms'?" "No," said Joe, borrowing something of the vein of Gilpin, "for I have just got out." "Well!" says he, "this is lucky; but you don't know how vexed I was to miss you; for," added he, lowering his voice, "do you know when I left you I went to Belcher's to ask about the caravan, and Mrs. Belcher said very obligingly, she couldn't tell about that, but there were two gentlemen who had taken places by the mail and were gone on in a landau, and she could frank us. It's a pity I didn't meet with you; we could then have got down for nothing. But *mum's the word.*" It's the devil for any one to tell me a secret.

for it is sure to come out in print. I do not care so much to gratify a friend, but the public ear is too great a temptation to me.

Our present business was to get beds and a supper at an inn; but this was no easy task. The public-houses were full, and where you saw a light at a private house, and people poking their heads out of the casement to see what was going on, they instantly put them in and shut the window, the moment you seemed advancing with a suspicious overture for accommodation. Our guard and coachman thundered away at the outer gate of the Crown for some time without effect—such was the greater noise within;—and when the doors were unbarred, and we got admittance, we found a party assembled in the kitchen round a good hospitable fire, some sleeping, others drinking, others talking on politics and on the fight. A tall English yeoman (something like Matthews in the face, and quite as great a wag)—

“A lusty man to ben an abbot able,—”

was making such a prodigious noise about rent and taxes, and the price of corn now and formerly, that he had prevented us from being heard at the gate. The first thing I heard him say was to a shuffling fellow who wanted to be off a bet for a shilling glass of brandy and water—“Confound it, man, don’t be *insipid*!” Thinks I, that is a good phrase. It was a good omen. He kept it up so all night, nor flinched with the approach of morning. He was a fine fellow, with sense, wit, and spirit, a hearty body and a joyous mind, free-spoken, frank, convivial—one of that home English breed that went with Harry the Fifth to the siege of Harfleur—“standing like greyhounds on the slips,” &c. We ordered tea and eggs (beds were soon found to be out of the question) and this fellow’s conversation was *sauce piquante*. It did one’s heart good to see him brandish his oaken towel and to hear him talk. He made mince-meat of a drunken, stupid, red-faced quarrelsome, *frowsy* farmer, whose nose “he moralized into a thousand similes,” making it out a firebrand like Bardolph’s. “I’ll tell you what, my friend,” says he, “the landlady has only to keep you here to save fire and candle. If one was to touch your nose, it would go off like a piece of charcoal.” At this the other only grinned like an idiot, the sole variety in his purple face being his little peering gray eyes and yellow teeth; called for another glass, swore he would not stand it; and after many attempts to provoke his humorous antagonist to single combat, which the other turned off (after working him up to a ludicrous pitch of choler) with great adroitness, he fell quietly asleep with a glass of liquor in his hand, which he could not lift to his head. His laughing persecutor made a speech over him, and turning to the opposite side of the room, where they were all sleeping in the midst of this “loud and furious fun,” said, “There’s a scene, by G—d, for Hogarth to paint. I think he and Shakspeare were our two best men at copying life!” This confirmed me in my good opinion of him. Hogarth, Shakspeare, and Nature, were just enough for him (indeed for any man) to know. I said, “You read Cobbett, don’t you? At least,” says I, “you talk just as well as he writes.” He seemed to doubt this. But I said, “We have an hour to spare: if you’ll get pen, ink and paper, and keep on talking, I’ll write down what you say; and if it doesn’t make a capital Political Register, I’ll forfeit my head. You have kept me alive to-night, however. I don’t know what I should have done with-

out you." He did not dislike this view of the thing, nor my asking if he was not about the size of Jem Belcher; and told me soon afterwards, in the confidence of friendship, that "the circumstance which had given him nearly the greatest concern in his life, was Cribb's beating Jem after he had lost his eye by racket playing."—The morning dawns; that dim but yet clear light appears, which weighs like solid bars of metal on the sleepless eyelids; the guests drop down from their chambers one by one—but it was too late to think of going to bed now (the clock was on the stroke of seven), we had nothing for it but to find a barber's (the pole that glittered in the morning sun lighted us to his shop), and then a nine miles march to Hungerford. The day was fine, the sky was blue, the mists were retiring from the marshy ground, the path was tolerably dry, the sitting-up all night had not done us much harm—at least the cause was good; we talked of this and that with amicable difference, roving and sipping of many subjects, but still invariably we returned to the fight. At length, a mile to the left of Hungerford, on a gentle eminence, we saw the ring surrounded by covered carts, gigs, and carriages, of which hundreds had passed us on the road; Toms gave a youthful shout, and we hastened down a narrow lane to the scene of action.

Reader! have you ever seen a fight? If not, you have a pleasure to come, at least if it is a fight like that between the Gas-man and Bill Neate. The crowd was very great when we arrived on the spot; open carriages were coming up, with streamers flying and music playing, and the country-people were pouring in over hedge and ditch in all directions, to see their hero beat or be beaten. The odds were still on Gas, but only about five to four. Gully had been down to try Neate, and had backed him considerably, which was a damper to the sanguine confidence of the adverse party. About two hundred thousand pounds were pending. The Gas says, he has lost 3,000*l.* which were promised him by different gentlemen if he had won. He had presumed too much on himself, which had made others presume on him. This spirited and formidable young fellow seems to have taken for his motto the old maxim, that "there are three things necessary to success in life—*Impudence! Impudence! Impudence!*" It is so in matters of opinion, but not in the *Fancy*, which is the most practical of all things, though even here confidence is half the battle, but only half. Our friend had vapoured and swaggered too much, as if he wanted to grin and bully his adversary out of the fight. "Alas! the Bristol man was not so tamed!"—"This is *the grave-digger*" (would Tom Hickman exclaim in the moments of intoxication from gin and success, showing his tremendous right hand), "this will send many of them to their long homes; I haven't done with them yet!" Why should he—though he had licked four of the best men within the hour, yet why should he threaten to inflict dishonourable chastisement on my old master Richmond, a veteran going off the stage, and who has borne his sable honours meekly? Magnanimity, my dear Tom, and bravery, should be inseparable. Or why should he go up to his antagonist, the first time he ever saw him at the Fives Court, and measuring him from head to foot with a glance of contempt, as Achilles surveyed Hector, say to him—"What, are you Bill Neate? I'll knock more blood out of that great carcase of thine, this day fortnight, than you ever knock'd out of a bullock's!" It was not manly, 'twas not fighter-like. If he was sure of the

victory (as he was not), the less said about it the better. Modesty should accompany the *Fancy* as its shadow. The best men were always the best behaved. Jem Belcher, the Game Chicken (before whom the Gas-man could not have lived) were civil, silent men. So is Cribb, so is Tom Belcher, the most elegant of sparrers, and not a man for every one to take by the nose. I enlarged on this topic in the mail (while Turtle was asleep), and said very wisely (as I thought) that impertinence was a part of no profession. A boxer was bound to beat his man, but not to thrust his fist, either actually or by implication, in every one's face. Even a highwayman, in the way of trade, may blow out your brains, but if he uses foul language at the same time, I should say he was no gentleman. A boxer, I would infer, need not be a blackguard or a coxcomb, more than another. Perhaps I press this point too much on a fallen man—Mr. Thomas Hickman has by this time learnt that first of all lessons, "That man was made to mourn." He has lost nothing by the late fight but his presumption; and that every man may do as well without! By an over-display of this quality, however, the public had been prejudiced against him, and the *knowing-ones* were taken in. Few but those who had bet on him wished Gas to win. With my own prepossessions on the subject, the result of the 11th of December appeared to me as fine a piece of poetical justice as I had ever witnessed. The difference of weight between the two combatants (14 stone to 12) was nothing to the sporting men. Great, heavy, clumsy, long-armed Bill Neate kicked the beam in the scale of the Gas-man's vanity. The amateurs were frightened at his big words, and thought they would make up for the difference of six feet and five feet nine. Truly, the *FANCY* are not men of imagination. They judge of what has been, and cannot conceive of any thing that is to be. The Gas-man had won hitherto; therefore he must beat a man half as big again as himself—and that to a certainty. Besides, there are as many feuds, factions, prejudices, pedantic notions in the *FANCY* as in the state or in the schools. Mr. Gully is almost the only cool, sensible man among them, who exercises an unbiassed discretion, and is not a slave to his passions in these matters. But enough of reflections, and to our tale. The day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet and the ground miry, and ploughed up with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying-time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

"Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. "So, I thought, my fairest hopes have faded from my sight!—so will the Gas-man's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been

distanced by the sixty-six miles); the time drew near, I had got a good stand; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd, and, from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose great coat, his knock-knees bending under his huge bulk; and, with a modest cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gas-man came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, "with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear" the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gas-man won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gas-man flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, "There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gas-man's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed body. They met again, and Neate seemed not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his arms at full length straight before him, like two sledge-hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gas-man could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided; for, in the next, the Gas-man aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek-bone and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gas-man went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and "grinned horrible a ghastly smile," yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself; it was the first time he had ever been so punished; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another

such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened,—his blows could not tell at such a distance,—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet; and almost as regularly as he flew at him with his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of its reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows:—the fight was a good stand-up fight. The wonder was the half-minute-time. If there had been a minute or more allowed between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other “like two clouds over the Caspian”—this is the most astonishing thing of all:—this is the high and heroic state of man! From this time forward the event became more certain every round; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me; but in the scuffle, he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards; he hung suspended for a second or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw any thing more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death’s head, spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante’s *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do; and it was not till the Gas-man was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round, that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over.* Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this, before you assume a superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives!—When the Gas-man came to himself, the first words he uttered were, “Where am I? What is the matter?” “Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.” And Jackson whispered to him, “I am collecting a purse for you, Tom.”—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, “Ah! you always said I couldn’t fight—What do you think now? But all in good humour, and without any appearance

* Scroggins said of the Gas-man, that he thought he was a man of that courage, that if his hands were cut off, he would still fight on with the stumps—like that of Widrington,—

—————“In doleful dumps,
Who, when his legs were smitten off,
Still fought upon his stumps.”

of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over, I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said "*Pretty well!*" The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband's victory to the bosom of Mrs. Neate. Alas, for Mrs. Hickman!—

Mais au revoir, as Sir Fopling Flutter says. I went down with Toms; I returned with Jack Pigott, whom I met on the ground. Toms is a rattle-brain; Pigott is a sentimentalist. Now, under favour, I am a sentimentalist too—therefore I say nothing, but that the interest of the excursion did not flag as I came back. Pigott and I marched along the causeway leading from Hungerford to Newbury, now observing the effect of a brilliant sun on the tawny meads or moss-coloured cottages, now exulting in the fight, now digressing to some topic of general and elegant literature. My friend was dressed in character for the occasion, or like one of the FANCY; that is, with a double portion of great coats, clogs, and overhauls: and just as we had agreed with a couple of country-lads to carry his superfluous wearing-apparel to the next town, we were overtaken by a return post-chaise, into which I got, Pigott preferring a seat on the bar. There were two strangers already in the chaise, and on their observing they supposed I had been to the fight, I said I had, and concluded they had done the same. They appeared, however, a little shy and sore on the subject; and it was not till after several hints dropped, and questions put, that it turned out that they had missed it. One of these friends had undertaken to drive the other there in his gig: they had set out, to make sure work, the day before at three in the afternoon. The owner of the one-horse vehicle scorned to ask his way, and drove right on to Bagshot, instead of turning off at Hounslow: there they stopped all night, and set off the next day across the country to Reading, from whence they took coach, and got down within a mile or two of Hungerford, just half an hour after the fight was over. This might be safely set down as one of the miseries of human life. We parted with these two gentlemen who had been to see the fight, but had returned as they went, at Wokinghampton, where we were promised beds (an irresistible temptation, for Pigott had passed the preceding night at Hungerford as we had done at Newbury), and we turned into an old bow-windowed parlour with a carpet and a snug fire; and after devouring a quantity of tea, toast, and eggs, sat down to consider, during an hour of philosophic leisure, what we should have for supper. In the midst of an Epicurean deliberation between a roasted fowl and mutton-chops with mashed potatoes, we were interrupted by an inroad of Goths and Vandals—*O procul este profani*—not real flash-men, but interlopers, noisy pretenders, butchers from Tothill-fields, brokers from Whitechapel, who called immediately for pipes and tobacco, hoping it would not be disagreeable to the gentlemen, and began to insist that it was a *cross*. Pigott withdrew from the smoke and noise into another room, and left me to dispute the point with them for a couple of hours *sans intermission* by the dial. The next morning we rose refreshed; and on observing that Jack had a pocket volume in his hand, in which he read in the intervals of our discourse, I inquired what it was, and learned to my particular satisfaction that it was a volume of the *New Eloise*. Ladies, after this, will you contend that a love for the FANCY is incompatible with the cultivation of sentiment?—We jogged on as before, my friend setting me up in a genteel drab great coat and green silk handker-

chief (which I must say became me exceedingly,) and after stretching our legs for a few miles, and seeing Jack Randall, Ned Turner, and Scroggins, pass on the top of one of the Bath coaches, we engaged with the driver of the second to take us to London for the usual fee. I got inside, and found three other passengers. One of them was an old gentleman with an aquiline nose, powdered hair, and a pigtail, and who looked as if he had played many a rubber at the Bath rooms. I said to myself, he is very like Mr. Windham; I wish he would enter into conversation, that I might hear what fine observations would come from those finely-turned features. However, nothing passed, till, stopping to dine at Reading, some inquiry was made by the company about the fight, and I gave (as the reader may believe) an eloquent and animated description of it. When we got into the coach again, the old gentleman, after a graceful exordium, said, he had, when a boy, been to a fight between the famous Broughton and George Stevenson, who was called the *Fighting Coachman*, in the year 1770, with the late Mr. Windham. This beginning flattered the spirit of prophecy within me, and he riveted my attention. He went on—"George Stevenson was coachman to a friend of my father's. He was an old man when I saw him some years afterwards. He took hold of his own arm and said, 'there was muscle here once, but now it is no more than this young gentleman's.' He added, 'well, no matter; I have been here long, I am willing to go hence, and hope I have done no more harm than another man.' Once," said my unknown companion, "I asked him if he had ever beat Broughton? He said Yes; that he had fought with him three times, and the last time he fairly beat him, though the world did not allow it. 'I'll tell you how it was, master. When the seconds lifted us up in the last round, we were so exhausted, that neither of us could stand, and we fell upon one another, and as Master Broughton fell uppermost, the mob gave it in his favour, and he was said to have won the battle. But,' says he, 'the fact was, that as his second (John Cuthbert) lifted him up, he said to him, 'I'll fight no more, I've had enough;' which," says Stevenson, 'you know gave me the victory. And to prove to you that this was the case, when John Cuthbert was on his death-bed, and they asked him if there was any thing on his mind which he wished to confess, he answered, "Yes, that there was one thing he wished to set right, for that certainly Master Stevenson won that last fight with Master Broughton; for he whispered him as he lifted him up in the last round of all, that he had had enough."'" "This," said the Bath gentleman, "was a bit of human nature;" and I have written this account of the fight on purpose that it might not be lost to the world. He also stated as a proof of the candour of mind in this class of men, that Stevenson acknowledged that Broughton could have beat him in his best day; but that he (Broughton) was getting old in their last rencounter. When we stopped in Piccadilly, I wanted to ask the gentleman some questions about the late Mr. Windham, but had not courage. I got out, resigned my coat and green silk handkerchief to Pigott (loth to part with these ornaments of life), and walked home in high spirits.

P. S. Toms called upon me the next day, to ask me if I did not think the fight was a complete thing? I said I thought it was. I hope he will relish my account of it.

PHANTASTES.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN. BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

LETTER IX.

Seville, — 1803.

I HAVE connected few subjects with more feelings of disgust and pain than that of the Religious Orders in this country. The evil of this institution, as it relates to the male sex, is so unmixed, and unredeemed by any advantage, and its abuse, as applied to females, so common and cruel, that I recoil involuntarily from the train of thought which I feel rising in my mind. But the time approaches, or my wishes overstep my judgment, when this and such gross blemishes of society will be finally extirpated from the face of the civilized world. The struggle must be long and desperate; and neither the present nor the ensuing generation are likely to see the end. Let me, however, flatter myself with the idea, that by exposing the mischievous effects of the existing system, I am contributing—no matter how little—towards its final destruction. Such a notion alone can give me courage to proceed.

Gibbon has delineated, with his usual accuracy, the origin and progress of monastic life;* and to his elegant pages I must refer you for information on the historical part of my subject. But his account does not come down to the establishment of the Mendicant Orders of Friars. The distinction, however, between these and the Monks is not very important. The Monks, as the original name implies, retired from the world to live in perfect solitude. As these fanatics increased, many associations were formed, whose members, professing the same rule of religious life, were distinguished by the appropriate name of *Cœnobites*.† When, at length, the frantic spirit which drove thousands to live like wild beasts in the deserts, had relaxed, and the original *Eremites* were gradually gathered into the more social establishment of convents, the original distinction was forgotten, and the primitive name of Monks became prevalent. Still holding up their claims to be considered *Anachorites*, even when they had become possessed of lands and princely incomes, their monasteries were founded in the neighbourhood, but never within the precincts of towns; and though the service of their churches is splendid, it is not intended for the benefit of the people, and the Monks are seldom seen either in the pulpit or the confessional.

The Friars date their origin from the beginning of the 13th century, and were instituted for the express purpose of acting as auxiliaries to the clergy. Saint Dominic, the most odious, and Saint Francis, the most frantic of modern saints, enlisted their holy troops without any limitation of number; for, by quartering them on the productive population of Christendom, the founders took no concern for the daily supply of their numerous followers.

The Dominicans, however, having succeeded in the utter destruction of the Albigenses, and subsequently monopolized for more than three centuries the office of inquisitors, enriched themselves with the spoils of their victims, and are in the enjoyment of considerable wealth. The Franciscans continue to thrive upon alms: and trusting the promise made to Saint Francis, in a vision, that his followers should never feel

* Chapter xxxvii.

Vol. III. No. 14.—1822.

† Persons who live in common.

want, they urge the abundant supplies which flow daily into their convents as a permanent miracle which attests the celestial origin of their order. With the historical proofs of Saint Francis's financial vision I confess myself perfectly unacquainted. But when I consider that the general or chief of those holy beggars derives from the collections daily made by his friars a personal income of twenty thousand a year, I cannot withhold my assent to its genuineness; for who, except a supernatural being, could possess such a thorough knowledge of the absurdity of mankind?

It would be tedious to enter into a description of the numerous Orders comprehended under the two classes of Monks and Friars. The distinguishing characters of the first are wealth, ease, and indulgence—those of the last, vulgarity, filth, and vice. I shall only add that, among the Monks, the Benedictines are at the top of the scale for learning and decency of manners, while the Hieronimites deservedly occupy the bottom. To the Friars I am forced to apply the Spanish proverb—“There is little choice in a mangy flock.” The Franciscans, however, both from their multitude and their low habits of mendicity, may be held as the proper representatives of all that is most objectionable in the religious orders.

The inveterate superstition which still supports these institutions among us has lost, of late, its power to draw recruits to the cloister from the middle and higher classes. Few monks, and scarcely a friar, can be found, who, by taking the cowl, has not escaped a life of menial toil. Boys of this rank of life are received as novices at the age of fourteen, and admitted, after a year's probation, to the perpetual vows of *obedience*, *poverty*, and *celibacy*. Engagements so discordant with the first laws of human nature could hardly stand the test of time, even if they arose from the deepest feelings of enthusiasm. But this affection of the mind is seldom found in our convents. The year of novitiate is spent in learning the cant and gestures of the vilest hypocrisy, as well as in strengthening, by the example of the professed young friars, the original gross manners and vicious habits of the probationers.* The result of such a system is but too visible. It is a common jest among the friars themselves, that in the act of taking the vows, when the superior of the convent draws the cowl over the head of the probationer, he uses the words *Tolle verecundiam*—“Put off shame.” And, indeed, were the friars half so true to their profession as they are to this supposed injunction, the Church of Rome would really teem with saints. Shameless in begging, they share the scanty meal of the labourer, and extort a portion of every produce of the earth from the farmer. Shameless in conduct, they spread vice and demoralization among the lower classes, secure in the respect which is felt for their profession, that they may engage in a course of profligacy without any risk of exposure. When an instance of gross misconduct obtrudes itself upon the eyes of the public, every pious person thinks it his duty to hush up the report, and cast a veil on the transaction.

* The Spanish satirical romance “Fray Gerundio de Campazas,” contains a lively picture of the internal economy of a convent. It was written by a Jesuit of the name of Isla, not with the view of making the religious orders contemptible, but for the purpose of checking the foppery and absurdity of the popular preachers. Yet this work could not escape the censures of the Inquisition.

Even the sword of justice is glanced aside from these consecrated criminals. I shall not trouble you with more than two cases, out of a thousand, which prove the power of this popular feeling.

The most lucrative employment for friars, in this town, is preaching. I have not the means to ascertain the number of sermons delivered at Seville in the course of the year; but there is good reason to suppose that the average cannot be less than twelve a-day. One popular preacher, a clergyman, I know, who scarcely passes one day without mounting the pulpit, and reckons on three sermons every four-and-twenty hours during the last half of Lent.

Of these indefatigable preachers, the greatest favourite is a young Franciscan friar, called Padre R——z, whose only merit consists in a soft clear-toned voice, a tender and affectionate manner, and an incredible fluency of language. Being, by his profession, under a vow of absolute poverty, and the Franciscan rule carrying this vow so far as not to allow the members of the order to touch money, it was generally understood that the produce of these apostolical labours was faithfully deposited to be used in common by the whole religious community. An incident, however, which lately came to light, has given us reason to suspect that we are not quite in the secret of the internal management of these societies of saintly paupers, and that individual industry is rewarded among them with a considerable share of profits. A young female cousin of the zealous preacher in question was living quite alone in a retired part of this town, where her relative paid her, it should seem, not unfrequent visits. Few, however, except her obscure neighbours, suspected her connexion with the friar, or had the least notion of her existence. An old woman attended her in the day-time, and retired in the evening, leaving her mistress alone in the house. One morning the street was alarmed by the old servant, who, having gained admittance, as usual, by means of a private key, found the young woman dead in her bed, the room and other parts of the house being stained with blood. It was clear, indeed, upon a slight inspection of the body, that no violence had taken place; yet the powerful interest excited at the moment, and before measures had been taken to hush the whole matter, spread the circumstances of the case all over the town, and brought the fact to light that the house itself belonged to the friar, having been purchased by an agent with the money arising from his sermons. The hungry vultures of the law would have reaped an abundant harvest upon any lay individual who had been involved in such a train of suspicious circumstances. But, probably, a proper *douceur* out of the sermon fees increased their pious tenderness for the friar; while he was so emboldened by the disposition of the people to shut their eyes on every circumstance which might sully the fair name of a son of Saint Francis, that, a few days after the event, he preached a sermon, denouncing the curse of Heaven on the impious individuals who could harbour a belief derogatory to his sacred character.

Crimes of the blackest description were left unpunished during the last reign, from a fixed and avowed determination of the King not to inflict the punishment of death upon a priest. Townsend has mentioned the murder of a young lady committed by a friar at San Lucar de Barrameda; and I would not repeat the painful narrative, were it not that my acquaintance with some of her relatives, as well as with

the spot on which she fell, enables me to add accuracy to his statement:

"A young lady, of a very respectable family in the above-mentioned town, had for her confessor a friar of the Reformed or *Unshod* Carmelites. I have often visited in the house where she lived in front of the convent. Thither her mother took her every day to mass, and frequently to confession. The priest, a man of middle age, had conceived a passion for his young penitent, which, not venturing to disclose, he madly fed by visiting the unsuspecting girl with all the frequency which the spiritual relation in which he stood towards her, and the friendship of her parents, allowed him. The young woman, now about nineteen, had an offer of a suitable match, which she accepted with the approbation of her parents. The day being fixed for the marriage, the bride, according to custom, went, attended by her mother, early in the morning to church, to confess and receive the sacrament. After giving her absolution, the confessor, stung with the madness of jealousy, was observed whetting a knife in the kitchen. The unfortunate girl had, in the mean time, received the host, and was now leaving the church, when the villain, her confessor, meeting her in the porch, and pretending to speak a few words in her ear—a liberty to which his office entitled him—stabbed her to the heart in the presence of her mother. The assassin did not endeavour to escape. He was committed to prison; and after the usual delays of the Spanish law, he was condemned to death. The King, however, commuted this sentence into a confinement for life in a fortress at Puerto Rico. The only anxiety ever shown by the murderer was on the success of his crime. He made frequent inquiries to ascertain the death of the young woman; and the assurance that no man could possess the object of his passion seemed to make him happy during the remainder of a long life."

Instances of enthusiasm are so rare, even in the most austere Orders, that there is strong ground to suspect its seeds are destroyed by a pervading corruption of morals. The Observant Franciscans, the most numerous community in this town, have not been able to set up a living saint after the death, which happened four or five years since, of the last in the series of servants to the Order, who, for time immemorial, have been a source of honour and profit to that convent. Besides the lay-brothers, a kind of upper servants under religious vows, but excluded from the dignity of holy orders, the friars admit some peasants, under the name of *Donados-Donati*, in the Latin of the middle ages, who, like their predecessors of servile condition, give themselves up, as their name expresses it, to the service of the convent. As these people are now-a-days at liberty to leave their voluntary servitude, none are admitted but such as by the weakness of their understanding, and the natural timidity arising from a degree of imbecility, are expected to continue for life in a state of religious bondage. They wear the habit of the Order, and are employed in the most menial offices, except such as, being able to act, or rather to bear the character of extraordinary sanctity, are sent about the town to collect alms for their employers. These idiot saints are seen daily with a vacillating step, and a look of the deepest humility, bearing about an image of the child Jesus, to which a basket for alms is appended, and offering, not

their hand, which is the privilege of priests, but the end of their right sleeve, to be kissed by the pious. To what influence these miserable beings are sometimes raised, may be learned from a few particulars of the life of Hermanito Sebastian (Little brother Sebastian) the last but one of the Franciscan collectors in this town.

During the last years of Philip V. Brother Sebastian was presented to the *Infantes*, the king's sons, that he might confer a blessing upon them. The courtiers present, observing that he took most notice of the king's third son, Don Carlos, observed to him that his respects were chiefly due to the eldest, who was to be king. "Nay, nay, (it is reported he answered, pointing to his favourite) this shall be king too." Some time after this interview Don Carlos was, by the arrangements which put an end to the Succession War, made Sovereign Prince of Parma. Conquest subsequently raised him to the throne of Naples; and, lastly, the failure of direct heirs to his brother Ferdinand VI. put him in possession of the crown of Spain. His first and unexpected promotion to the sovereignty of Parma had strongly impressed Don Carlos with the idea of Sebastian's knowledge of futurity. But when, after the death of the prophet, he found himself on the throne of Spain, he thought himself bound in honour and duty to obtain from the Pope the *Beatification*, or Apotheosis, of *Little Sebastian*. The Church of Rome, however, knowing the advantages of strict adherence to rules and forms, especially when a king stands forward to pay the large fees incident to such trials, kept on at a pace, compared to which your Court of Chancery would seem to move with the velocity of a meteor. But when the day arrived for the exhibition, before the Holy Congregation of Cardinals, of all papers whatever which might exist in the hand-writing of the candidate for saintship, and it was found necessary to lay before their Eminences an original letter, which the King carried about his person as an amulet, good Carlos found himself in a most perplexing dilemma. Distracted between his duty to his ghostly friend, and his fears of some personal misfortune during the absence of the letter, he exerted the whole influence of his crown through the Spanish ambassador at Rome, that the trial might proceed upon the inspection of an authentic copy of the precious letter. The Pope, however, was inexorable, and nothing could be done without the autograph. The king's ministers at home, on the other hand, finding him restless, and scarcely able to enjoy the daily amusement of the chase, succeeded, at length, in bringing about a plan for the exhibition of the letter, which, though attended with an inevitable degree of anxiety and pain to his Majesty, was nevertheless the most likely to spare his feelings. The most active and trusty of the Spanish messengers was chosen to convey the invaluable epistle to Rome, and his speed was secured by the promise of a large reward. Orders were then sent to the ambassador to have the Holy Congregation assembled on the morning when the messenger had engaged to arrive at the Vatican. By this skilful and deep-laid plan of operations the letter was not detained more than half an hour at Rome; and another courier returned it with equal speed to Spain. From the moment when the King tore himself from the sacred paper, till it was restored to his hands, he did not venture once out of the palace. I have given these particulars on the authority of a man no less known in Spain for the high station he

has filled, than for his public virtues and talents. He has been minister of state to the present King Charles IV., and is intimately acquainted with the secret history of the preceding reign.*

Great remnants of self-tormenting fanaticism are still found among the Carthusians. Of this Order we have two monasteries in Andalusia, one on the banks of the Guadalquivir, within two miles of our gates, and another at Xeres, or Sherry, as that town was formerly called in England, a name which its wines still bear. These monasteries are rich in land and endowments, and consequently afford the monks every comfort, which is consistent with their rule. But all the wealth in the universe could not give those wretched slaves of superstition a single moment of enjoyment. The unhappy man who binds himself with the Carthusian vows, may consider the precincts of the cell allotted him as his tomb. The monks spend daily eight or nine hours in the chapel, without any music to relieve the monotony of the service. At midnight they are roused from their beds, to which they retire at sunset, and they chaunt matins till four in the morning. Two hours' rest are allowed them between that service and morning prayers. Mass follows, with a short interruption, and great part of the afternoon is allotted to vespers. No communication is permitted between the monks, except two days in the week, when they assemble during an hour for conversation. Confined to their cells when not attending church-service, even their food is left them in a wheel-box, such as are used in the nunneries,† from which they take it when hungry, and eat it in perfect solitude. A few books and a small garden, in which they rear a profusion of flowers, are the only resources of these unfortunate beings. To these privations they add an absolute abstinence from flesh, which they vow not to taste even at the risk of their lives.

I have on different occasions spent a day with some friends at the Hospederia, or Strangers' Lodge, at the Carthusians of Seville, where it is the duty of the steward, the only monk who is allowed to mix in society, to entertain any male visitors who, with a proper introduction, repair to the monastery. The steward I knew before my visit to England, had been a merchant. After several voyages to Spanish America, he had retired from the world, which, it was evident in some unguarded moments, he had known and loved too well to have entirely forgotten it. His frequent visits to the town, ostensibly upon business, were not entirely free from suspicion among the idle and inquisitive; and I have some reason to believe that these rumours were found too well grounded by his superiors. He was deprived of the stewardship, and disappeared for ever from the haunts of men.

The austerity of the Carthusian rule of life would cast but a transient gloom on the mind of an enlightened observer, if he could be sure that the misery he beheld was voluntary, that hope kept a crown of glory before the eyes of every wretched prisoner, and that no unwilling victim of a temporary illusion was pining for light and liberty under the tombstone sealed over him by religious tyranny. But neither the view of the monks fixed as statues in the stalls of their gloomy church, nor those that are seen in the darkest recesses of the cloisters, prostrate on the marble pavement, where, wrapt up in their large white

* Jovellanos.

† See Letter VIII.

wantles, they spend many an hour in meditation, nor the bent, gliding figures which wander among the earthy mounds under the orange-trees of the cemetery—that least melancholy spot within the walls of the monastery—nothing, I say, did ever so harrow my feelings in that mansion of sorrow as the accidental meeting of a repining prisoner. This was a young monk, who, to my great surprise, addressed me as I was looking at the pictures in one of the cloisters of the Carthusians near Seville, and very politely offered to show me his cell. He was perfectly unknown to me, and I have every reason to believe that I was equally so to him. Having admired his collection of flowers, we entered into a literary conversation, and he asked me whether I was fond of French literature. Upon my showing some acquaintance with the writers of that nation, and expressing a mixed feeling of surprise and interest at hearing a Carthusian venturing upon that topic, the poor young man was so thrown off his guard, that, leading me to a book-case, he put into my hands a volume of Voltaire's *Pièces Fugitives*, which he spoke of with rapture. I believe I saw a volume of Rousseau's works in the collection; yet I suspect that this unfortunate man's select library consisted of amatory, rather than philosophical works. The monk's name is unknown to me, though I learned from him the place of his birth, and many years have elapsed since this strange meeting, which, from its insulation amidst the events and impressions of my life, I compare to an interview with an inhabitant of the invisible world. But I shall never forget the thrilling horror I felt, when the abyss of misery where that wretched being was plunged broke suddenly upon my mind. I was young, and had, till that moment, mistaken the nature of enthusiasm. Fed as I saw it in a Carthusian convent, I firmly believed it could not be extinguished but with life. This ocular evidence against my former belief was so painful, that I hastened my departure, leaving the devoted victim to his solitude, there to await the odious sound of the bell which was to disturb his sleep, if the subsequent horror of having committed himself with a stranger allowed him that night to close his eyes.

Though the number of Hermits is not considerable in Spain; we are not without some establishments on the plan of the *Lauras* described by Gibbon.* The principal of these solitudes is Monserrat in Catalonia, an account of which you will find in most books of travels. My own observation on this point does not, however, extend beyond the hermitages of Cordoba, which, I believe, rank next to the above-mentioned.

The branch of Sierra Morena, which to the north of Cordoba separates Andalusia from La Mancha, rises abruptly within six miles of that city. On the first ascent of the hills the country becomes exceedingly beautiful. The small rivulets which freshen the valleys, aided by the powerful influence of a southern atmosphere, transform these spots, during April and May, into the most splendid gardens. Roses and lilies, of the largest cultivated kinds, have sown themselves in the greatest profusion upon every space left vacant by the mountain-herbs and shrubs, which form wild and romantic hedges to these native flower-knots.† But as you approach the mountain-tops

* Chapter xxxvii.

† Aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multa
Alba rosâ.

Æn. xii. 68,

to the right and left, the rock begins to appear, and the scanty soil, scorched and pulverized by the sun, becomes unfit for vegetation. Here stands a barren hill of difficult approach on all sides, and precipitous towards the plain; its rounded head inclosed within a rude stone parapet breast high, a small church rising in the centre, and about twenty brick tenements irregularly scattered about it. The dimensions of these huts allow just sufficient room for a few boards raised about a foot from the ground, which, covered with a mat, serve for a bed, a trivet to sit upon, and a diminutive deal table supporting a crucifix, a human skull, and one or two books of devotion. The door is so low that it cannot be passed without stooping; and the whole habitation is ingeniously contrived to exclude every comfort. As visiting and talking together is forbidden to the hermits, and the cells are at some distance from one another, a small bell is hung over the door of each to call for assistance in case of sickness or danger. The hermits meet at chapel every morning to hear mass and receive the sacrament from the hands of a secular priest, for none of them are admitted to orders. After chapel they retire to their cells, where they pass their time in reading, meditation, plaiting mats, making little crosses of Spanish broom, which people carry about them as a preservative from erysipelas, and manufacturing instruments of penance, such as scourges and a sort of wire bracelets bristled inside with points, called *Cilicios*, which are worn next the skin by the *ultra-pious* among the Catholics. Food, consisting of pulse and herbs, is distributed once a day to the hermits, leaving them to use it when they please. These devotees are usually peasants, who, seized with religious terrors, are driven to this strange method of escaping eternal misery in the next world. But the hardships of their new profession are generally less severe than those to which they were subject by their lot in life; and they find ample amends for their loss of liberty in the certainty of food and clothing without labour, no less than in the secret pride of superior sanctity, and the consequent respect of the people.

Thus far these hermitages excite more disgust than compassion. But when, distracted by superstition, men of a higher order and more delicate feelings fly to these solitudes as to a hiding-place from mental terrors, the consequences are often truly melancholy. Among the hermits of Cordoba, I found a gentleman who, three years before, had given up his commission in the army, where he was a colonel of artillery, and, what is perhaps more painful to a Spaniard, his cross of one of the ancient orders of knighthood. He joined our party, and showed more pleasure in conversation than is consistent with that high fever of enthusiasm, without which his present state of life must have been worse than death itself. We stood upon the brow of the rock, having at our feet the extensive plains of Lower Andalusia, watered by the Guadalquivir, the ancient city of Cordoba with its magnificent cathedral in front, and the mountains of Jaén sweeping majestically to the left. The view was to me, then a very young man, truly grand and imposing; and I could not help congratulating the hermit on the enjoyment of a scene which so powerfully affected the mind, and wrapt it up in contemplation. "Alas! (he answered with an air of dejection) I have seen it every day these three years!" As hermits are not bound to their profession by irrevocable vows, perhaps this unfortunate

man has, after a long and painful struggle, returned to the habitations of men, to hide his face in some obscure corner, bearing the reproach of apostacy and backsliding from the bigoted, and the sneer of ridicule from the thoughtless, his prospects blasted for ever in this world, and darkened by fear and remorse as to the next. Wo to the man or woman who publicly engages his services to religion, under the impression that they shall be allowed to withdraw them upon a change of views, or an abatement of fervour. The very few establishments of this kind, where solemn vows do not banish the hopes of liberty for ever, are full of captives, who would fain burst the invisible chains that bind them, and cannot. The church and her leaders are extremely jealous of such defections: and as few or none dare raise the veil of the sanctuary, redress is nearly impossible for such as trust themselves within it. But of this more in my next.

L. D.

PHYSIOGNOMY AND CRANIOLOGY.

"Physiognomy unites hearts: it alone forms intimate and lasting connexions; and friendship, that heavenly sentiment, has no foundation more solid." LAVATER.

CREDULITY, if it be of good faith and in no wise affected, is a very taking disorder. The *bonhomme* by which a man imposes on himself, wears such an aspect of sincerity, that it is more painful to misbelieve than to be deceived. The great influence that Lavater exercises over his readers must be owing chiefly to this. The very mention of his name excites a laugh from those who have never read and from those who have forgotten him; but none can resist persuasion at the time of perusal. For the old it is a fascinating book, for the young a dangerous one; it is written with all the simplicity of a child, and contains pretty pictures into the bargain. Therefore it is advisable to keep it out of the way of little folk, unless parents would have them (and I have seen such) most unaccountably curious about the eyes, ears, mouths, and noses of every stranger that enters the room.

Those *short-cuts* to a knowledge of mankind are very tempting: there can be no mode imagined for ascertaining characters in this physical way, that will not attract attention and become more or less popular for a time. But it is much to be feared, or rather indeed much to be hoped, that none of them will succeed. It would be inconvenient even for the best of us to be rendered legible in this summary manner, to be compelled

"To wear our hearts upon our sleeves—
For daws to peck at,"

and to have an impertinent eye discover in the curl of one's nose some villanous propensity, that we ourselves had been unable to discover at the bottom of our hearts. The consequence of such a gift of universal penetration would be, that the world would go masked: "the human face divine" would be no more visible, but would remain ensconced behind some screen capable of defying the infernal brood of physiognomists and craniologists for ever. In short, we should carry our heads cased in steel, in brass, or some such thing, and, instead of calling for soap to wash one's face of a morning, it is the blacksmith we should

require to come and rivet it, or some other tradesfolk to burnish or to gild it, according to the rank of the owner, and the value of his skull-cap. What a revolution would ensue from this cursed new light!—Only conceive an assembly of petticoats with a gilt ball on the top of each instead of a head coiffed *à la Grecque* or *à la Madonne*. As to the ladies, they could never show their faces in such a state of affairs—for then adieu, coquetry, prudery, affectation!—the happy lover would read in his fair one's eyes all he wanted, and the sweet hesitation of tongue would be banished for ever. What strange shifts and perplexities would the professions be put to! Lawyers, for all their proverbial brass, would wear the back of their wigs before to conceal their visages; and yet that mode would be dangerous, as it might leave displayed behind some organs not to the credit of their gravity. The clergy, especially those of foreign lands, have evidently long foreseen the craniological doctrine: the tonsure just stops at the organ of amatori-ness, leaving it concealed, while it fully displays that of charity. We also owe to them the invention of wigs, the bitterest enemies Gall and Spurzheim ever had to contend with—so that we may reckon them prepared against the evil effects of this all-piercing science. The medical tribe deserve no pity, as they are intimately connected with the destructive doctrines we lament; and it is to be hoped they will fall the first victims, for if there be any equity in organs, that of quackery must be a huge one.

The worthy professors of physiognomy and its sister science ought to look before them, and consider a little, ere they proceed thus to set the world by the ears, and ruin the whole collection of hatters, barbers, tutors, and cosmetic doctors; in short, all the fraternities that live by adorning the outside of the head. They themselves must be annihilated in the end, by being deprived of the very materials to work upon; they can never hope to make a skull a bone of contention till it is *bonâ-fide* a bone, and nothing but one. They must bid good-bye to living heads, which shut up in their brass and silver cases, will make altogether the most polished generation the world has ever seen. Nevertheless, it must be allowed that a great many advantages must arise from the innovation: there could be no dissimulation of feature, no sheep's eyes, nor any whispering, or kissing—metal skulls are not favourable to such operations. Nor could there be any secrets of importance: if two statesmen were but to lay their heads together, the whole town would hear the clatter. And what would be a greater improvement than that just mentioned there could be no pretending to secrets of importance, the received method of so pretending being rendered inconvenient—it would puzzle Lord Burleigh to shake his head three times, as he does in the Critic, were it enveloped in so many stone weight of solid copper. All these benefits, however, cannot outweigh the disadvantages of being converted into a set of walking sauce-pans; so let us be contented with ignorance, and wear our faces in the broad daylight.

Although we may justly dread to see these arts arrive at perfection, the partial cultivation of them is very amusing. They form an endless fund of conjecture, experiment, and system, quite as useful, and much more innocent, than dabbling in metaphysics. To rest no faith in them, but merely to catch and enjoy coincidences, will furnish de-

lightful subjects of cogitation for many a vacant hour; which besides can be most easily practised at the times when vacancy is most distressing—in disagreeable company—in theatres before the curtain rises—in mobs, that with noise and odour leave no sense but the eye at liberty—in the House when — is on his legs. In short, this habit of observation, with a view to a certain system, is a pocket companion, that serves to amuse and occupy, when every thing else fails. Observation alone, besides that its gleanings are lost to the memory, cannot support a long succession of thought by itself. It catches such and such an idea, forms such and such an opinion, and is done. But this, when carried on in connexion with a system, not only establishes every new idea in its proper place in the memory, but stirs up the whole mind to thought by making every object, be it ever so pretty, relate to some one greater. The mind is extremely given to systematize, it is its nature; nor has it a tendency more useful, nor one which has been more perniciously abused.

Nor is the moral tendency of these studies to be overlooked. It has been before mentioned in this publication, how much the indulgence of morbid feeling is combated by the discovery, that the organ of melancholy is the same with that of cowardice. And Lavater's doctrine, that the habitual thoughts and propensities of the mind become depicted in the countenance, has, to my own knowledge, arrested youth in an unreflecting career of licentiousness. Few people are conscious how just the opinion is, and how little the accurate observer is deceived: many that pretend to good behaviour show their faces without fears, nor suspect that they are at all betrayed by "the eye" of Ananias, "round which the word rake is written in most legible black letters." It is difficult to reconcile this argument of the alterative influence of mind upon the features with the well-known story of Socrates and the physiognomist, or with the rules that assign certain propensities to the immutable parts of the face. We cannot suppose that all the mortification of La Trappe would fill up the dangerous dimple of a luxurious chin, or that any degree of humiliation could break the bridge of a Roman nose. For original character the stationary features must be consulted—the forehead, the nose, and chin; for acquired, we must peruse the mutable ones—the eyes and mouth. Poets have abused the eyes for being notorious traitors: they certainly seem eminently formed for expression, yet I think we are apt to bestow on them too much credit, as we are apt to do to all pretty informers. They are the centre to which the motion of every muscle is referred; and, after scanning the various parts of the face, we seek in them for the sum. And thus they obtain the reputation of disclosing what in reality was elicited from the several other features. Take an eye by itself, distinct and separate, and what can you read in it? Unconnected, it is the most insignificant of the features; from a nose, a chin, a mouth, you can conjecture something, but from an eye alone, leaving the socket out of consideration, not one inference can be drawn. What can painters make of an eye?—Nothing;—yet it is there the expression of the picture is centered. In short, this piece of animal mechanism is nought but a little mirror—taken by itself merely bright—but owing all its beauty and expression to the objects it reflects.

The lips seem to me the most interesting and intelligent contemplation. There is more diversity in them than in any other feature; their outline is capable of marking all shades from the highest degree of sensibility to the lowest of brutality; and being the most flexible and most agitated, they undergo more changes than any other part of the visage. The nose is not of such consequence—by it we are to judge of a passing face—of one at a distance; it consequently expresses the common attribute of character, the only one we have need to perceive. But the mouth presents itself to the inspection of intimacy and friendship, and therefore is calculated to mark the nice shades of character and temper, which it imports those to become acquainted with who live much together. The best way to judge of a friend is from his own mouth,—he can have no objection to the mode. In people of great sensibility, it is the lips that first feel internal agitation; the fever of anxiety or anger, the pallor of fear or despair, are communicated to them earlier than they are visible in the eyes. People of strong feelings too are compelled to acquire dissimulation, and it is over the eye and muscle of the cheek they exert it: the calm face and blank eye contradict emotion, the tremulous lip betrays it. But let us not proceed farther in these *minutiæ*, for fear the reader should suspect we are but *making mouths* at him.

The writer of this article once took the trouble to form a system of lips, and had proceeded pretty far to his own satisfaction, when the view of one face utterly upset his card-fabric—it was that of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The pictures and busts of this great artist, among them the likeness taken by himself, represent him almost without an upper lip; his mouth is represented by a dark stroke, the upper part fixed seemingly to his teeth. This, according to my ideas, was indicative of an utter want of taste—a defect that could not, by any stretch, be applied to the celebrated artist. I supposed it, however, to express a paucity of feeling; and Sir Joshua seems to have had but little beyond what he possessed for his art. The next stumbling-block was that of Dryden: his face is eminently poetical, yet I should have expected delicacy from his lips—and he had none, a want of delicacy being his chief defect. This quality is one of taste more than of temperament perhaps, and should not be inferred directly. It is difficult to imagine a natural want of delicacy connected with the exquisite feeling that produced “Alexander’s Feast.” There was a sudden coarseness that sprang up in that regenerated age, first overwhelming the elegant manners and taste that prevailed in the court of the first Charles, and then yielding to a spirit as coarse, though at the opposite extremity of licentiousness. This leads me to a face from which I received a stronger impression than from any other, living or represented—it is that of Lord Strafford by Vandyke. The aspect strikes at first as coarse, seemingly pock-marked; but such rigour, such pride, such “beautiful disdain,” and in fine, such nobility seems to burst from it, that I can no longer wonder at the inexorability of the enemies who dreaded him. The picture remains in my mind, as the ideal of a warrior and a statesman united;—perhaps this is but homage to the painter, I should be sorry if it was not more to the man. But what system can reconcile the resemblance of men of most opposite characters to each other?—Poussin and Oliver Cromwell, for instance. The picture of the former

in the Louvre, painted by himself, is scarcely to be distinguished from those of the Protector; yet, could they have had one feeling in common? The head of Epicurus is another anomaly: he looks the most forlorn of mankind, and so he should have been perhaps, were we to conclude from the natural result of his philosophy; but the light in which he is handed down to us by history, forms a curious contrast with his long melancholy visage.

The countenances of the ancients, like their characters, had much national, but little individual variety, which fact strongly corroborates the doctrine of the effect of sentiment upon feature. Their cast of visage, therefore, still remains the ideal of a public personage; heroes and legislators we expect to see moulded after the Greek and Roman. But the arts have carried this reverence too far, in assigning the same form to female beauty and manly sensibility—the Grecian outline is perhaps the most inexpressive a human face can be confined in well, that is, the most incapable of expressing individual passion. The Mars' and Venuses of painting are very marble; the attempt to illumine those hard-bound faces with tenderness and passion is always a ludicrous failure. In the famous picture by Guérin, of Æneas relating his adventures to Dido, the Trojan hero seems as if he were snarling—the artist meant to have made him extremely pathetic. The only successful mode of depicting on canvass the private passions of those nations, is to do it negatively—to show them suppressed, and leave them to supposition; such is the scene of Coriolanus before his wife and mother ere he yields; Brutus, Leonidas, &c. To represent the ancients with modern aspects would be more ridiculous—the *Brutus* of David are all Frenchmen and assassins, there is not a spark of Roman grandeur visible. The *Tatius* of the same painter is also a French head, which does not at all seem to fit the shoulders of the wearer. His *Romulus* is of no nation under the sun, it is for all the world like a cock crowing. What applies to our neighbours, applies to us—there must be a revolution in the principles of art with respect to the human head, ere any thing great can be produced in painting.

It is surprising that physiognomy, as connected with the arts, has not been more studied. Theorists are in the habit of contemning portrait-painting, and esteem all representations of the face as portraits; consequently, their researches have been directed towards the rules of general outline and the combination of colour. There is little to be hoped from inquiries, where the only foundation for any thing like a principle is in appeals to a refined and rare species of taste. Lavater's physiognomical researches are far less fantastic, but they are more laughed at, because to perceive their gist is easy. Any doctrine or philosophy that is obscure, should take care to be so in all its parts—it will then at least be respected, for, when people absolutely know nothing, they must be silent. But let them comprehend the smallest particle, they think themselves entitled to form a judgment, and an aspect of simplicity and candour is sure to incur the ridicule of the many.

Y.

THE HAUNCH OF VENISON.

At Number One dwelt Captain Drew,
 George Benson dwelt at Number Two :
 (The street we'll not now mention)
 The latter stunn'd the King's Bench bar,
 The former, being lamed in war,
 Sung small upon a pension.

Tom Blewit knew them both—than he
 None deeper in the mystery
 Of culinary knowledge;
 From Turtle soup to Stilton cheese,
 Apt student, taking his degrees
 In Mrs. Rundell's College.

Benson to dine invited Tom :
 Proud of an invitation from
 A host who "spread" so nicely,
 Tom answer'd, ere the ink was dry,
 "Extremely happy—come on Fri-
 Day next, at six precisely."

Blèwit, with expectation fraught,
 Drove up at six, each savoury thought
 Ideal turbot rich in :
 But, ere he reach'd the winning-post,
 He saw a Haunch of Ven'son roast
 Down in the next-door kitchen.

"Hey! Zounds! what's this? a haunch at Drew's?
 I must drop in: I can't refuse:
 To pass were downright treason:
 To cut Ned Benson's not quite staunch;
 But the provocative—a haunch!
 Zounds! it's the first this season!"

"Ven'son, thou'rt mine! I'll talk no more—"
 Then, rapping thrice at Benson's door,
 "Jolin, I'm in such a hurry!
 Do tell your master that my aunt
 Is paralytic, quite aslant,
 I must be off for Surrey."

Now Tom at next door makes a din—
 "Is Captain Drew at home?"—"Walk in!"—
 "Drew, how d'ye do?"—"What! Blewit?"
 "Yes, I—you've ask'd me, many a day,
 To drop in, in a quiet way,
 So now I'm come to do it."

"I'm very glad you have," said Drew,
 "I've nothing but an Irish stew—"
 Quoth Tom (aside) "No matter,
 "Twon't do—my stomach's up to that,—
 'Twill lie by, till the lucid fat
 Comes quiv'ring on the platter."

"You see your dinner, Tom," Drew cried,
 "No, but I don't though," Tom replied:
 "I smok'd below,"—"What?"—"Ven'son—
 A haunch!"—"Oh! true, it is not mine;
 My neighbour has some friends to dine:—"
 "Your neighbour! who?"—"George Benson."

"His chimney smoked; the scene to change,
 I let him have my kitchen range
 While his was newly polish'd :
 The Ven'son you observed below,
 Went home just half an hour ago :
 I guess it's now demolish'd.
 "Tom, why that look of doubtful dread ?
 Come, help yourself to salt and bread,
 Don't sit with hands and knees up ;
 But dine, for once, off Irish stew,
 And read the 'Dog and Shadow' through,
 When next you open Æsop."

TABLE-TALK.—NO. II.

On Great and Little Things.

"These little things are great to little man." GOLDSMITH.

THE great and the little have, no doubt, a real existence in the nature of things: but they both find pretty much the same level in the mind of man. It is a common measure, which does not always accommodate itself to the size and importance of the objects it represents. It has a certain interest to spare for certain things (and no more), according to its humour and capacity; and neither likes to be stinted in its allowance, nor to muster up an unusual share of sympathy, just as the occasion may require. Perhaps if we could recollect distinctly, we should discover that the two things that have affected us most in the course of our lives have been, one of them of the greatest, and the other of the smallest possible consequence. To let that pass as too fine a speculation, we know well enough that very trifling circumstances do give us great and daily annoyance, and as often prove too much for our philosophy and forbearance, as matters of the highest moment. A lump of soot spoiling a man's dinner, a plate of toast falling in the ashes, the being disappointed of a riband to a cap or a ticket for a ball, have led to serious and almost tragical consequences. Friends not unfrequently fall out and never meet again for some idle misunderstanding, "some trick not worth an egg," who have stood the shock of serious differences of opinion and clashing interests in life; and there is an excellent paper in the *Tatler*, to prove that if a married couple do not quarrel about some point in the first instance, not worth contesting, they will seldom find an opportunity afterwards to quarrel about a question of real importance. Grave divines, great statesmen, and deep philosophers, are put out of their way by very little things: nay, discreet, worthy people, without any pretensions but to good-nature and common sense, readily surrender the happiness of their whole lives sooner than give up an opinion to which they have committed themselves, though in all likelihood it was the mere turn of a feather which side they should take in the argument. It is the being baulked or thwarted in any thing that constitutes the grievance, the unpardonable affront, not the value of the thing to which we had made up our minds. Is it that we despise little things; that we are not prepared for them; that they take us in our careless, unguarded moments, and tease

us out of our ordinary patience by their petty, incessant, insect warfare, buzzing about us and stinging us like gnats; so that we can neither get rid of nor grapple with them, whereas we collect all our fortitude and resolution to meet evils of greater magnitude? Or is it that there is a certain stream of irritability that is continually fretting upon the wheels of life, which finds sufficient food to play with in straws and feathers, while great objects are too much for it, either choke it up, or divert its course into serious and thoughtful interest? Some attempt might be made to explain this in the following manner.

One is always more vexed at losing a game of any sort by a single hole or ace, than if one has never had a chance of winning it. This is no doubt in part or chiefly because the prospect of success irritates the subsequent disappointment. But people have been known to pine and fall sick from holding the next number to the twenty thousand pound prize in the lottery. Now this could only arise from their being so near winning in fancy, from there seeming to be so thin a partition between them and success. When they were within one of the right number, why could they not have taken the next—it was so easy: this haunts their minds and will not let them rest, notwithstanding the absurdity of the reasoning. It is that the will here has a slight imaginary obstacle to surmount to attain its end; it should appear it had only an exceedingly trifling effort to make for this purpose, that it was absolutely in its power (had it known) to seize the envied prize, and it is continually harassing itself by making the obvious transition from one number to the other, when it is too late. That is to say, the will acts in proportion to its fancied power, to its superiority over immediate obstacles. Now in little or indifferent matters there seems no reason why it should not have its own way, and therefore a disappointment vexes it the more. It grows angry according to the insignificance of the occasion, and frets itself to death about an object, merely because from its very futility there can be supposed to be no real difficulty in the way of its attainment, nor any thing more required for this purpose than a determination of the will. The being balked of this throws the mind off its balance, or puts it into what is called a *passion*; and as nothing but an act of voluntary power still seems necessary to get rid of every impediment, we indulge our violence more and more, and heighten our impatience by degrees into a sort of frenzy. The object is the same as it was, but we are no longer as we were. The blood is heated, the muscles are strained. The feelings are wound up to a pitch of agony with the vain strife. The temper is tried to the utmost it will bear. The more contemptible the object or the obstructions in the way to it, the more are we provoked at being hindered by them. It looks like witchcraft. We fancy there is a spell upon us, so that we are hampered by straws and entangled in cobwebs. We believe that there is a fatality about our affairs. It is evidently done on purpose to plague us. A demon is at our elbow to torment and defeat us in every thing, even in the smallest things. We see him sitting and mocking us, and we rave and gnash our teeth at him in return. It is particularly hard that we cannot succeed in any one point, however trifling, that we set our hearts on. We are the sport of imbecility and mischance. We make another desperate effort, and fly out into all the extravagance of im-

potent rage once more. Our anger runs away with our reason, because, as there is little to give it birth, there is nothing to check it or recall us to our senses in the prospect of consequences. We take up and rend in pieces the mere toys of humour, as the gusts of wind take up and whirl about chaff and stubble. Passion plays the tyrant in a grand tragic-comic style, over the Lilliputian difficulties and petty disappointments it has to encounter, gives way to all the fretfulness of grief and all the turbulence of resentment, makes a fuss about nothing because there is nothing to make a fuss about—when an impending calamity, an irretrievable loss, would instantly bring it to its recollection, and tame it in its preposterous career. A man may be in a great passion and give himself strange airs at so simple a thing as a game at ball, for instance; may rage like a wild beast, and be ready to dash his head against the wall about nothing, or about that which he will laugh at the next minute, and think no more of ten minutes after, at the same time that a good smart blow from the ball, the effects of which he might feel as a serious inconvenience for a month, would calm him directly—

“Anon as patient as the female dove,
His silence will sit drooping.”

The truth is, we pamper little griefs into great ones, and bear great ones as well as we can. We can afford to dally and play tricks with the one, but the others we have enough to do with, without any of the wantonness and bombast of passion—without the swaggering of Pistol, or the insolence of King Cambyse's vein. To great evils we submit, we resent little provocations. I have before now been disappointed of a hundred pound job, and lost half-a-crown at rackets on the same day, and been more mortified at the latter than the former. That which is lasting we share with the future, we defer the consideration of till to-morrow: that which belongs to the moment we drink up in all its bitterness, before the spirit evaporates. We probe minute mischiefs to the quick; we lacerate, tear, and mangle our bosoms with misfortune's finest, brittlest point, and wreak our vengeance on ourselves and it for good and all. Small pains are more manageable, more within our reach; we can fret and worry ourselves about them, can turn them into any shape, can twist and torture them how we please:—a grain of sand in the eye, a thorn in the flesh, only irritates the part, and leaves us strength enough to quarrel and get out of all patience with it:—a heavy blow stuns and takes away all power of sense as well as of resistance. The great and mighty reverses of fortune, like the revolutions of nature, may be said to carry their own weight and reason along with them: they seem unavoidable and remediless, and we submit to them without murmuring as to a fatal necessity. The magnitude of the events, in which we may happen to be concerned, fills the mind, and carries it out of itself, as it were, into the page of history. Our thoughts are expanded with the scene on which we have to act, and lend us strength to disregard our own personal share in it. Some men are indifferent to the stroke of fate, as before and after earthquakes there is a calm in the air. From the commanding situation whence they have been accustomed to view things, they look down at themselves as only a part of the whole, and can abstract their minds from the pressure of misfortune, by the aid of its very violence. They are

projected, in the explosion of events, into a different sphere, far from their former thoughts, purposes, and passions. The greatness of the change anticipates the slow effects of time and reflection: they at once contemplate themselves from an immense distance, and look up with speculative wonder at the height on which they stood. Had the downfall been less complete, it would have been more galling and borne with less resignation, because there might still be a chance of remedying it by farther efforts and farther endurance—but *past cure, past hope*. It is chiefly this cause (together with something of constitutional character) which has enabled the greatest man in modern history to bear his reverses of fortune with gay magnanimity, and to submit to the loss of the empire of the world with as little discomposure as if he had been playing a game at chess.* This does not prove by our theory that he did not use to fly into violent passions with Talleyrand for plaguing him with bad news when things went wrong. He was mad at uncertain forebodings of disaster, but resigned to its consummation. A man may dislike impertinence, yet have no quarrel with necessity!

There is another consideration that may take off our wonder at the firmness with which the principles in great vicissitudes of fortune bear their fate, which is, that they are in the secret of its operations, and know that what to others appears chance-medley was unavoidable. The clearness of their perception of all the circumstances converts the uneasiness of doubt into certainty: they have not the qualms of conscience which their admirers have, who cannot tell how much of the event is to be attributed to the leaders, and how much to unforeseen accidents: they are aware either that the result was not to be helped, or that they did all they could to prevent it.

——— “Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.”

It is the mist and obscurity through which we view objects that makes us fancy they might have been, or might still be otherwise. The precise knowledge of antecedents and consequents makes men practical as well as philosophical Necessarians.—It is the want of this knowledge which is the principle and soul of gambling, and of all games of chance or partial skill. The supposition is, that the issue is uncertain, and that there is no positive means of ascertaining it. It is dependent on the turn of a die, on the tossing up of a halfpenny: to be fair, it must be a lottery; there is no knowing but by the event; and it is this which keeps the interest alive, and works up the passion little short of madness. There is all the agitation of suspense, all the alternation of hope and fear, of good and bad success, all the eagerness of desire, without the possibility of reducing this to calculation, that is, of subjecting the increased action of the will to a known rule, or restraining the excesses of passion within the bounds of reason. We see no cause beforehand why the run of the cards should not be in our favour:—we will hear of none afterwards why it should not have been so. As in the absence of all data to judge by, we wantonly fill up the blank with the most extravagant expectations, so, when all is over, we obstinately recur to the chance we had previously. There is nothing to tame us down to the event, nothing to reconcile us to our hard luck, for so we

* This Essay was written in January, 1831.

think it. We see no reason why we failed (and there was none, any more than why we should succeed)—we think that, reason apart, our will is the next best thing; we still try to have it our own way, and fret, torment, and harrow ourselves up with vain imaginations to effect impossibilities.* We play the game over again: we wonder how it was possible for us to fail. We turn our brain with straining at contradictions, and striving to make things what they are not, or in other words, to subject the course of nature to our fantastical wishes. "*If it had been so—if we had done such and such a thing*"—we try it in a thousand different ways, and are just as far off the mark as ever. We appealed to chance in the first instance, and yet, when it has decided against us, we will not give in, and sit down contented with our loss, but refuse to submit to any thing but reason, which has nothing to do with the matter. In drawing two straws, for example, to see which is the longest, there was no apparent necessity we should fix upon the wrong one, it was so easy to have fixed upon the other, nay, at one time we were going to do it—if we had—the mind thus runs back to what was so possible and feasible at one time, while the thing was pending, and would fain give a bias to causes so slender and insignificant, as the skittle-player bends his body to give a bias to the bowl he has already delivered from his hand, not considering that what is once determined, be the causes ever so trivial or evanescent, is in the individual instance unalterable. Indeed, to be a great philosopher, in the practical and most important sense of the term, little more seems necessary than to be convinced of the truth of the maxim, which the wise man repeated to the daughter of King Cophetua, *That if a thing is, it is*, and there is an end of it!

We often make life unhappy in wishing things to have turned out otherwise than they did, merely because that is possible to the imagination which is impossible in fact. I remember, when L——'s farce was damned (for damned it was, that's certain), I used to dream every night for a month after (and then I vowed I would plague myself no more about it) that it was revived at one of the Minor or provincial theatres with great success, that such and such retrenchments and alterations had been made in it, and that it was thought *it might do at the other House*. I had heard, indeed, (this was told in confidence to L——) that *Gentleman Lewis* was present on the night of its performance, and said, that if he had had it, he would have made it, by a few judicious curtailments, "the most popular little thing that had been brought out for some time." How often did I conjure up in recollection the full diapason of applause at the end of the *Prologue*, and hear my ingenious friend in the first row of the pit roar with laughter at his own wit! Then I dwelt with forced complacency on some part in which it had been doing well: then we would consider (in concert) whether the long, tedious opera of the *Travellers*, which preceded it, had not tired people beforehand, so that they had not spirits left for the quaint and sparkling "wit skirmishes" of the dialogue; and we all agreed it might have gone down after a Tragedy, except L—— himself, who swore he had no hopes of it from the beginning, and that he knew the name of the

* Losing gamblers thus become desperate, because the continued and violent irritation of the will against a run of ill luck drives it to extremity, and makes it bid defiance to common sense and every consideration of prudence or self-interest.

hero, when it came to be discovered, could not be got over. Mr. H——, thou wert damned! Bright shone the morning on the play-bills that announced thy appearance, and the streets were filled with the buzz of persons asking one another if they would go to see Mr. H——, and answering that they would certainly: but before night the gaiety, not of the author, but of his friends and the town was eclipsed, for thou wert damned! Hadst thou been anonymous, thou haply mightst have lived. But thou didst come to an untimely end for thy tricks, and for want of a better name to pass them off!

In this manner we go back to the critical minutes on which the turn of our fate, or that of any one else in whom we are interested, depended; try them over again with new knowledge and sharpened sensibility; and thus think to alter what is irrevocable, and ease for a moment the pang of lasting regret. So in a game at rackets* (to compare small things with great) I think if at such a point I had followed up my success, if I had not been too secure or over-anxious in another part, if I had played for such an opening, in short, if I had done any thing but what I did and what has proved unfortunate in the result, the chances were all in my favour. But it is merely because I do not know what would have happened in the other case, that I interpret it so readily to my own advantage. I have sometimes lain awake a whole night, trying to serve out the last ball of an interesting game in a particular corner of the court, which I had missed from a nervous feeling. Rackets (I might observe for the sake of the uninformed reader) is, like any other athletic game, very much a thing of skill and practice: but it is also a thing of opinion, "subject to all the skyey influences." If you think you can win, you can win. Faith is necessary to victory. If you hesitate in striking at the ball, it is ten to one but you miss it. If you are apprehensive of committing some particular error (such as striking the ball *foul*) you will be nearly sure to do it. While thinking of that which you are so earnestly bent upon avoiding, your hand mechanically follows the strongest idea, and obeys the imagination rather than the intention of the striker. A run of luck is a forerunner of success, and courage is as much wanted as skill. No one is however free from nervous sensations at times. A good player may not be able to strike a single stroke if another comes into the court that he has a particular dread of; and it frequently so happens, that a player cannot beat another even, though he can give half the game to an equal player, because he has some associations of jealousy or personal pique against the first which he has not towards the last. *Sed hæc hæcenus.* Chess is a game I do not understand, and have not comprehension enough to play it. But I believe, though it is so much less a thing of chance than science or skill, eager players pass whole nights in marching and counter-marching their men and check-mating a successful adversary, supposing that at a certain point of the game, they had determined upon making a particular move instead of the one which they actually did make. I have heard a story of two persons playing at backgammon, one of whom

* Some of the poets in the beginning of the last century would often set out on a simile by observing—"So in Arabia have I seen a Phoenix!" I confess my illustrations are of a more homely and humble nature.

was so enraged at losing his match at a particular point of the game, that he took the board and threw it out of the window. It fell upon the head of one of the passengers in the street, who came up to demand instant satisfaction for the affront and injury he had sustained. The losing gamester only asked him if he understood backgammon, and finding that he did, said, that if upon seeing the state of the game he did not excuse the extravagance of his conduct, he would give him any other satisfaction he wished for. The tables were accordingly brought, and the situation of the two contending parties being explained, the gentleman put up his sword, and went away perfectly satisfied.—To return from this, which to some will seem a digression, and to others will serve as a confirmation of the doctrine I am insisting on.

It is not then the value of the object, but the time and pains bestowed upon it, that determines the sense and degree of our loss. Many men set their minds only on trifles, and have not a compass of soul to take an interest in any thing truly great and important beyond forms and *minutiæ*. Such persons are really men of little minds, or may be complimented with the title of great children,

“Pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw.”

Larger objects elude their grasp, while they fasten eagerly on the light and insignificant. They fidget themselves and others to death with incessant anxiety about nothing. A part of their dress that is awry keeps them in a fever of restlessness and impatience; they sit picking their teeth, or paring their nails, or stirring the fire, or brushing a speck of dirt off their coats, while the house or the world tumbling about their ears would not rouse them from their morbid insensibility. They cannot sit still on their chairs for their lives, though, if there were any thing for them to do, they would become immoveable. Their nerves are as irritable as their imaginations are callous and inert. They are addicted to an inveterate habit of littleness and perversity, which rejects every other motive to action or object of contemplation but the daily, teasing, contemptible, familiar, favourite sources of uneasiness and dissatisfaction. When they are of a sanguine instead of a morbid temperament, they become *quidnuncs*, and virtuosos—collectors of caterpillars and odd volumes, makers of fishing-rods and curious in watch-chains. Will Wimble dabbled in this way, to his immortal honour. But many others have been less successful. There are those who build their fame on epigrams or epitaphs, and others who devote their lives to writing the Lord's Prayer in little. Some poets compose and sing their own verses. Which character would they have us think most highly of—the poet or the musician? The Great is One. Some there are who feel more pride in sealing a letter with a head of Homer than ever that old blind bard did in reciting his Iliad. These raise a huge opinion of themselves out of nothing, as there are those who shrink from their own merits into the shade of unconquerable humility. I know one person at least, who would rather be the author of an unsuccessful farce than of a successful tragedy. Repeated mortification has produced an inverted ambition in his mind, and made failure the bitter test of desert. He cannot lift his drooping head to gaze on the gaudy crown of popularity placed within his reach, but casts a pensive,

riveted look downwards to the modest flowers which the multitude trample under their feet. If he had a piece likely to succeed, coming out under all advantages, he would damn it by some ill-timed, wilful jest, and lose the favour of the public, to preserve the sense of his personal identity. "Misfortune," Shakspeare says, "brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows:" and it makes our thoughts traitors to ourselves.—It is a maxim with many—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." Those only put it in practice successfully who think more of the pence than of the pounds. To such, a large sum is less than a small one. Great speculations, great returns are to them extravagant or imaginary: a few hundreds a year are something *snug* and comfortable. Persons who have been used to a petty, huckstering way of life cannot enlarge their apprehensions to a notion of any thing better. Instead of launching out into greater expense and liberality with the tide of fortune, they draw back with the fear of consequences, and think to succeed on a broader scale by dint of meanness and parsimony. My Uncle Toby frequently caught Trim standing up behind his chair, when he had told him to be seated. What the corporal did out of respect, others would do out of servility. The menial character does not wear out in three or four generations. You cannot keep some people out of the kitchen, merely because their grandfathers or grandmothers came out of it. A poor man and his wife walking along in the neighbourhood of Portland-place, he said to her peevishly, "What is the use of walking along these fine streets and squares? Let us turn down some alley!" He felt he should be more at home there. L—— said of an old acquaintance of his, that when he was young, he wanted to be a tailor, but had not spirit! This is the misery of unequal matches. The woman cannot easily forget, or think that others forget, her origin; and with perhaps superior sense and beauty, keeps painfully in the background. It is worse when she braves this conscious feeling, and displays all the insolence of the upstart and affected fine lady. But shouldst thou ever, my Infelice, grace my home with thy loved presence, as thou hast cheered my hopes with thy smile, thou wilt conquer all hearts with thy prevailing gentleness, and I will show the world what Shakspeare's women were!—Some gallants set their hearts on princesses; others descend in imagination to women of quality; others are mad after opera-singers. For my part, I am shy even of actresses, and should not think of leaving my card with Madame V——. I am for none of these *bonnes fortunes*; but for a list of humble beauties, servant-maids and shepherd-girls, with their red elbows, hard hands, black stockings, and mob-caps, I could furnish out a gallery equal to Cowley's, and paint them half as well. Oh! might I but attempt a description of some of them in poetic prose, Don Juan would forget his Julia, and Mr. Davison might both print and publish this volume. I agree so far with Horace, and differ with Montaigne. I admire the Clementinas and Clarissas at a distance: the Pamelas and Fannys of Richardson and Fielding make my blood tingle. I have written love-letters to such in my time, *d'un pathetique a faire fendre les rochers*, and with about as much effect as if they had been addressed to stone. The simpletons only laughed, and said, that "those were not the sort of things to gain the affections." I wish I had kept copies

in my own justification. What is worse, I have an utter aversion to *blue-stockings*. I do not care a fig for any woman that knows even what an *author* means. If I know that she has read any thing I have written, I cut her acquaintance immediately. This sort of literary intercourse with me passes for nothing. Her critical and scientific acquirements are *carrying coals to Newcastle*. I do not want to be told that I have published such or such a work. I knew all this before. It makes no addition to my sense of power. I do not wish the affair to be brought about in that way. I would have her read my soul: she should understand the language of the heart: she should know what I am, as if she were another self! She should love me for myself alone. I like myself without any reason:—I would have her do so too. This is not very reasonable. I abstract from my temptations to admire all the circumstances of dress, birth, breeding, fortune; and I would not willingly put forward my own pretensions, whatever they may be. The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul; it is on that I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see into my heart, as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brow, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough: but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No. Or if I did, would she understand it? No. I “hunt the wind, I worship a statue, cry aloud to the desert.” To see beauty is not to be beautiful, to pine in love is not to be loved again.—I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of Love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to join together the loveliest forms and fondest hearts; that none but those in whom his Godhead shone outwardly, and was inly felt, should ever partake of his triumphs; and I stood and gazed at a distance, as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng, and did not (even for a moment) wish to tarnish the glory of so fair a vision by being myself admitted into it. I say this was my notion once, but God knows it was one of the errors of my youth. For, coming nearer to look, I saw the maimed, the blind, and the halt enter in, the crooked and the dwarf, the ugly, the old and impotent, the man of pleasure and the man of the world, the dapper and the pert, the vain and shallow boaster, the fool and the pedant, the ignorant and brutal, and all that is farthest removed from earth’s fairest-born, and the pride of human life. Seeing all these enter the courts of Love, and thinking that I also might venture in under favour of the crowd, but finding myself rejected, I fancied (I might be wrong) that it was not so much because I was below, as above the common standard. I did feel, but I was ashamed to feel, mortified at my repulse, when I saw the meanest of mankind, the very scum and refuse, all creeping things and every obscene creature, enter in before me. I seemed a species by myself. I took a pride even in my disgrace: and concluded I had elsewhere my inheritance! The only thing I ever piqued myself upon was the writing the *Essay on the Principles of Human Action*—a work that no woman ever read, or would ever comprehend the meaning of. But if I do not build my claim to regard on the pretensions I have, how can I build it on those I am totally without? Or why do I complain and expect to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Thought

has in me cancelled pleasure; and this dark forehead, bent upon truth, is the rock on which all affection has split. And thus I waste my life in one long sigh; nor ever (till too late) beheld a gentle face turned gently upon mine!.....But no! not too late, if that face, pure, modest, downcast, tender, with angel sweetness, not only gladdens the prospect of the future, but sheds its radiance on the past, smiling in tears. A purple light hovers round my head. The air of love is in the room. As I look at my long-neglected copy of the *Death of Clorinda*, golden gleams play upon the canvass, as they used when I painted it. The flowers of Hope and Joy springing up in my mind, recall the time when they first bloomed there. The years that are fled knock at the door and enter. I am in the Louvre once more. The sun of Austerlitz has not set. It still shines here—in my heart; and he, the son of glory, is not dead, nor ever shall be, to me. I am as when my life began. The rainbow is in the sky again. I see the skirts of the departed years. All that I have thought and felt has not been in vain. I am not utterly worthless, unregarded; nor shall I die and wither of pure scorn. Now could I sit on the tomb of Liberty, and write a Hymn to Love. Oh! if I am deceived, let me be deceived still. Let me live in the Elysium of those soft looks; poison me with kisses, kill me with smiles; but still mock me with thy love!*

Poets choose mistresses who have the fewest charms, that they may make something out of nothing. They succeed best in fiction, and they apply this rule to love. They make a Goddess of any dowdy. As *Don Quixote* said, in answer to the matter-of-fact remonstrances of *Sancho*, that *Dulcinea del Toboso* answered the purpose of signalizing his valour just as well as the "fairest princess under sky," so any of the fair sex will serve them to write about just as well as another. They take some awkward thing and dress her up in fine words, as children dress up a wooden doll in fine clothes. Perhaps, a fine head of hair, a taper waist, or some other circumstance strikes them, and they make the rest out according to their fancies. They have a wonderful knack of supplying deficiencies in the subjects of their idolatry out of the store-house of their imaginations. They presently translate their favourites to the skies, where they figure with *Berenice's* locks and *Ariadne's* crown. That predilection for the unprepossessing and insignificant, I take to arise not merely from a desire in poets to have some subject to exercise their inventive talents upon, but from their jealousy of any pretensions (even those of beauty in the other sex) that might interfere with the continual incense offered to their personal vanity.

Cardinal Mazarine never thought any thing of Cardinal de Retz, after he told him that he had written for the last thirty years of his life with the same pen. Some Italian poet going to present a copy of verses to the Pope, and finding, as he was looking them over in the coach as he went, a mistake of a single letter in the printing, broke his heart of vexation and chagrin. A still more remarkable case of literary disappointment occurs in the history of a countryman of his, which I cannot refrain from giving here, as I find it related. "Anthony Codrus Urceus, a most learned and unfortunate Italian, born

* I beg the reader to consider this passage merely as a specimen of the mock-heroic style, and as having nothing to do with any real facts or feelings.

near Modena, 1446, was a striking instance," says his biographer, "of the miseries men bring upon themselves by setting their affections unreasonably on trifles. This learned man lived at Forli, and had an apartment in the palace. His room was so very dark, that he was forced to use a candle in the day-time; and one day, going abroad without putting it out, his library was set on fire, and some papers which he had prepared for the press were burned. The instant he was informed of this ill news, he was affected even to madness. He ran furiously to the palace, and stopping at the door of his apartment, he cried aloud, 'Christ Jesus! what mighty crime have I committed! whom of your followers have I ever injured, that you thus rage with inexpiable hatred against me?' Then turning himself to an image of the Virgin Mary near at hand, 'Virgin (says he) hear what I have to say, for I speak in earnest, and with a composed spirit: if I shall happen to address you in my dying moments, I humbly intreat you not to hear me, nor receive me into Heaven, for I am determined to spend all eternity in Hell!' Those who heard these blasphemous expressions endeavoured to comfort him; but all to no purpose; for, the society of mankind being no longer supportable to him, he left the city, and retired, like a savage, to the deep solitude of a wood. Some say that he was murdered there by ruffians; others, that he died at Bologna in 1500, after much contrition and penitence."

Perhaps the censure passed at the outset of the anecdote on this unfortunate person is unfounded and severe, when it is said that he brought his miseries on himself "by having set his affections unreasonably on trifles." To others it might appear so; but to himself the labour of a whole life was hardly a trifle. His passion was not a causeless one, though carried to such frantic excess. The story of Sir Isaac Newton presents a strong contrast to the last-mentioned one, who on going into his study and finding that his dog Tray had thrown down a candle on the table, and burnt some papers of great value, contented himself with exclaiming, "Ah! Tray, you don't know the mischief you have done!" Many persons would not forgive the overturning a cup of chocolate so soon.

I remember hearing an instance some years ago of a man of character and property, who through unexpected losses had been condemned to a long and heart-breaking imprisonment, which he bore with exemplary fortitude. At the end of four years, by the interest and exertions of friends, he obtained his discharge with every prospect of beginning the world afresh, and had made his arrangements for leaving his irksome abode, and meeting his wife and family at a distance of two hundred miles by a certain day. Owing to the miscarriage of a letter, some signature necessary to the completion of the business did not arrive in time, and on account of the informality which had thus arisen, he could not set out home till the return of the post, which was four days longer. His spirit could not brook the delay. He had wound himself up to the last pitch of expectation; he had, as it were, calculated his patience to hold out to a certain point, and then to throw down his load for ever, and he could not find resolution to resume it for a few hours beyond this. He put an end to the intolerable conflict of hope and disappointment in a fit of excruciating anguish. Woes that we have time to foresee and leisure to con-

template break their force by being spread over a larger surface, and borne at intervals; but those that come upon us suddenly, for however short a time, seem to insult us by their unnecessary and uncalled-for intrusion; and the very prospect of relief, when held out and then withdrawn from us, to however small a distance, only frets impatience into agony by tantalizing our hopes and wishes; and to rend asunder the thin partition that separates us from our favourite object, we are ready to burst even the fetters of life itself!

I am not aware that any one has demonstrated how it is that a stronger capacity is required for the conduct of great affairs than of small ones. The organs of the mind, like the pupil of the eye, may be contracted or dilated to view a broader or a narrower surface, and yet find sufficient variety to occupy its attention in each. The material universe is infinitely divisible, and so is the texture of human affairs. We take things in the gross or in the detail, according to the occasion. I think I could as soon get up the budget of Ways and Means for the current year, as be sure of making both ends meet, and paying my rent at quarter-day in a paltry huckster's shop. Great objects move on by their own weight and impulse; great power turns aside petty obstacles; and he, who wields it, is often but the puppet of circumstances, like the fly on the wheel that said, "What a dust we raise!" It is easier to ruin a kingdom and aggrandize one's own pride and prejudices than to set up a green-grocer's stall. An idiot or a madman may do this at any time, whose word is law, and whose nod is fate. Nay, he whose look is obedience, and who understands the silent wishes of the great, may easily trample on the necks and tread out the liberties of a mighty nation, deriding their strength, and hating it the more from a consciousness of his own meanness. Power is not wisdom, it is true; but it equally ensures its own objects. It does not exact, but dispenses with talent. When a man creates this power, or new-moulds the state by sage counsels and bold enterprises, it is a different thing from overturning it with the levers that are put into his baby hands. In general, however, it may be argued that great transactions and complicated concerns ask more genius to conduct them than smaller ones, for this reason, viz. that the mind must be able either to embrace a greater variety of details in a more extensive range of objects, or must have a greater faculty of generalizing, or a greater depth of insight into ruling principles, and so come at true results in that way. Buonaparte knew every thing, even to the names of our cadets in the East-India service; but he failed in this, that he did not calculate the resistance which barbarism makes to refinement. He thought that the Russians could not burn Moscow, because the Parisians could not burn Paris. The French think every thing must be French. The Cossacks, alas! do not conform to etiquette: the rudeness of the seasons knows no rules of politeness!—Some artists think it a test of genius to paint a large picture, and I grant the truth of this position, if the large picture contains more than a small one. It is not the size of the canvass, but the quantity of truth and nature put into it, that settles the point. It is a mistake, common enough on this subject, to suppose that a miniature is more finished than an oil-picture. The miniature is inferior to the oil-picture only because it is less finished, because it cannot follow nature into so many individual and exact par-

ticulars. The proof of which is, that the copy of a good portrait will always make a highly finished miniature (see for example Mr. Bone's enamels), whereas the copy of a good miniature, if enlarged to the size of life, will make but a very sorry portrait. Several of our best artists, who are fond of painting large figures, invert this reasoning. They make the whole figure gigantic, not that they may have room for nature, but for the motion of their brush (as if they were painting the side of a house), regarding the extent of canvass they have to cover as an excuse for their slovenly and hasty manner of getting over it; and thus, in fact, leave their pictures nothing at last but over-grown miniatures, but huge caricatures. It is not necessary in any case (either in a larger or a smaller compass) to go into the details, so as to lose sight of the effect, and decompound the face into porous and transparent molecules, in the manner of Denner, who painted what he saw through a magnifying glass. The painter's eye need not be a microscope, but I contend that it should be a looking-glass, bright, clear, lucid. The *little* in art begins with insignificant parts, with what does not tell in connexion with other parts. The true artist will paint not material points, but *moral quantities*. In a word, wherever there is feeling or expression in a muscle or a vein, there is grandeur and refinement too.—I will conclude these remarks with an account of the manner in which the ancient sculptors combined great and little things in such matters. "That the name of Phidias," says Pliny, "is illustrious among all the nations that have heard of the fame of the Olympian Jupiter, no one doubts; but in order that those may know that he is deservedly praised who have not even seen his works, we shall offer a few arguments, and those of his genius only: nor to this purpose shall we insist on the beauty of the Olympian Jupiter, nor on the magnitude of the Minerva at Athens, though it is twenty-six cubits in height (about thirty-five feet), and is made of ivory and gold: but we shall refer to the shield, on which the battle of the Amazons is carved on the outer side: on the inside of the same is the fight of the Gods and Giants; and on the sandals, that between the Centaurs and Lapithæ; so well did every part of that work display the powers of the art. Again, the sculptures on the pedestal he called the birth of Pandora: there are to be seen in number thirty Gods, the figure of Victory being particularly admirable: the learned also admire the figures of the serpent and the brazen sphinx, writhing under the spear. These things are mentioned, in passing, of an artist never enough to be commended, that it may be seen that he showed the same magnificence even in small things."—*Pliny's Nat. Hist.* Book 36.

THE OBLIGING ASSASSIN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Once sleeping in an Inn at Dover,
 Dreaming of thieves—my passage over—
 And murderous hands that grasp'd a trigger,
 The door flew open—I awoke,
 When a pale heteroclitc figure,
 With dusty shoes stalk'd in, and spoke :
 " You see what 'tis I want—make haste !
 Dress!—you've no moment's time to waste."

Trembling all over with the notion
 Of being suddenly despatch'd,
 I huddled on my clothes, and snatch'd,
 My hat—prepared for locomotion;
 But thrust into a chair, he put
 Round me a winding-sheet, or shroud :
 Behold me pinion'd hand and foot,
 What horrors to my fancy crowd !
 While no resistance could be plann'd
 To one with instrument in hand,
 Who with a grin began to seize and
 Grasp me firmly by the wiesand.
 In this alarming plight compell'd,
 To keep as silent as a fish,
 Some compound to my lips he held,
 Mixing it in a brazen dish;
 And when I winced, and made grimace,
 He dash'd it foaming in my face.
 Fuming and fretting, white as snow,
 Expecting some terrific death,
 Drops from my face began to flow,
 I clench'd my teeth, and pump'd my breath.

Moved by the terror I betray'd,
 And wishing to despatch me quicker,
 He flourish'd an alarming blade,
 Whose very aspect made me sicker :
 To work he went—my throat soon ran
 With blood from an incision given;
 More than half dead, I then began
 To recommend my soul to Heaven.
 The cut-throat presently repenting
 That all my pangs should thus be sped,
 Stepp'd back, and then came on, presenting
 A sort of fire-arm at my head.
 He seized me by the throttle fast,
 Until my visage black became;
 And then, to finish all at last,
 Th' assassin took deliberate aim.—

Amazement! spite of all his pains,
 By miracle I 'scaped his ire,
 For meaning to blow out my brains,
 The powder hit me—not the fire.
 Madden'd to find his purpose balk'd,
 He tried a different method quite,
 In clouds of dust, as round he stalk'd,
 Striving to stifle me outright.

As Fate still saved me from his fangs,
And Death was slow to grant his prayer,
In order to increase my pangs,
He twisted, pull'd, and tore my hair.
I gave a sigh—th' assassin prone
To let no prize his clutches pass,
Snatch'd up my purse beside me thrown,
And then prepared my *Coup-de-grace*.

At this transported more and more,
My knife (of bone) I fiercely drew;
My adversary gain'd the door,
And in a glass my face I view.
Guess my surprise—my joy to see,
That the assassin who distress'd me,
Instead of mortal injury,
Had kindly powder'd, shaved, and dress'd me!

H.

WOMEN.

It has often been a subject of meditation with me, whether there be really any difference between men and women—I mean in their intellectual powers. It is argued by some, that there is naturally no difference whatever, and that all the difference we observe is produced by art. Education has certainly a wonderful influence in fashioning the mind, and some philosophers have carried this principle so far, as to ascribe to it all the varieties in the animal creation. They say that man is indebted for his superiority solely to some accidental peculiarities in his organization: that had he had the hoof of an ox, the nails of the wolf, or the claws of the lion, he would have been no better than these animals. I confess I do not hold with this sort of philosophy; I rather think, with Galen, that man is wise not because of his hands, but that he had hands appended to his wrists instead of the hoofs of a horse, because of his pre-eminent wisdom. And I think, in like manner, it will be easy to show, that there is a natural, or, as the Marquis of Londonderry would say, a fundamental difference between the sexes, wholly independent of social institutions.

Were there not this difference, how is it that women, in all ages and in all countries, have held only a subordinate station in society? Education is insufficient to account for this circumstance, because it is in nature for every thing ultimately to triumph over adventitious obstacles, and attain that rank for which it is qualified. Besides, we do not observe that education exerts such an omnipotent influence over the destiny of individuals. Most persons, remarkable for intellectual eminence, have attained it in spite of peculiar disadvantages; it has ever been the lot of Genius to contend with the difficulties of fortune, birth, and education. Allowing, then, that females labour under disadvantages from this source, is it not surprising that they do not exhibit similar instances of triumphing over them? yet we do not find such instances. If they afford any extraordinary examples of intellect, they are always, I apprehend, an inferior grade. Thus they have produced no philosopher equal to Newton, no poet like Homer, no conqueror like Alexander, no dramatist like Shakespeare,—nor, to my mind, any cook equal to the great Doctor Kitchener.

Eminent women, no doubt, there have been; but when we examine their productions, we seldom, I think, fail to discover traces to which sex they belong: the peculiarities of their nature usually reminding us of the fable of Æsop, quoted by Bacon; when puss sat demurely at table, in man's attire, till a mouse crossed the room. The late Madame de Stael was a striking instance of this sort. No female displayed greater and more varied powers of intellect; yet in her occasional vanity and egotism, and especially in her personal antipathies, she evinced all the weaknesses (shall I say ?) of her sex. Queen Elizabeth is another instance of a masculine mind conjoined with womanly infirmities. She was never weary of listening to discourses on her "*excellent beauties*," and her most grave ministers found no way so effectual to her favour as by telling her, that "the lustre of her beauty dazzled them like the sun, and they could not behold it with fixed eyes." But perhaps the rarest example of intellectual manhood is Catherine the Second, Empress of Russia: she indeed seems to have had very little of woman in her nature; even her vices were of a manly order—ambitious, cruel, and imperious; and in her amours she appears, in some respects, to have usurped the place of the opposite sex, and treated her numerous lovers more like her mistresses than admirers.

I have chosen these three examples as being the best known, and exhibiting the strongest claims to an equality with man. I perhaps might have found living instances of great merit, but I prefer confining my observations to those that are dead. The examples, however, that I have quoted, by no means decide the question; it is not by particular instances, but by comparing the most eminent of both sexes, that a fair inference can be drawn.

But perhaps, after all, it is only a dispute about words, arising from the standard to which we refer. Man's superiority is not universal. If he possess the comprehension of an angel, he has neither the eye of an eagle, nor the fleetness of a greyhound. If he excel woman ("lovely woman," as the poets say) in arts and arms, and science and philosophy, in foresight and grandeur of soul, how vastly inferior is he in all the softer graces, in tenderness, delicacy, and sentiment! What, indeed, would man have been without woman, or where would he have been?

"Oh woman! lovely woman! Nature made you
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven—
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy and everlasting love."

But there is no end to such a theme. For my part, I think Nature in this matter has shown her accustomed wisdom. As she made man with a right and a left hand, so it seems meet that there should be some inequality between the sexes; for, as monogamy (Mr. Malthus notwithstanding) is clearly a state designed for man, it would obviously have been a source of endless embarrassment, contention and difficulty, had the parties in all respects been exactly equal and homologous.

I shall conclude these observations, by remarking three paradoxes concerning females, the first showing how much more individual security depends on public opinion than positive institutions. Although

females are excluded from power, and apparently without protection, yet no class is more secure in the enjoyment of its rights. Without representative in parliament, they are least of all obnoxious to oppressive laws; excluded from juries, the bar, and the bench, their offences are always viewed with indulgence. They have no minister in the church, yet no class is prayed for more fervently; nor have they any part in the army or navy, yet both are enthusiastic in their service; nor in the magistracy, yet aldermen and justices of peace are almost proverbially devoted to their interests. In short, every where, and on every occasion, they are treated as privileged beings, entitled to precedence; and thus do they enjoy the honours and immunities through courtesy, which the most unquestioned right and superiority would scarcely procure them. It is certainly a most refined and noble principle, which grants from generosity that respect, reverence, and devotion which the most unbounded power could scarcely command. If that chivalrous feeling which protects the interests of the fair from violation from a sense of their weakness, were to be extended to the poorer classes from a sense of their destitute condition, there cannot be a doubt that their rights would be far more effectually guarded than by universal suffrage and annual parliaments. So much more omnipotent is opinion than law.

The second paradox is somewhat connected with the first. Though females are considered unqualified for superior stations in society, yet they sometimes exercise sovereign authority; though they are considered unfit to discharge the functions of an admiral, a judge, a commander-in-chief, or even a parish beadle, yet they are sometimes placed, by the principle of hereditary succession, at the head of the army, the navy, and the administration of justice.

The last paradox is this: one would imagine in the warm regions of the south, where men's passions are the most violent, females would have attained the highest rank; instead of which, it is in the cold countries of the north that modern gallantry had its origin. Tacitus gives an interesting account of the distinguished manner in which our German ancestors treated their women in their almost impenetrable forests. They worshipped them as a sort of supernatural beings; their household gods in peace, their most valued treasure in war, and their counsellors and companions at all times. This high homage no doubt, arose from the extreme delicacy which prevailed respecting the sexual intercourse. It was esteemed dishonourable to be intimate with a woman till the twentieth year; a custom which, Sir Walter Scott observes, was not only favourable to health and morals, but contributed to place females in that dignified rank which they held in society. "Nothing," continues the same writer, "tends so much to blunt the feelings, to harden the heart, and to destroy the imagination, as the worship of the *Vaga Venus* in early youth."* The German wife, once married, seldom endeavoured to form a second union. Polygamy was unknown; and adultery, which rarely occurred, was punished with great severity; while the unfortunate offender had no chance to obtain a second husband, however distinguished by beauty, birth, or wealth.

These customs sufficiently account for the high estimation of women

* Art. *Chivalry*, Supp. to *Encyc. Brit.*

among the Gothic tribes. The divinity of females is in their chastity: when that is violated, the veil of the temple is rent, and they cease almost to be objects of devotion. They are then reduced to that state of humiliation in which we find them in the seraglios of the East. Is it surprising, then, that they guard with such watchfulness this secret of their power? To them it is the wand of harlequin; and such as betray it to the enemy are very naturally shunned as traitresses to the interests of their order. Indeed it is a double treachery, equally injurious to both sides: by it the women lose their dominion, and the men, who had probably fed on heavenly visions, awake, in the fruition of their hopes, with the sad conviction of Philip of their own mortality.

There is another consideration arising out of this subject, which may, perhaps, be worth noticing. We learn from it, that European gallantry is not formed on the models of ancient chivalry, but that it is derived from a much higher source—from that source from which we derive our most valued municipal institutions. Indeed chivalry (whatever may be said to the contrary, and as has been elsewhere observed) was but a gloomy, ascetic, and absurd superstition, which very soon after its institution degenerated into the coarsest brutality and licentiousness. Mr. Dymoke, at the Coronation, I have often thought, was but a poor representation of the stern, subacid knights of yore; his gaudy plumes and tinsel trappings had as much relation to the God-freys, Orlandos, and Bertrands of the old time, as a modern drawing-room has to the hall of William Rufus.—But I have now done, Mr. Editor. In looking over the beginning of this epistle, I find that there are some matters at which your fair readers may probably cavil: you know, Sir, my object is merely truth and fair play; should I therefore have inadvertently fallen into any considerable errors, I shall most willingly submit to correction. They are, however, points I should by no means wish to discuss *viva voce*; therefore, with your permission, would prefer receiving a trifling list of errata through the medium of a future Number.

P. S. I intend, on a future occasion, to send you my thoughts on LOVE: this will probably be about Christmas, or perhaps not till the vernal equinox.

MONTAIGNE THE YOUNGER.

SONNET.

O SLEEP! where hast thou been the live-long night,
 That thus at early morn thou visit'st me
 With late and languid step?—Unkind, to flee
 The care-toss'd couch of melancholy wight,
 And lay thy leaden finger, envious sprite,
 On lids that veil the glance of gaiety,
 And lips that breathe but mirth and melody,
 Still silencing the prattle of delight.
 And now thou com'st to me, when at this hour
 Alone my heart feels freshness—with the sun,
 The lark, the young breeze, and the dawning flower,
 Seeking to sympathize—I find begun
 Its springiness and youth, but thou forbid'st,
 And cuttest off my fancies in the midst.

Y.

ON THE GERMAN DRAMA.

WHEN the German Drama is mentioned, the mind is immediately filled with images of vehement passion, touching sensibility, elevated and tender sentiments, strikingly diversified character, agonizing distress, electrifying *coups de théâtre*, and interesting incidents wrought into complicated and mysterious fable; all carried to just that pitch of extravagance, which, even whilst it offends the critical taste, irresistibly fascinates the imagination. Such was the German drama when it first became known in this country, but such it is no longer. Of late years either the above enumerated constituents of tragedy have been systematically rejected, or if they have been admitted, they have been so skilfully compounded as to produce a result very different from what might have been anticipated. A change so extraordinary and sudden may render it well worth our while to bestow some pages upon the Teutonic Melpomene.

Of the style of tragedy usually meant to be designated by the name German Drama, the finest specimen is, we believe, the celebrated "Robbers" of Schiller. This piece is so generally known that it is unnecessary for us to enter into any details respecting it; and it is perhaps equally a work of supererogation to mention the impression it made upon the apparently very susceptible youth of Germany, which was such, that the active interference of government became requisite to prevent a whole university's being organized into troops of banditti. The singular susceptibility displayed upon this occasion might possibly depend upon some peculiarities of disposition, not to be understood without such an investigation of the whole constitution of German society, as might, we suspect, prove a task of some difficulty, besides that it would lead us too far from the purpose of this paper. Or possibly we may be indebted for our exemption from such fearfully felonious influences solely and simply to the circumstance of our being acquainted with "Die Räuber" only in the retirement of our closets, and never having had our imaginations stimulated by the intoxicating effect of theatrical representation, by the exertion of every effort of histrionic skill to heighten the splendour of Carl Moor, a hero who appears to be driven into crime by the very excess of his virtues, combined with his deficiency in the single, and to youth uninteresting, quality of common sense; a splendour that derives increased brilliancy from its contrast to the cold, sophistically calculating vice of Franz Moor, and the weakness of the old father, as well as from the devoted affection with which, even in the depth of his guilt and infamy, he still inspires the tenderly impassioned Amalie. Leaving this question undecided, we will merely observe, that although for some unexplained reason Schiller chose to write this play in prose, probably from a wish of deepening its pathos by adhering more closely to nature, it bears throughout, in story, situation, character, and sentiment, as well as in language, indubitable proofs of its being the production of a poet, and of a poet endowed with no ordinary powers.

The "Kabale und Liebe" of the same author is equally familiar to the English reader, who has been presented with two versions of it under the different titles of "Cabal and Love," and "The Minister." This is a piece of humbler pretensions, though it holds a high, if not

the highest rank amongst *Domestic Tragedies*. Its colouring is of a lower tone. That part of the poetry of the drama which springs from the external circumstances and manner of life of its personages, is here wholly wanting; instead of baronial castles, ruined towers, and the caverns of banditti, we are introduced into the cabinets of prime ministers, the *boudoirs* of royal mistresses, and the parlours of music-masters. Still, notwithstanding this very prosaic locality, the high, chivalrous character of Ferdinand, who has preserved himself untainted amidst the atmosphere of court intrigue that surrounds him, the purity and simplicity of Louisa, and the wild loftiness of feeling that almost redeems the shame of the guilty Lady Milford, breathe a strain of poetry over the whole, amply atoning for all other deficiencies.

But the business of writing for the stage fell into inferior hands; and if we trace the progress, or rather the decline of the German drama in the works of Kotzebue and Iffland, without extending our researches over a wider field, we shall probably discover the cause of the violent reaction that has occurred.

Kotzebue wrote a few regular tragedies and comedies, but by far the larger part of his innumerable volumes consists of domestic tragedies and romantic plays, if we may be allowed to adopt this German *term of art* for pieces of the nature of "The Robbers." Under these two last heads we include, indiscriminately, dramas in which there are, or are not, any deaths; inasmuch as that single circumstance can hardly be thought sufficient to make any essential difference in the character of plays otherwise essentially similar, though in point of fact it does form the sole distinction between the French *drame* and the domestic tragedy. Neither our author's regular tragedies in blank verse, with an occasional intermixture of dactyls and spondees, nor his comedies, would have gained him much celebrity in his own country, certainly none out of it: it was as a writer of romantic plays and domestic tragedies that he acquired his reputation, and it is as such only that we have to consider him. If upon this ground we proceed to compare him with Schiller, we shall find that by him every point enumerated in our first sentence as constituents of what is commonly meant by the German Drama, is more strongly and more coarsely marked, more glaringly coloured; so that, although the intensity of his distresses, his dangers, and his passions, seizes for the moment powerfully upon the affections, the agitation of interest no sooner subsides, than the mind, unless very juvenile indeed, is revolted by the extravagance and incongruity of what the instant before commanded tears. To prove this charge it would only be needful to analyze some of this author's pieces; but so many of them are intimately known as well to every visiter of the theatre, as to every lover of works of fiction, that we hold it sufficient, instead of thus swelling our pages and our labours, to refer our readers to "Pizarro," "The Stranger," "The Virgin of the Sun," "Count Benyowsky," "Lovers' Vows," &c. &c.

Shall we seek the cause of this exaggeration in the necessity under which the authors of plays of this kind lie, to *encherir* upon each other, in order to excite afresh an appetite partially blunted as well as cloyed? Or shall we give its explanation in a word, by boldly asserting that Kotzebue, despite his blank verse and his hexameters, was no poet, while to these two species of dramatic composition poetry is indispen-

sable? This last part of our position demands a few additional words. That poetry is indispensable to the romantic play, we apprehend no one will dispute. It is in truth its life-blood, its vivifying principle. The romantic play is by its very essence removed far beyond common existence, and requires the music of the 'enchanted shell' to harmonize its parts and proportions; besides, ere we can enter heart and soul into scenes so remote from our habitual sympathies and experience, our fancy, our sensibility, in short our whole intellectual nature, must be raised to a degree of excitement which can be attained only by the action of the master-spell of the bard. The spirit of poetry seems congenial with all that is beyond our knowledge; when improbabilities are presented to us in a humbler form, we can perceive merely their absurdity. But domestic tragedy, it may be said, professedly confines its representations to calamities of daily occurrence, to scenes in which poetry can neither be required nor admitted. It is because domestic tragedy exhibits to us those naked and familiar misfortunes to which we are all hourly liable, that it requires, not the forms—they would counteract the purpose of fidelity to nature—but the spirit of poetry, to relieve by its innate loveliness emotions so bitterly and purely painful, as to be probably only endured from an idea that so much suffering must strengthen the impression of the moral lesson such performances are for the most part intended to convey.

If we now descend to Iffland, we shall be tempted to suspect that this author, together with some others of his less noted and less fertile contemporaries, was trying experiments upon the quantity of unmixed pain which human beings would be contented to bear and call pleasure. We believe his writings are wholly unknown to the British public, and we imagine that no translator is likely to be found hardy enough voluntarily to encounter the misery of confining his fancy amidst such depressing sorrows. We are ourselves already impatient to escape from their recollection, and will endeavour to be as brief as possible in explaining his scheme of tragedy. Embarrassed circumstances constitute his usual source of distress, and to these he delights to super-add such other pressure as may, by a refinement of torture, drive the most honourable spirits to seek relief not only in guilt but in baseness. When he sometimes quits this favourite subject, he either involves honourable men connected with government in disgrace and apparent criminality, through the machinations of the meanest hangers-on upon a court, or he obliges parents, in the discharge of their official duties, to break the hearts of their own children. One or two examples will afford sufficient illustration. In one piece the son of a sort of Receiver-general of taxes plays deep at the house of a young lady of rank and fortune, with whom he is desperately in love, and incurs enormous debts. The discharge of one of them, a debt of honour due to his high-born rival, is demanded upon the very day when he expects to obtain the lady's consent. Its non-payment would infallibly ruin all his hopes, his family resources he has drained, he is irritated by taunts touching plebeian honour, and he privately takes the requisite sum out of his father's tax-chest. The defalcation in the father's accounts is discovered by the 'Superior Commissioner,' and the whole family are overwhelmed with infamy and ruin beyond redemption. We use this expression, notwithstanding the 'Superior Commissioner,' after an

act or two, during which we expect to see them all die every minute. charitably manages to hush up the affair in the last scene, as the poor old 'Receiver-general' is evidently left upon his death-bed.—In another, the proofs that the son of a 'War Counsellor' has been guilty of something very wrong concerning official money, fell into the hands of a wicked 'Commissary' whom the 'War Counsellor' is prosecuting for fraud and peculation. As no threats can shake the old man in his public duty, means are found to dishonour him in the Prince's opinion. The plot is luckily detected in the last act by the 'Commissary's' indiscreetly offering a bribe to an honest 'Lord of the Bedchamber,' and the Prince and his 'War Counsellor' are tenderly reconciled: but the son meanwhile blows his brains out, and the curtain falls upon the Prince's fruitless endeavours to console the wretched father.—Lastly, in a tragedy in his more dignified style, the daughter of the Commander of a besieged town imprudently induces her lover, one of the officers, to leave his post, which he conceives to be for the time secure, to attempt to save her from a forced marriage. The post is surprised and taken in his absence. He is tried and condemned to death. The old General orders his execution, and comforts his daughter with the assurance that she will not long outlive him. When the curtain drops, the lover is led to execution; the father is summoned to head an attack, in which he hopes and means to be killed, and the lady drops down, we know not whether fainting or dead.

Such was the state of the stage in Germany soon after some of the mightiest minds the country could boast had introduced the romantic play and domestic tragedy, owing probably to both the above-mentioned causes, want of poetic genius in the authors, and the necessity of out-vying each other in wildness or depth of interest. How Schiller felt this degradation of his art, he has himself told us in a little poem called SHAKSPEARE'S SHADE. In this he represents himself as visiting the Infernal Regions to question Tiresias respecting the *ancient buskin*. He meets Shakspeare, who makes inquiries into the state of the drama in Germany, some of which, we think, might have come more naturally from Corneille. We will give our readers the few lines that mark the writer's strong reprobation of the then prevailing manner; and as the poem is in the classical elegiac measure, shall content ourselves with translating it into blank verse. It is a dialogue, and Shakspeare asks,

"You then admit Thalia's sportive dance,
Beside Melpomene's sad solemn gait?"

"Neither; we want pulpit-morality,
And proper household griefs to touch our hearts."

"What, then, is Caesar banished from your stage,
Orestes, and the sad Andromache?"

"Pshaw! We like Curates, Common-Councilmen,
Clerks, Ensigns, Lawyers, Captains of Light Horse."

"And how can such poor creatures be involved
In terrible or tragical events?"

"How? They cabal, lend money upon pawn,
Steal silver spoons, and risk the pillory."

"Where find you then that great gigantic Fate
By which our kind's exalted even when crush'd?"

"That's nonsense: our good neighbours, and ourselves
We seek, with all our troubles and distress."

"That you have more conveniently at home,
Why come you thence if you seek nothing else?"

The disgust and aversion here expressed for the then popular style of theatrical composition, probably excited in Schiller a warmer admiration for the ancient tragedians, than he entertained when he wrote "*Die Räuber*" and "*Kabale und Liebe*." He accordingly applied himself diligently to study the spirit of classical Tragedy, and the principles of *Æsthetic*. With respect to the latter subject of his investigations, our readers will probably expect that we should afford them some explanation, but we trust they will not require it to be actually full and satisfactory, inasmuch as we must confess that we do not very well understand it ourselves. What we do know about the matter shall be faithfully imparted to them. The word *æsthetic* appears to have been taken from the Greek *αισθησις*, and it is used by some metaphysical writers, particularly by Kant, according to its original meaning, to denote sensible perception. Schiller, and other authors of the same class, with their followers, employ it to express scientifically and theoretically whatever relates to taste and the fine arts; perhaps having first naturally applied it to painting and statuary, and thence extended it, half metaphorically, to poetry and belles lettres in general. And this is really all we can venture to say explanatory of *æsthetic*, with any confidence that we are not misleading our readers. We sincerely wish it may enable them to comprehend the statement we are about to give of Schiller's new opinions. In the course of these combined classical and *æsthetische* studies, Schiller discovered extraordinary analogies between tragedy and statuary; he satisfied himself that the nature of the former was essentially plastic; and he logically concluded, that the one ought no more to agitate the mind and feelings than the other; that we ought to witness the representation of a tragedy as composedly as we gaze upon the *Laocoon*. We will now proceed to what will, we hope, prove rather more intelligible and interesting—the effect produced upon his plays by this system.

The first apparent consequence might have been hailed as a decided improvement by every lover of 'gorgeous Tragedy.' He adopted blank verse, and chose a loftier theme. His "*Don Carlos*," though inferior in passion and interest to his former productions, was still rich in both, and in every other respect far superior to its predecessors. But we have not leisure to trace the progressive influence of his new doctrines, in the progressively diminishing fire and pathos of "*Wallenstein*," "*Maria Stuart*," &c. and will at once present their highest result to our readers, in "*Die Braut von Messina*," or the *Bride of Messina*. This Tragedy is written as nearly upon the model of the ancients as the author seems to have thought compatible with modern history and manners. Its fable is founded upon the decrees of Fate, foretold by dreams and soothsayers, and originating in a curse. It is provided with a chorus, which, when not actively engaged in the business of the scene, moralizes poetically upon all that is passing, and indeed upon life in general; and the chief characters occasionally quit their regular blank verse, to take part in the lyrical strains of the chorus. Moreover it is not broken into acts. This sounds most classical; but there are points of deviation. The scene sometimes changes, and the chorus frequently leaves the stage; but the great difference is in the chorus itself, which, instead of displaying the wonderful unanimity of its prototype, where all the separate heads literally appeared to think

the same thought, is here divided into two inimical semi-choruses, for the most part fighting and quarrelling with each other. But we must examine this piece more in detail. Although "*Die Braut von Messina*" has not been, and is not likely to be translated, as it certainly would not take in this *unästhetische* nation, it deserves some attention, both as the work of an author of superior genius, and as an elucidation, as well of his own theories, as of the excess to which the refining subtilty of German intellect is carried; a peculiarity that may perhaps arise from the same causes as the excess of susceptibility before mentioned.

The play is preceded by a long preface, intended to prove the indispensableness of the chorus to tragedy; this is so indisputable, that we are told, *en passant*, the want of this essentially constituent part is the only reason why Shakspeare is not thoroughly and universally understood. The great advantage of the chorus is, according to our author, that it introduces life into the language, and tranquillity into the action, by which the audience may be saved from all danger of illusion, and from all undue agitation of their sensibility: an object fully attained in the tragedy under consideration.

The piece is opened by Isabella, the Dowager Princess of Messina, in a speech of one hundred lines, addressed to the Elders of the city. She first assures them that nothing but necessity would have brought her out, unveiled, from the retirement befitting a widow. She next proceeds to remind them that her two sons have hated each other from infancy; that the authority of their father, who had forbidden their ever sleeping in one place, or coming within reach of each other with arms, had prevented any bad effects of their enmity, but had left their disposition, which it seems he thought beneath his care, unchanged; that immediately upon his death, which had occurred two months since, their ill will had burst forth, and divided Messina into two hostile factions; that they, the elders, had then required her, in a harangue which she repeats to them verbatim, to put an end to all the troubles and bloodshed. She then informs them, that in consequence of this requisition she has sent to summon her sons to meet in her presence, and expects them forthwith; and concludes by desiring them to go, and prepare a suitable reception for both. The respectable old gentlemen, who have not presumed to address one word, even of assent, to the Princess now, whatever they did upon the former occasion she mentions, then, one and all, lay their hands upon their breasts, and depart. As they go out she calls an old servant, talks somewhat mysteriously about a painfully sweet and holy secret that he has kept for her, and that is now to be revealed, and bids him hasten to the well-known convent, and fetch thence the beloved treasure.—Diego obeys—she retires to meet her sons, and the two semi-choruses, consisting of the followers of the two brothers, come on from opposite sides of the stage. They begin by quarrelling in good set terms and various metres, sometimes classically lyrical, sometimes rhymed, and state that nothing but the sworn truce prevents their fighting. They next praise the beauty and fertility of their island, and regret the impossibility of its defending itself against foreign conquerors, a race of whom are their present princes. In this chorus we find the Eumenides, Ceres, &c. named with a serious veneration that would mix oddly with the convent, if we had not learned in the preface that such a combination of creeds was a form of

idealizing religion, and thus adapting it to the purposes of art. Isabella now returns with her two sons, Manuel and Cæsar, and after receiving the compliments of the chorus, harangues the brothers at great length, and, as the chorus observes, very sensibly, upon the folly and wickedness of their mutual hatred, the grief it occasions her, and the danger to which it exposes them in a conquered country. The brothers remain sullenly silent; she exclaims in despair that she can think of nothing more to say, that they have only to kill each other before her face, and goes away. The brothers then gradually approach, and compliment each other: Don Cæsar admires Manuel's likeness to their mother; Don Manuel discovers in Cæsar a yet dearer and very extraordinary likeness. At last they embrace. So do the two semi-choruses. In the midst of these caresses, news is brought to Don Cæsar that the lost beauty is found concealed in Messina; he promises to meet Don Manuel shortly in their mother's apartments, and hurries off with his own half of the chorus, or the second chorus, as it is regularly denominated in the piece. Don Manuel takes the opportunity of being thus left *tête à tête*, as it were, with his, or the first chorus, to disclose a secret. He confesses to this many-headed confidant that he has long been in love with, and beloved by a beautiful girl, brought up in a retired convent, in utter ignorance of her family and connexions; that the old domestic who had placed her there, had told her the preceding evening, that the present day would terminate the mystery; that he, afraid of losing her by any discovery, had carried her off in the night, concealed her in a garden in Messina, and meant to marry, and present her to his mother, before sunset. He then gives very minute directions as to the purchase of her bridal attire, and the preparations for conducting her home in state, and leaves the first chorus to execute his orders. The chorus first considers every possible mode of pastime that can be had recourse to now, when the amusement of civil war is over; remarks that great reliance cannot be had on the newly-made peace, because a curse rests upon the family, the mother, Isabella, having been the promised bride of the grandfather, scandalously stolen from him and espoused by his son the late prince, in consequence of which crime the nuptial bed and its offspring had been cursed by the injured and disappointed old *pretendù*, and then goes about its or their business.

The scene now changes to the above-mentioned garden, Beatrice appears alone, and discusses her love, her remorse for having fled from her convent, and the knowledge of her family, her anxiety at her lover's prolonged absence, and her fears that she may have done wrong in going to the neighbouring church, where she may have been noticed, as she had before been by a fiery youth, when, unknown to her lover, she attended the funeral of the late Prince —, in about a hundred and thirty lines broken into varying stanzas. She is interrupted by the entrance of Don Cæsar and his chorus. She attempts to fly, but he detains her, declares his love at full length, according to the general fashion of the tragedy, tells her how he fell in love with her at the funeral, and who he is, and then charging his chorus to take care of her, leaves her to recover from her fright. She professes her horror of the two princely brothers who hate one another—of course she is ignorant of her lover's rank—and takes refuge in a pavilion; and the second chorus, after observing upon

the happiness of Princes who get the best of every thing, withdraws to guard the entrance of the garden.

We now return to the palace, where we find the Princess and her two sons. She rejoices in their union, and informs them that they have a sister. They inquire why their sister's existence has been kept secret; and the Princess answers that prior to her daughter's birth both she and their father had remarkable dreams; that the father applied to an Arabian magician for the interpretation of his, and was told, that if the Princess bore a daughter, that daughter would occasion the death of his sons and the extinction of his race; that she, liking neither interpretation nor interpreter, had recourse with her dream to her confessor, who assured her that she would bear a daughter who would unite in ardent love the already estranged hearts of her sons; that she had borne a daughter, had deceived her husband as to the execution of his orders for destroying the child, and caused it to be reared in obscurity in a retired convent. The sons ask why she did not produce their sister immediately upon their father's death, to which she replies she wished first to see them reconciled. Each of the two brothers then announces to her another daughter in the person of his intended bride, Don Cæsar again telling the history of his falling in love. Old Diego arrives to interrupt him, with the news that Princess Beatrice had disappeared the preceding night, and was supposed to have been made captive by a Corsair vessel, which had been seen off the coast. Isabella charges her sons to seek their sister; and they depart separately, Manuel something disconcerted at all he has heard.

We are then carried back to Beatrice's garden, where the second chorus opposes the entrance of the first, that is bringing Don Manuel's presents. Manuel arrives, and the second chorus retires in submission to his authority. He now discovers his rank to Beatrice, who is not much delighted at finding her beloved one of the brothers whom she dreaded and hated. Their conversation is suddenly broken in upon by Don Cæsar, who, enraged at seeing his brother embracing his intended bride, kills him without waiting to ask any questions. Beatrice faints. He orders his chorus, who had followed him in, to carry her in his name to his mother, and goes away. His chorus obeys; and the first chorus, after lamenting Don Manuel, forms a bier upon which to convey him home.

The scene changes for the last time back to the Palace. Isabella, and her confidant Diego, appear in impatient anxiety. The second chorus brings the still insensible Beatrice, with Don Cæsar's message. Diego recognises her, and the mother concludes her sons have been successful in their search. Beatrice recovers, and they play for some time at cross-purposes. The arrival of the first chorus with the dead body stops the impending explanation, and Isabella, in her grief, curses the murderer, his mother, and all his race, speaking as irreverently of oracles and prophecies as Jocasta did before her; all to the great horror of the whole chorus. Don Cæsar comes, and every thing is discovered. He resolves to kill himself in expiation of his crime; and after much argument against his determination from the chorus, much intreaty from his mother, who promises to forgive and never to reproach him if he will only live, and some expostulation from Beatrice, who wishes

to be killed in his stead,—an occasion, by the way, which produces the only thing like a burst of passion in the play, he says,

She cares not, mother, if we live or die,
So she may in the grave join her beloved!—

He stabs himself, and the curtain falls.

It is evident from the analysis we have just given of this drama, that in the fable at least there is no deficiency of the proper elements of tragedy; and at first sight it does not seem very easy to make out how the author of such plays as "*Die Räuber*" and "*Kabale und Liebe*" could contrive to present such incidents to our sight, without in the slightest degree disturbing our peace of mind, almost without exciting a wish to know how it will all end. The chorus may do much, but clearly not all; for other tragic writers have, as we shall presently show, accomplished the same desirable object without a chorus; and in some of the Greek tragedies the chorus does not prevent a very deep emotion of sympathy with the sufferings, of which that curiously composite personage appears to be joint spectator with the regular audience. We may observe, however, before we proceed, that the peculiarity which distinguishes the chorus in "*Die Braut von Messina*" from its classical original, may perhaps increase rather more than is agreeable its power of destroying illusion. Instead of forming one body of calm, sympathizing poetical spectators, it is here divided into two hostile squadrons, who come and go, fetch and carry, squabble and embrace, at the pleasure of their respective masters. They are, in fact, merely the favourite courtiers of the two princes, and bear less resemblance to the Greek chorus than to the French confidant, from whom, in fact, they only differ in their plurality and their poetry. So that Schiller seems to have devised the means of happily combining the improbabilities and inconveniences of two different systems. Something too is probably owing to the length of many of the speeches, and the regular and almost uniform alternation of those that are shorter. Our nerves are lulled into a state of soft repose by Isabella's first hundred lines, and by the silent unanimity of her ancient auditors with their hands on their breasts. But the great point seems to be, that the personages of the drama themselves appear thoroughly conscious of their own plastic nature; and except that Don Cæsar may be thought a little precipitate in killing his brother, go through their passions and misfortunes in a very correct, statue-like manner. And the grand secret by which all this is accomplished, we apprehend, is, that the poet, full of his theory of tranquillity, and of preserving the character of *art* in distinct vividness, kept his own mind calm, writing as a mere narrator or spectator, and carefully avoiding to identify himself with the fears and hopes, the passions and agonies of his *Dramatis Personæ*.

Schiller has not himself informed us whether he regarded this play as the perfection of *æsthetische* and tragic science, or thought he had been rather oversparing of the sensibility of the audience. If we judge upon circumstantial evidence, we shall decide for the latter opinion. So much at least is certain, that he never again wrote upon the same plan, and that his next piece, "*Wilhelm Tell*," affords reason to believe it was, if not abandoned, very considerably modified. "*Wil-*

helm Tell" abounds in situations of almost overpowering interest: though it must be owned they are occasionally varied by scenes, the prolixity of which recalls "Die Bräut von Messina." But we have neither time nor space for an analysis of the Swiss Patriot, which we the less regret, as we understand this tragedy is likely soon to make its appearance in an English garb; and indeed, upon looking back to the preceding pages, we observe that we have run into such length as must oblige us to reserve what we propose to say touching the *ästhetische* schemes for tragic composition, adopted by Goethe, and by some authors of the present day of high poetical genius, for a future opportunity.

M. M.

BALLAD—FROM THE SPANISH:

"Las huertes de Rodrigo."

THE hosts of Roderick took to flight, in terror and dismay,
 When in the last and fatal fight the Moor had won the day;
 And Roderick leaves his lands behind, and from his palace flies,
 Without a friend or follower now, all desolate he hies.
 He cannot change his wearied steed, all wearied though he lay,
 He wanders at his will, for none comes forth to bid him stay;
 So faint he was with grief and toil, nor sight nor sense had he,
 So worn with thirst and hunger now, that pity 'twas to see.
 He wander'd on, from head to foot all clotted o'er with gore,
 And many a rent and battle dint his bruised armour bore.
 His trusty sword with many a blow is hack'd and edgeless now,
 His helmet, battered with the blows, is sunk upon his brow.
 His face was deeply scarr'd with toil, and furrow'd o'er with wo,
 He climb'd the mountain-side, and look'd upon the plain below:
 He saw the shipwreck of his hopes, his armies scatter'd round,
 His royal banner in the dust, his standards on the ground—
 All torn and trampled by the feet of coming foes they lie;
 He look'd for all his captains then, but none, alas! was nigh.
 He saw the smiling fields that now in floods of carnage ran,
 He saw—and shudder'd at the sight, and weeping, thus began:
 "Alas! alas! but yesterday I was the King of Spain;
 To-day no foot of land is mine in all that wide domain:
 Mine were these hills and dales, and mine was many a tower and town,
 And many a subject sought my smile, or shook beneath my frown.
 To-day, that one remains to me, alas! I cannot say—
 Ah! luckless was the hour I ween, and luckless was the day,
 The day that made me lord of all this realm so fair and gay,
 Since what that luckless hour had given, an hour could take away.
 O! Death, why cam'st thou not to end at once my life and wo,
 When I could welcome thy approach, and thank thee for the blow."

G. M.

THE CEMETERY OF PÈRE LA CHAISE.

*Quid sis, esse velis, nihilque malis;
Summum nec metuas diem, nec optes.*

I AM half disposed to admit the assertion of a lively authoress, that the French are a grave people, and absolutely determined upon contradicting the received opinion in England, that in the volatility of their character their sympathies, however easily excited, are generally evanescent; and that the claims of kindred or friendship, so far from awakening any permanent sensibility, are quickly superseded by the paramount dominion of frivolity and amusement. Let any man who is labouring under this mistaken impression pay a visit to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise; and if he do not hate France more than falsehood, he will admit that in the precincts of this beautiful and affecting spot there is not only a more striking assemblage of tasteful decoration and appropriate monumental sculpture, but more pervading evidences of deep, lingering, heart-rending affection for the dead than could be paralleled in England or any other country of Europe. The tombs elsewhere seem to be monuments of oblivion, not remembrance—they designate spots to be avoided, not visited, unless by the idle curiosity of strangers; here they seem built up with the heart as well as with the hands;—they are hallowed by the frequent presence of sorrowing survivors, who, by various devices of ingenious and elegant offerings, still testify their grief and their respect for the departed, and keep up by these pious visitings a sort of holy communion between the living and the dead. Never, never shall I forget the solemn, yet sweet and soothing emotions that thrilled my bosom at the first visit to Père La Chaise. Women were in attendance as we approached the gate, offering for sale elegant crowns, crosses, and wreaths of orange-blossom, xereanthemum, amaranth, and other everlasting flowers, which the mourning relatives and friends are accustomed to suspend upon the monument, or throw down upon the grave, or entwine among the shrubs with which every enclosure is decorated. Congratulating myself that I had no such melancholy office to perform, I passed into this vast sanctuary of the dead, and found myself in a variegated and wide-spreading garden, consisting of hill and dale, redolent with flowers, and thickly planted with luxuriant shrubs and trees, from the midst of which monumental stones, columns, obelisks, pyramids, and temples, shot up in such profusion, that I was undecided which path to explore first, and stood some time in silent contemplation of the whole scene, which occupies a space of from sixty to eighty acres. A lofty Gothic monument on the right first claimed my attention, and on approaching it I found that it contained the tomb in which are the ashes of Abelard and Eloisa, united at last in death, but even then denied that rest and repose to which they were strangers in their unhappy and passionate lives. Interred, after various removals, at Soissons, in the year 1120, they were transported in the year eight of the Republic from Chalons sur Saone to the Museum of French Monuments at Paris, and thence to the romantic spot which they at present occupy. We learn from the inscription, that with all his talents Abelard could not comprehend the doctrine of the Trinity, and on this account incurred the censure of

contemporary hierarchs. Subsequently, however, he seems to have seen the wisdom of a more accommodating faith; and having evinced his orthodoxy by the irrefragable argument of causing three figures to be sculptured upon one stone, which is still visible, being let into the side of his tomb, he was restored to the confidence and protection of the church. I had seen at Paris the dilapidated house in which he is stated to have resided; and now to be standing above the very dust which once contributed to form the fine intellect and throbbing hearts of these celebrated lovers, seemed to be an annihilation of intervening centuries, throwing the mind back to that remote period when Eloisa from the "deep solitudes and awful cells" of her convent endited those love-breathing epistles which have spread through the world the fame of her unhappy attachment. Quitting this interesting spot, a wilderness of little enclosures presented itself, almost every one profusely planted with flowers, and overshadowed by poplar, cypress, weeping willow, and arbor vitæ, interspersed among flowering shrubs and fruit-trees; for the ground, before its present appropriation had been laid out as a pleasure-garden. Many of the tombs were provided with a watering-pot for the refreshment of the flowers, and the majority had a stone seat for the accommodation of those who came hither to indulge in melancholy retrospection, as they stationed themselves upon the grave in which their affections were deposited. Here and there the sufferers from filial, parental, or conjugal deprivation, were seen trimming the foliage or flowers that sprung up from the remains of their kindred flesh, and as they handled the shrubs, whose roots struck down into the very grave, one could almost imagine that the dead stretched forth their leafy arms from the earth to embrace once more those whom they had so fondly encircled when alive. In many instances, however, it must be confessed that this pious duty was deputed to the keepers of the ground, who for a small stipend maintained the tombs in a perpetual greenness. Some contented themselves with hanging a funeral garland on the monuments of their friends, by the number and freshness of which tributes we were enabled to judge, in some degree, of the merits of the deceased, and of the recency with which sad bosoms and glistening eyes had occupied the spot on which we then stood. Some were blooming all over with these flowery offerings, while others with a single forlorn and withered chaplet, or absolutely bare, showed that their mouldering tenants had left no friends behind; or that time had wrought his usual effect, and either brought them to the same appointed house, or "steeped their senses in forgetfulness."

In ascending the hill extensive family vaults are seen, excavated in its side in the style of the ancients, with numerous recesses for coffins, the whole inclosed by bronze gates of exquisite taste and workmanship, through which might be seen the chairs for those who wish to shut themselves up and meditate in the sepulchre which they are permanently to occupy; while the yellow wreath upon the ground, or coffin, pointed out the latest occupant of the chamber of death. Some well-known name was perpetually presenting itself to our notice. In one place we encountered the tomb of the unfortunate Labedoyère, who was the first to join Napoleon when he advanced to Grenoble in 1815, and expiated his offence with his life. The spot in which the hapless Ney was deposited was also shown to us, but his monument

had been removed. A lofty and elegant pyramid on the height bore the name of the celebrated Massena; and as we roamed about, we trod over the remains of republicans, royalists, marshals, demagogues, liberals, ultras, and many of the victors and victims of the Revolution, whose exploits and sufferings have filled our gazettes, and been familiar in our mouths for the last twenty or thirty years.

A few steps more brought us to the summit of the hill, commanding a noble view of Paris, the innumerable white buildings of which stood out with a panoramic and lucid sharpness in the deep blue of a cloudless sky, not a single wreath of smoke dimming the clearness of the view. Nothing was seen to move—a dead silence reigned around—the whole scene resembled a bright and tranquil painting.

On the highest point of the whole cemetery, under the shade of eight lime-trees planted in a square, is the tomb of Frederic Mestezart, a Protestant pastor of the Church of Geneva. A French writer well observes, on the occasion of this tomb, raised in the midst of the graves of Catholics, and in the former property of one of the most cruel persecutors of protestantism, "O the power of time, and of the revolutions which it brings in its train! A minister of Calvin reposes not far from that *Charenton* where the reformed religion saw its temple demolished and its preacher proscribed! He reposes in that ground where a bigoted Jesuit loved to meditate on his plans of intolerance and persecution!" Not far from this spot is the tomb of the well-known authoress Madame *Cottin*, and monuments have also been lately erected to the memory of Lafontaine and Molière. A low pyramid is the appropriate sepulchre of Volney; and at the extremity of a walk of trees, surrounded by a little garden, is the equally well adapted monument of Delille, the poet of the Gardens. Mentelle and Fourcroy repose at a little distance; and in the same vicinity, beneath a square tomb of white marble, decorated with a lyre, are deposited the remains of Grétry, the celebrated composer, whose bust I had the day before seen in the garden of the Hermitage at Montmorency, once occupied by Rousseau. How refreshing to turn from the costly and luxurious memorials of many who had been the torments and scourges of their time, to these classic shades, where sleep the benefactors of the world, men who have enlightened it by their wisdom, animated it by their gaiety, or soothed it by their delightful harmonies!

Amid the tombs upon the height is a low enclosure, arched over at top to preserve it from the weather, but fenced at the sides with open wire-work, through which we observed that the whole interior surface was carefully overspread with moss, and strewn with fresh gathered white flowers, which also expanded their fragrance from vases of white porcelain, the whole arranged with exquisite neatness and taste. There was no name or record but the following simple and pathetic inscription:—"Fille chérie—avec toi mes beaux jours sont passés! 5 Juin, 1819."—Above two years had elapsed since the erection of this tomb, yet whenever I subsequently visited it, which I sometimes did at an early hour, the wakeful and unwearied solicitude of maternal regret had preceded me; the moss was newly laid, the flowers appeared to be just plucked, the vases shone with unsullied whiteness, as if even the dew had been carefully wiped off. How keen and intense must have

been that affection which could so long survive its object, and gather fresh force even from the energy of despair!

An inscription to the memory of Eleanor Mac Gowan, a Scotch-woman, recalled to mind the touching lines of Pope—"by foreign hands, &c.;" but though we might admire the characteristic nationality, we could hardly applaud the taste which had planted this grave, as well as some others of her countrymen, with thistles. English names often startled us as we walked through the alleys of tomb-stones; and it was gratifying to find that even from these, the coarse and clumsy, though established emblems of the death's head and marrow-bones had been discarded. Obtuse, indeed, must be those faculties which need such repulsive bone-writing to explain to them the perishableness of humanity.

We nowhere encountered any of the miserable doggerel which defaces our graves in England, under the abused name of poetry; and, in fact, poetic inscriptions of any sort were extremely rare. Some may assign this to the want of poetical genius in the French, but it might be certainly more charitable, and possibly more just, to attribute it to the sincerity of their regrets; for I doubt whether the lacerated bosom, in the first burst of its grief, has ever any disposition to dally with the Muses. A softened heart may seek solace in such effusions, but not an agonized one. Some rhyming epitaphs were, however, visible. Under the name of the well known Regnault de St. Jean d'Angely these lines were inscribed:

" François, de son dernier soupir
Il a salué la patrie;
Un même jour a vu finir
Ses maux, son exil, et sa vie."

And a very handsome monument to the memory of an artist, in bronze and gold, named Ravrio, informs us that he was the author also of numerous fugitive pieces, to prevent his following which into oblivion, his bust, well executed in bronze, surmounts his tomb; and the following verses give us a little insight into his character.

" Un fils d'Anacreon a fini sa carrière,
Il est dans ce tombeau pour jamais endormi,
Les enfans des beaux arts sont privés de leur frère,
Les malheureux ont perdu leur ami."

The practice of affixing busts to tombs seems worthy of more general adoption:—it identifies and individualizes the deceased, and thus creates a more definable object for our sympathies. Perhaps the miniatures which we occasionally saw let into the tombstones and glazed over, attained this point more effectually, as the contrast between the bright eye and blooming cheek above, and the fleshless skeleton below, was rendered doubly impressive. Not only is the doggerel of the English church-yard banished from Père La Chaise, but it is undegraded by the bad spelling and ungrammatical construction which with us are so apt to awaken ludicrous ideas, where none but solemn impressions should be felt. The order by which all the lapidary inscriptions must be submitted to previous inspection, though savouring somewhat of arbitrary regulation, is perhaps necessary in the present excited state of *political* feeling, and is doubtless the main cause of the general pro-

priety and decorum by which they are distinguished. The whole management of the place appears to be admirably conducted :—decency and good order universally prevailed ;—not a flower was gathered, not a monument defaced, not a stone scribbled over. It was impossible to avoid drawing painful comparisons between the state of the plainest tombs here, and the most elaborate in Westminster-abbey, defaced and desecrated as many of the latter are by the empty-headed puppies of the adjoining school, and the brutal violations of an uncivilized rabble. This sacred respect for the works of art is not peculiar to the Cemetery of Père La Chaise, nor solely due to the vigilance of the police, for in the innumerable statues and sculptures with which Paris and its neighbourhood abound, many scattered about in solitary walks and gardens at the mercy of the public, I have never observed the smallest mutilation, nor any indecorous scribbling. The lowest Frenchman has been familiarized with works of art until he has learnt to take a pride in them, and to this extent at least has verified the old adage, that such a feeling—"emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

As I stood upon the hill, I saw a funeral procession slowly winding amid the trees and avenues below. Its distant effect was impressive, but, as it approached, it appeared to be strikingly deficient in that well-appointed and consistent solemnity by which the same ceremony is uniformly distinguished in England. The hearse was dirty and shabby, the mourning coaches as bad, the horses and harness worse ; the coachmen in their rusty coats and cocked hats seemed to be a compound of paupers and old-clothesmen ; the dress of the priests had an appearance at once mean and ludicrous ;—the coffin was an unpainted deal box ; the grave was hardly four feet deep, and the whole service was performed in a careless and unimpressive manner. Yet this was the funeral of a substantial tradesman, followed by a respectable train of mourners. Here was all the external observance, perhaps, that reason requires ; but where our associations have been made conversant with a more scrupulous and dignified treatment, it is difficult to reconcile ourselves to such a slovenly mode of interment, although it may be the established system of the country. All the funerals here are in the hands of a company, who, for the privilege of burying the rich at fixed prices, contract to inhumate all the poor for nothing. It is hardly to be supposed, that in such a multiplicity of tombs there are not some offensive to good taste. Many are gaudy and fantastical, dressed up with paltry figures of the Virgin and Child, and those tin and tinsel decorations which the rich in faith and poor in pocket are apt to set up in Roman Catholic countries :—but the generality are of a much nobler order, and I defy any candid traveller to spend a morning in the Cemetery of Père La Chaise without feeling a higher respect for the French character, and forming a more pleasing estimate of human nature in general.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER VII.

THIS great Metropolis is inundated. Let the daily papers speak the particulars.—

London under Water.

On Friday the 28th of December, 1821, the inhabitants of London were thrown into the greatest alarm, by the unusually high rising of the spring-tide, aided by the floods occasioned by the late heavy rains. By seven o'clock, in the morning, the whole of the metropolis appeared like one huge sheet of water. We subjoin a narrative of some of the heart-breaking particulars.

Mansion House.—The water ran, with considerable violence, through the lower apartments of this building, and carried away the state bed and the sword-bearer's table. The latter has not been heard of since. Luckily no monarch happened to be reposing in the former. Some ladies in the Egyptian Hall were obliged to climb up upon the shoulders of the Reverend Messieurs Clayton, Collyer, and C. S. Hunter, who very politely carried them to the London Tavern. We have not heard whether any clogs or pattens were lost.

Basinghall Street.—The outer wall of the New Courts, erected for bankruptcy business, being too weak to resist the mass of water, suddenly gave way. The tide now rushed with great impetuosity through several of the apartments, carrying away a variety of day-books, ledgers, and balance-sheets, none of which have since made their appearance. Seventeen gentlemen, who had met to make a disclosure of their estate and effects, were in consequence unable to do so. The water mixing with a quantity of unslacked lime in Guildhall yard, completely soured the seventeen gentlemen, and gave them the aspect of having been *white-washed*. They floated off in tilburies and tandems towards Paddington. The commissioners adjourned the meetings to dry-day next.

Royal Exchange.—King Charles the Second was up to his knees in water, and seemed, as Grammont says, to be calling for "Progers" to "help him out of this well." The gentlemen on the West India walk with difficulty kept their heads above water. The clock was torn from its place, and thrown so high in the new steeple, as to be only visible through a telescope; the Gresham lecturer was obliged to dismiss his auditors, consisting of two schoolboys who had lost their way, a deaf fruit-woman, and the door-keeper. Consols rose at one time to the height of 79, and the debt leant so hard upon the Bank, that it was feared the latter would give way. One hundred and twenty clerks were swept away from the Bank, stools and all. The directors were saved, by clinging to the ingots, but the sovereigns disappeared.

Saint Paul's.—The organist played Handel's Water-piece, and Arne's "Water parted." Notwithstanding which, the flood rose so high as to force the dean and chapter to take refuge in the whispering gallery. They were afterwards obliged to transfer their dinner from the Globe in Fleet-street, to that over the dome, which was newly gilt for their reception. The venison was rather too high.

London Bridge.—This venerable structure rocked with the violence of the water, to the great astonishment of Tooley-street. The Queen-

street bridge did the same, which induced Sir William Rawlins to turn back, although he had actually paid his penny. The tolls upon Waterloo bridge rose seventeen pence in one day; they sunk, however, to four pence, on the abatement of the tide. Mr. Stephen Kemble stuck in the round-about on the Surrey side, and was chin deep before a collier could be towed to his assistance.

Mark Lane, Mincing Lane, and Billiter Square.—A great number of merchants were forced to quit their residences here, and took up their abode westward, being carried by the tide toward Connaught-place, St. James's-square, and Devonshire-street. Several of them have since been caught in the eddy, and driven within four walls in Saint George's-fields and Fleet-market. Mrs. Serres, attended by a water-bailiff, rowed from her residence in the last-mentioned place, to the *King's Head*, in the Poultry, and the *Cumberland Arms* in the City-road; she then touched in *Poland-street*; but her expectations being damped by the humidity of the atmosphere, she returned to the hosier's at the corner of Fleet-market.

Lincoln's-Inn Hall.—The Lord Chancellor in the injunction suit "Paddington Canal versus Thames," directed the defendant to "keep within his banks." The order being disobeyed, the defendant was committed to the Fleet, to the great annoyance of all the prisoners in the lower apartments. Several of the debtors were bailed out in buckets. His Lordship sat in a washing tub: His Honour the Vice Chancellor in a mahogany cellaret, ornamented with *or-molu*.

Westminster Hall.—Messrs. Brougham and Denman rowed to the Court of King's Bench, in the Caroline wherry; that frail vessel went down at the door of Westminster Abbey, and the two learned gentlemen went down with her. They rose again, however, behind the bar, Mr. Denman uppermost. Both gentlemen lost their silk gowns. Mr. Jekyll was seen rowing about in a funny; M. Angelo Taylor in a cock-boat; Colonel Thornton in a life-boat; Sir William Curtis in a jolly-boat, and Lord Erskine in a fire-ship with a jury-mast. Mr. Scarlett's Poor bill was so completely soaked that its title was changed to Poor Mr. Scarlett's bill.

Paternoster Row.—The confusion here is not to be described. Thoughts on the present Crisis, quite soaked through, rotten Hints to Ministers, broken epics, pickled jests from Miller's repository, and dead bodies of Scotch metaphysics, were seen floating in all directions. Messrs. Leigh Hunt and Bysshe Shelley were driven with their respective establishments from Messrs. Longman's down Ave Maria-lane, and before they could utter a single paternoster, found themselves hurled with considerable violence against Vauxhall-bridge. The ladies were received into the Penitentiary, but the gentlemen sailed in a felucca for Pisa. Mr. Godwin venturing in the *press* to accost Mr. Malthus, got out of his depth, and if it had not been for the exertions of one Caleb Williams, the philosopher of Skinner-street would never have been heard of again. Mr. Hone was driven into Paternoster-row from Ludgate-hill in a pitiful plight; relying on the aid of some wooden cuts, they gave way, and he was all but lost. Messrs. Playfair and Stewart, in company with Doctor Coplestone, venturing into Maze-pand, were caught in an eddy, which, after whirling them around until it made them giddy, left them where it found them. A packet of Mr. Southey's Heroics having been left in a low part of Saint

James's palace, was found diluted into hexameters. That gentleman's History of Brazil was also both diluted and dilated. The family of Mr. Sotheby were alarmed by a floating Beppo which entered that gentleman's library window in Grosvenor-street. Luckily his "goods" are not injured. Mr. Blackwood, a gentleman from Edinburgh, picked up Mr. Hope's Anastasius in Albemarle-street, and laid it at Lord Byron's door. Mr. Hope, on the next day, despatched a polite note, claiming his property, which was accordingly restored to him. Several paintings in St. James's-street have suffered much from the wet; those in water-colours escaped. In Paternoster-row great damage was done to the Novel line, by a *Pirate*, who swept all the booksellers' shops, like Van Tromp, with a broom at the mast-head. The property carried away by this freebooter is valued at £4000.

Covent Garden Theatre.—The house overflowed at an early hour. The novelty of the day was a revival of the Escapes, or the Water-Carriers; with Undine. An accident, however, happened, which might have been attended with serious consequences. Messrs. C. Kemble, Young, and Macready were violently jostled together in the tide. Several spars, which floated in from the Shakspeare, were thrust out to assist them in swimming. Mr. Young seized a Hamlet, upon which he floated: Mr. Macready caught a Macbeth, which was too large for his grasp: Mr. C. Kemble might have got home upon a Cassio, or a Faulconbridge, but he pushed them both aside, and disappeared; as he is however an expert swimmer we entertain no fears for his safety. Cleopatra's gallery saved the proprietor. Miss M. Tree ascended the same vessel, and, in the hurry of the moment, showed her legs. The audience were very indulgent. Mr. Liston's Newfoundland dog took care of himself.

Drury Lane Theatre.—The tide at one and the same moment touched Mr. Braham's stock (and Mr. Conway's knee-)buckle. Water will find its level. Mr. Elliston, with provident foresight, had built a wooden platform, from the front of the stage to the back of the pit, upon which he and the other actors escaped dryshod. Mr. E. afterwards attempted the same passage, in company with a Spanish gentleman from Dublin, but the tide set in against him, and blending itself with some combustibles in the pit, produced

"A sound of fear,
Unpleasing to an actor's ear."

Madame Vestris's red morocco boots were saved, but Mr. Elliston's "Epistolary Communications" could not be found. The band was treated with a *wet*. The house was a bumper. A beautiful young mermaid was caught swimming on a dolphin's back, and immediately received an engagement to sing for the season in a new piece that is to be got up for the occasion.

The Rev. W. L. Bowles got a ducking in Pope's Head alley. Lady Morgan's quarto was ungallantly boarded by Mr. Gifford, but her Ladyship stepped out into an octavo, and sailed away. Miss Taylor was pent in between a Cobourg audience in front, and a drop mirror in the rear: the poor girl did not know which way to look. Mr. Heaviside escaped by getting into Blow-bladder-lane. One Rowland Hill, a player, was washed over the way to the opposite theatre in Blackfriars'—

road, and as returning was impracticable, was under the necessity of playing punch at the wrong booth. Potatoes rose in Covent-Garden market, Piazza high; but when the wind abated sunk basket-deep again. Mrs. Rundell's kitchen-garden suffered greatly. Cabbages, carrots, parsnips, and cauliflowers were floated from her premises into those of Mr. Murray, in Albemarle-street. Our reporter left the parties scrambling. A pike, measuring seven feet, was caught in Fludyer-street: it was claimed by a serjeant in the Guards. One Winifred Price lost a pail of milk which was upset at the stage-door of Covent-Garden theatre. The poor woman's commodity, mingled with the water, entered a new forthcoming comedy, and produced an effect too melancholy to detail. Colonel Drinkwater was seen in company with Lord Rivers in Port-soken ward. In several parishes the nave of the church was found in the pulpit. On the abatement of the tide, Mrs. Salmon was found dead upon Fish-street hill. The patent-shot manufactory was saved by being dammed.

SONG.

Must I drink a health to *thee*,
 With this revel all around me?—
 Ah! forgive,—I am not free:
 Mirth and noisy wit have bound me
 Down a prisoner to my chair,
 Till I give "The fairest fair."

Must I drink a health to *thee*,
 With this revel all around?—
 Thou art thinking now of me
 'Midst far other scene and sound;
 Such as better may compare
 With thyself, so true and fair.

Yet; what matters it, though mirth
 Throng and wit about mine ear?
 I can of a finer birth
 Dream, and hie me to a sphere
 Where the lamps of beauty stream
 Bright and worthy of a dream.

I may dream of foreheads white,
 Star-like and alluring eyes,
 Fit to lighten up the night
 Of that prophet's paradise,
 Who from Mecca promised
 Wondrous pleasures for the dead.

And—(oh! far beyond the rest)
 I of *thee* may ever dream.—
 What are wonders east or west
 To that everlasting theme,
 That doth brighten and belong
 To mine own peculiar song!

LETTERS ON ENGLAND. BY M. DE SAINT FOIX.

[These letters, we understand, are the production of a distinguished Frenchman, whose original MS. journal has been obligingly submitted to us by a friend for publication. The Editor admits them on account of the ability which they seem to possess. For this special consideration, he makes in this one instance a departure from his general rule of not inserting any communications bearing the stamp of national prejudice. But he protests against being responsible for a single sentiment which they may contain.]

LETTER I.

Dieppe, Thursday, Sept. 18, 1817.

MY DEAR CLAIRE,—Contrary to your predictions, the attractions of Paris did not detain us, a single day from the ultimate object of our journey. Thus it turns out that you do not know us quite so well as you would have us believe. The truth is, that as neither C—— nor I, pride ourselves on the strength of our resolutions when temptations are in the way, we were pretty sure that, if we allowed Paris to detain us one day, there would be no answering for the extent of its influence; so with a prospective prudence which you will no doubt think very creditable to us, at Ville-Juif we paid our postillions for three or four stages forward, and, bidding them drive through Paris, pulled up the blinds of the carriage, and, as it was getting dark, silently composed ourselves into our respective corners; thus contriving to slip through the fingers of the enemy, against whom we might, perhaps, have failed in making a successful resistance. There is no denying that one of us (I can only answer for one) did not sleep very soundly, as he felt himself rattling over the *paré* of the metropolis of the world; and he has a faint recollection of having been once or twice on the point of waking his companion, to consult with him on the inexpediency of proceeding farther that evening, intending to hint at the little chance there was of meeting with fitting accommodation at a country village, and to expatiate on the dangers of damp beds, the miseries of short suppers, and so forth. But perhaps all this occurred to him in a dream. Certain it is, however, that we both retained our corners silently till we had passed the *Barriere de St. Denis*, and felt ourselves on the *terre* again. Probably it was this change from noise to silence that *waked* us both; for we now soon found that we both *were* awake, and ready to consult on where we should pass the night. In pursuance of a sudden thought of C—— we agreed to turn out of our road and sleep at Montmorency, that we might idle a few hours there in the morning, for the sake of him who idled away some of the least unhappy years of his life there. We left Montmorency in the middle of Monday, supped at Ecouis, and then travelled on for the rest of the night, to make up for what you will call our *lost* time, arriving at Rouen early on Tuesday morning, where we staid till to-day.

You know Normandy is one of my chief favourites among our provinces, as Rouen is among the cities. There is infinite character about the latter, with its majestic cathedral, its noble boulevards, and its air of fresh, and as it were, youthful antiquity; and the former abounds in every variety of picturesque beauty. I hastened to the top of Mount St. Catherine as soon as we arrived, and found the view from thence, as it was when we saw it together five years ago, unrivalled by any thing I have

seen elsewhere, or ever expect to see, for extent, richness, and variety; and the beautiful Seine still winds through the midst of it, studded with all her lovely little islands; one of which, as you may remember, a person whom you know, when he was a little more addicted to reading and acting romance than he is now, fell in love with, and talked of buying and building a house upon: and was only prevented from doing so, by accidentally learning that he must be content to put up with the slight inconvenience of having his meadow and garden under water all the winter, not to mention the lower rooms of his projected chateau. I paid a visit of compliment to the spot nevertheless, in return for the fancies and images (looking as fresh and green as itself) that it called back to me.

The splendid costumes of the peasantry of this province also remain unchanged; and the females are still, without exception, the finest race in France. In both these respects a market-day at Rouen presents a more interesting subject for contemplation than perhaps any thing else of the kind.

On leaving this city, and proceeding towards the coast, the extreme beauty of some of the female faces that you meet with has seemed even more striking to me now than when I first observed it. We have seen three or four that were absolute models of perfection, as to form, feature, complexion, &c. It is true, they are deficient in that peculiar expression which is so much sought after in France; but I am not at all sure that the perfectly tranquil and unconscious air which usually reigns in their divine faces is not superior in every respect to this boasted piquancy; and I am sure that it is infinitely more poetical.

We reached Dieppe this morning, and intend sailing for Brighton to-night. On account of the extreme characteristicness of its costume, style of building, &c. Dieppe is certainly the best port we could have chosen to embark from. The last impressions we shall thus take with us from France will, no doubt, afford the more striking contrasts when we arrive on the other side; and it is from contrasts chiefly that the mere external and immediate excitement and pleasure of travelling arise. Adieu, till we find ourselves in England.

D. S. F.

LETTER II.

Brighton, Friday, Sept. 19th, 1817.

In spite of all the fools and philosophers that ever thought or wrote, bodily pain is the greatest evil attendant on humanity. Perhaps it is the only real one. For myself I think it is. Against all the evils which spring from the mind of man, the mind itself, omnipotent in its own sphere, furnishes, or at least possesses, the antidote. In the evils, so called, which are engendered by the passions and affections, those who choose to look for them may recognise the elements of all that is beautiful in the human character: evils without which the moral world could no more preserve its healthfulness and perfection, than the physical world could without winds, thunderclouds, and earthquakes. But corporal pain, in its beginning, its continuation, and its end, is the source of unmixed mischief. It shuts up the winged spirit in the dark, narrow, and pestiferous dungeon of the flesh. It concentrates all the energies and emotions of the mind and heart upon the one indivisible point of self, where, not having space to breathe or to look

abroad, they stagnate and corrupt and perish. In the violent extremes of danger, the mind and the affections frequently step forth in all their beauty: the friend looks to his friend, and is tranquil; the mother hangs over her child, and forgets there is any other being in the world; the lover clings to the form or the image of his mistress, and is happy. But in the torture of acute bodily pain, or the death-like languor of disease, every thing external is shut out: the charities of life wither; its very delicacies, which are an instinct in the female character, are forgotten; and the strengths of our nature become weaknesses, and its weaknesses rise up into strengths; and self—mean, miserable *bodily* self—opens and spreads and covers every thing. If there is one general law of our nature in which wisdom is not apparent, it is that which makes disease the constant companion of a death-bed: thus depriving us of the best beauty of the human character precisely at the moment when we more than ever seem to need it, leaving nothing but its worst deformity.

You will wonder how I have been led to make these reflections. But you will cease to wonder when you come to be imprisoned, as I have just been, for twenty-six hours in an English packet-boat. Let those who possess and would retain a tolerable opinion of human nature, avoid this earthly, or rather watery pandemonium: it is a test which nothing can withstand.

We landed here two hours ago, and surrendered ourselves at discretion to the first persons who were in wait to lay hands on us. They conducted us to a hotel, where we now are: C—— with his unchangeable good humour; but I, ill, fatigued, spiritless, out of temper, and disposed to dislike every thing and every body about me. How is this? Shall I confess? My mind, and the weak frame to which it is linked, are on the shores of England; but half the energies that keep them healthful, and almost all the thoughts and affections that make them happy, have returned to the flowers, the trees, and the waterfalls of V——. “He will be better and happier to-morrow, if the sun shines,” I hear A—— say, and she is always right. She knows him better than he does himself. Good night!—I do not know why it is, but when my head is on my pillow, and my eyes are closed, and I hear nothing about me but my own breathings, wherever my body may be, my spirit is sure to be at V——.

Saturday.—A—— was right. I got up this morning and walked out;—and the sun *did* shine, and the sea glittered under it, and the little children were bathing or playing about on the sands, or riding ponies or asses on the shore; gaily dressed people, with their morning faces, were passing and repassing here and there; the fishermen were spreading their nets to dry, and their wives sitting mending them, on a beautiful piece of turf in the centre of the town looking to the sea; the houses I thought had every where a peculiar happy look, unlike any thing I had seen before;—and I *was* better and happier. I looked once or twice across the sea for the shores of France, but I could not see them; and I do not know whether I was not *trying* to be melancholy again: but just then I caught a glance of the sunshine upon the water, and C—— came up to me with his smiling spirit looking out from his eyes, and I was happy half against my will.—“Happy against his will! Now is not that nonsense?” I hear A—— exclaim.

May she never be able to understand the feelings which she is so apt and so welcome to make merry with! May a perpetual light from within continue to give, as it does now, life, beauty, and newness to every thing about her! I know, as well as she does, that this earth is, properly understood, a place about the surface of which we ought to glide as with wings; that the spirit ought to bear up the body from seeming to touch it; that we ought to pass over it as the bees pass over flowers—only to collect their sweets: I *know* all this, but I am constantly finding that I *only* know it;—she *feels* it.

Adieu, my dear Claire,

Your affectionate brother,

D. S. F.

P. S. You will remember that the letters I address to you are intended for all the home circle; and that the wishes and adieus I bid to you are offered for them all.

LETTER III.

Brighton, Monday, Sept. 22, 1817.

It is an instinct of our nature to judge by externals. In the present state of the world, I know, this instinct is apt sometimes to lead us astray; but, it is, upon the whole, a very valuable one: and I generally, to a certain extent, yield myself up to it. I suffer it to influence, but not to fix me.

No one can visit a foreign country with less prejudice against the inhabitants of it than I have against those of England; and yet my first impression is, that I do not like them, and that I never can. You will not, however, do them or me the injustice to take this as a deliberate opinion. It is merely an impulse, arising from the external indications of character which first present themselves to me. There is a hard coarseness of feature, and a repulsive coldness of manner, which, whatever of good or of beauty they may cover, are unequivocally bad in themselves: and these the English appear to me to possess in a remarkable degree. There is, besides, in all they say and do, an awkward and blundering abruptness, which is peculiarly offensive to a Frenchman. One is accustomed in France, on all occasions, to give and receive a smile at meeting and at parting, even in one's intercourse with strangers. Perhaps these smiles do not mean much; but they are at least harmless. Here I never meet with any thing like a smile, except sometimes an awkward half-suppressed one at my foreign English. This is one of the worst of rudenesses, and one to which the people here are more addicted than to any other; or perhaps it may appear so to me, because it is one which a Frenchman never falls into, though our language possesses such an endless variety of delicacies, which foreigners, and above all the English, are perpetually violating. But for the present I will turn from the people to the country.

We are extremely interested by this town. The features of it are not what can be called striking; but they are, I think, very remarkable. There is nothing about it in the slightest degree venerable or impressive, like some of the great French and Flemish towns. There is no beauty or grandeur in the houses or public buildings. On the contrary, there is an air of smallness every where; but this is accompanied by a newness, a completeness, and a finish, which give to the whole the effect of a picture. Any part that can be taken in by the eye at

once has the appearance of a newly-painted scene on the stage. Most of the houses look as if they had been kept in a case, and were now just uncovered for some public occasion. The Prince Regent has lately been staying at a palace he has here; and I inquired whether the houses had been newly beautified on this account, as the people are compelled to do in Spain when the king travels. All the answer I got to the inquiry was a "No, Sir!" accompanied by a rude smile, I suppose at my ignorance in making it.

The houses are mostly built in rows or sets of from ten to twenty, each being a fac-simile of all the rest in the set; or rather each set looking like one long low house, with a door between every two or three windows. But what seems to me to give the peculiar effect, is the extreme cleanness and newness of every thing. The paint looks as if just laid on, the windows shine like crystal, the stone steps are as white as snow; and in some parts of the town the houses are faced with coloured and varnished tiles or bricks, which glitter so when the sun shines, that you cannot look at them steadily.

From what I can judge of the Regent's palace by seeing it at a distance, it seems to be built in a very strange taste indeed. The most conspicuous part of it is a large dome, almost as large as that of the Invalids, composed entirely of glass. The palace is nearly surrounded, and all the lower part of it hid, by a range of odd-looking buildings, which are the stables.

There are public libraries, where the people meet together in the evening; besides a theatre, assembly-rooms, exhibitions of various kinds, baths, public walks, &c., all included in a town containing not more than twelve thousand inhabitants. So that, if Brighton may be taken as a fair specimen of an English county town, we must have been strangely misinformed as to the people's love of amusement.

D. S. F.

LETTER IV.

Brighton, Tuesday, Sept. 23, 1817.

You know part of our plan is never to be in a hurry; never to mistake moving for travelling; or to arrive at a place for no other purpose than to quit it. I was too happy at home to have been induced to leave it in search of mere pleasure—even if pleasure were to be found in the rattle of wheels. I am certain I shall spend no day so happily while I am away, as I should have done at V——, with every thing that is dear to me about me. But I hope to return there, less unworthy of the love that will greet me, and capable of loving the givers of it *better* than ever—*more* I cannot. In the mean time, I shall continue to fulfil the condition on which we mutually consented to separate, namely, that I should tell you all I see and think and feel; in short, that I should *talk* to you as I do when we are sitting together on the terrace, or sauntering under the chesnut-trees; talk, by the way, which if you hear with delight, it is because your hearts are the chief listeners to it.

I made an odd mistake in my last, about the Regent's palace. I described the stables as the palace, and the palace as the stables. I suppose the architect, or his employers, just at the time of forming the plan, must have been reading the English Rabelais' account of a nation, in which horses governed and men served them; and so raised

the buildings according to that writer's ideas of the comparative nobility of those two races of animals. I was quite mistaken, too, in supposing this to be a fair specimen of an English provincial town. We find it has very peculiar features, and seems extremely well adapted to exhibit the manners, habits, &c. of almost all classes of the people. We shall therefore remain here for a few days.

Fashion, you must know, is as peremptory in her decrees here, as she is in France; and as effectually destroys all natural and simple tastes and habits of feeling. But both here and there, in spite of the remonstrances of her votaries, she seems obstinately determined, for her health's sake, to transfer her shrine, during the summer months, to a distance from the great cities and the metropolis. What is to be done in this case? For a person of fashion to vegetate among green fields, trees, flowers, and running brooks, would doubtless be a most lamentable waste of life; but then not to be a person of fashion would be still worse. In this dilemma a compromise has been made between inclination and duty. Fashion forbids them to live in London, and habit prevents them from living out of it; so they contrive to live in and out of it at the same time, by establishing on the sea-coast, and in different parts of the island, certain *little* Londons, of which this at Brighton is said to be the most in favour—I suppose because it is the least of all others like the country. The centre of Paris, with its Tuileries and Camps Elysées, is a garden of Eden to it. The country, for leagues round, is one uninterrupted range of brown, barren, chalk-hills; on which a few lean dirty-looking sheep tantalize their appetites by nibbling at the dry turf. Nature has, to be sure, scattered a tree here and there, to show that the want of vegetation is not her fault; and a few spots of land have been cultivated;—but I imagine this has been done only to make the rest look more barren (that is to say more beautiful) by the contrast—as coquettes put black patches on their faces, to make the white and red look more brilliant. Never have our own vine-covered hills and delicious valleys of Languedoc shone out upon my memory in absence, with such luxuriance as during the few days I have been here. But they tell us we must not judge of the face of their island by any thing we see in the near neighbourhood of this town; and have referred us to a spot about two leagues distant, for a most extensive and beautiful view of the adjacent country. We intend going there to-morrow. Till then, adieu.

D. S. F.

LETTER V.

Brighton, Wednesday, Sept. 24, 1817.

WE have just returned from visiting what is called the Devil's Dyke. The view from the top of this singular place has a very peculiar character; and is certainly most beautiful. The road to the spot from whence the view is seen is admirably calculated to enhance its beauties by direct and sudden contrast. It lies, at first, through corn-fields; but all the latter part is what they call here Downs: that is, an immense tract of country undulating on all sides, so that you have nowhere a single receding distance, as far as the eye can reach; but several separate distances, each distinctly marked, but more and more faintly, as they recede behind each other; and all shifting and varying with the position of the eye, or the rise and fall of the track (for there is no road) over which you are

passing. The whole is covered with a short brown turf, and unbroken by a single tree or a single habitation: and, with the exception of a view of the sea now and then on the left, bounded only by the horizon. The effect of this, besides being exceedingly fine in itself, adds greatly to that of the noble prospect which, at a turn of the hill, bursts upon the eye suddenly, and at once.

The character of this view is, in almost every thing, different from those we are accustomed to in France; but if it wants their grandeur and variety, it is still extremely beautiful. The spectator stands on the ridge of a range of Downs, such as I have been describing to you, which seem, as far as the eye can reach on either side, to form an inaccessible barrier to the sea.

Smooth brown turf covers their almost perpendicular declivity down to the very foot; and then the country lies before the eye in one immense flat, or plain, which, in the front, stretches out interminably, till the blue distance becomes lost in the blue sky. Nothing can be more luxuriant than the cultivation with which the whole of this plain is covered; and yet it is totally different from any thing I have seen before. That part which lies near enough for the eye to distinguish the detail of it, consists of square patches of from one to three or four arpents,* completely divided from each other by thick hedge-rows. This, together with the wood which is scattered about in small quantities every where, gives to the scene the appearance of a vast garden—at this season almost of a flower-garden, from the endless variety of tints with which the whole is covered. To complete the effect of the picture, narrow roads wind about like the course of a river, and lead to little villages, which are seen here and there, with their small simple-looking church-spires rising out of clumps of trees, which seem to have been planted there not by man, but by Nature. This appearance, both of the roads and the trees, is almost unknown with us; but it is extremely pleasing. Indeed, I am half inclined not to confess to you how very much I have been delighted by this view; for, if I have succeeded in giving you any thing like a distant idea of it, you will see how entirely it differs from our own favourite ones. Here are no forest-crowned mountains rising majestically in the distance; no laughing valleys which seem to exult in their own beauty; no rivers winding and glittering between their banks, till they become lost to the eye, but not to the fancy; no vine-covered hills jutting out in the foreground on either side, round the corners of which the imagination is enticed to wander, and paint for itself pictures even more lovely than the one it leaves. Here every thing is *seen*; but then neither the eye nor the mind has a desire to wander: they feel as if they could rest for ever on the beautiful creation which seems to lie breathing and basking in the sunshine before them. You know I am accustomed to find, or to fancy, every where in external nature symbols of the mind. Our favourite French landscapes seem, then, like the song of the nightingale, to *talk* of joy. This English one, like the voice of the stock-dove, seems to breathe and to murmur of happiness. The one laughs outwardly like a bacchante of Titian; the other smiles inwardly, like a Madonna of Correggio.

Adieu for a day or two.

D. S. F.

* About an acre. Ta.

CASANOVA'S VISIT TO HALLER AND VOLTAIRE.

[The following article is extracted from a MS. consisting of 600 closely-written sheets that fell in the hands of the Editor of the "Urania," a periodical publication at Leipsic, and was written by J. J. Casanova. It includes a period of nearly fifty years, commencing with the year 1730; and contains a history of the author's life, from his youth to his latter years, with notices of the principal characters with whom he became acquainted in all the great courts of Europe. The writer was brother to Casanova, late director of the Royal Academy of Arts in Dresden, whose name is mentioned in Mensel's "Gelehrtes Deutschland;" or, "The History of the Learned Germans of the 18th Century." The ancestors of J. J. Casanova are said to have been Spaniards, but he himself states Venice to have been his birth-place. He received his first education at Padua; he then entered a seminary, and again returned to Venice. In 1743 he went to Constantinople, where, besides others, he formed an interesting acquaintance with Bonneval. Twelve years after, *i. e.* in 1755, we find him again at Venice, confined in the lead prisons, from which, by the most astonishing efforts, he escaped in 1756. In 1757 he went to Paris, and after a variety of adventures he removed in 1757 to Spain. During a journey which he made thence to the South of France, he passed through Aix in Provence, in his way to Italy. At Madrid he became acquainted with the Count of Aranda, the Duke Medina Celi, and with Olavides; but he was induced, or rather obliged, for various reasons, to leave that country. In 1774, after having passed eighteen years in travelling, he was declared free by the Republic of Venice. From the year 1785 he lived at Dux, in Bohemia, as librarian to the Count Waldstein, and completely gave himself up to the study of the sciences till his death, which was nearly at the end of the century.]

I WAS introduced to Haller by letters of recommendation. He was a man of tall stature, being about six feet high, and his features displayed a perfect symmetry.

Whatever can be reasonably expected from a hospitable man, was offered to me by this great philosopher. Whenever I put a question to him, he displayed to me his knowledge with a correctness and precision that merited my warmest admiration. This was done with such modesty, that a man like myself might have imagined it was carried to excess. He appeared to be receiving instruction himself, when he was in reality conveying instruction to me. When he questioned me on any scientific subject, there was always enough in the question to guide me, and to render it impossible to answer him erroneously.

Haller was eminent as a philosopher, a physician and an anatomist. Like Morgagni, whom he called his preceptor, he had made many discoveries in physiology. He showed me several letters of Morgagni and Pontevedra, who were Professors of the same University. Pontevedra had directed his attention principally to botany: Haller had also made it his study. The conversation we held concerning these distinguished men, by whom I also had been instructed, induced him to complain of Pontevedra. His letters, he observed, gave him much trouble, partly because it was difficult to decipher his writing, and partly because he wrote in obscure Latin.

Haller had just received, from a member of the Academy of Berlin, the intelligence, that the king of Prussia, after the receipt of his letter, had given up his intention of suppressing the Latin language in his dominions. "A sovereign," said Haller, in his letter to this monarch, "who should succeed in banishing from the republic of letters the language of Cicero and Horace, would erect an eternal monument of his own ignorance. If the learned must have a language for communicating their discoveries to each other, the Latin language is of all the fittest; for the dominion of the Greek and Arabic has ceased."

Haller was also a great lyric poet, and an able statesman; his country derived great advantages from his abilities. His morals were distinguished by a purity that is very rare. He once said to me, that the best means of teaching morality to others, is to prove its value by our own example. So good a citizen could not but be at the same time an excellent father to his family; and such I found him. He had contracted a second marriage; both his wife and daughter were very interesting: the latter, then in her eighteenth year, took no share in the conversation during dinner, except that she occasionally addressed a few words in a low voice, to a young gentleman who sat next to her. After dinner I asked Haller, who this young man was, and he informed me, he was the tutor of his daughter. I said, "It is not improbable that such a tutor and such a pupil may feel a mutual inclination for each other." He replied, "Let it be so if Heaven ordains it." This answer was so dignified and wise, that I reproached myself for having made such a hasty observation; and, in order to change the subject, I opened an octavo volume of Haller's works, and seeing the words: "*Utrum memoria post mortem, dubito*," I said, "You, then, consider the recollection as no essential part of the soul?" And thus I obliged the philosopher to give a qualified explanation; for he did not wish his orthodoxy to be doubted. I inquired during dinner, whether Voltaire often visited him? He smiled, and answered:—"*Vetabo, qui Cereris sacrum vulgavit arcanum, sub iisdem sit trabibus.*" During the three days I remained with him, I did not again venture to converse with him on religious subjects. When I observed, that I rejoiced at my approaching acquaintance with the great Voltaire, he answered, without appearing to be in the least hurt at my observation, "Voltaire is a man whose acquaintance I had cause to seek, but many persons have found him, contrary to the laws of physics, greater when beheld at a distance."

Haller was very abstemious, although his table was abundantly provided. His usual drink was water; but at the dessert he generally took a small glass of spirits, which he poured into a large glass of water. He related many things of Boerhaave, whose favourite pupil he had been. After Hippocrates, he considered him as the greatest physician; and, as a surgeon, he considered him superior to Hippocrates and all others. This induced me to ask him, why Boerhaave himself had not been able to attain an advanced age. He replied, "*Quia contra vim mortis nullum est medicamen in hortis.*" Had not Haller been born a physician, a poisoned wound, which no other person could heal, would have caused his death; but he cured himself by washing the wound with a lotion, which he made by dissolving in his own urine a certain portion of common salt.

"Madame ****," said I to him, "pretends you possess the philosopher's stone."

He replied, "The world says so, but I myself doubt it."

"Do you then," continued I, "conceive it to be impossible to obtain it?"

He answered, "I have endeavoured for thirty years to convince myself of the impossibility; but to the present moment I have not succeeded. One cannot be a chemist without believing in the physical possibility of this great result."

When I took my leave, he requested I would write to him, and give him my opinion of Voltaire. Thus our correspondence commenced, which we carried on in the French language. I received twenty-three letters from this rare man, the last of which was written six months previous to his death.*

While I was at Bern I had read the *Heloise* of Rousseau, and I requested Haller to give me his opinion of it. "The little," said he, "that I have read of it, in compliance with the wishes of a friend, is sufficient to enable me to form an opinion of the whole work. It is the worst of all novels, because it is more eloquent than any other. You will see the *Waadtland*: it is a beautiful country, but do not expect to find the originals like Rousseau's brilliant pictures. He thinks it is allowed to lie in a novel. Your Petrarch did not lie. I have his Latin works. People will no longer read them, because they consider his Latin to be faulty; but they are wrong. Petrarch's love for the chaste Laura is not a fanciful invention. He loved her as any other man would have loved a woman who had won his affections; and if their love had been reciprocal, Petrarch would never have celebrated her in song."

Thus Haller spoke of Petrarch; when I asked his opinion of Rousseau, whose eloquence he said he hated, because all its splendour consisted in antithesis and paradox. Although this distinguished Swiss was one of the greatest philosophers of his age, yet he never boasted of his knowledge either in his family circle, or in his conversation with scientific men. He was affable and amiable, and seldom incurred the displeasure of any one. By what means he gained the affections of all who knew him, I know not. It is easier to say what he had not, than to explain the good qualities of which he was possessed. He had not the defects of those who are generally styled the learned and the great. He was a man of upright intentions, but he made nobody feel it, who possessed a less share of them than himself. He certainly despised those ignorant persons, who, instead of confining themselves within the bounds of their own insignificance, speak at random on all subjects, and who ever aim at making the well-informed appear ridiculous; but nevertheless he never allowed his contempt to be seen or felt. He left it to others to discover his superiority of mind, for it could not be concealed, but he did not expect them to acknowledge it. He expressed himself in elegant language, and whatever he advanced was replete with sound reasoning, but never over-ruled the sentiments of others. He seldom mentioned his own works, and if the conversation led to them, he changed it to some other subject. If he was obliged to contradict any one, he generally did so reluctantly.

* In the year 1777, at the age of 70.

Agreeably to my plan, I terminated my journey through French Switzerland, by a visit to Voltaire.

I found him just rising from dinner, surrounded by ladies and gentlemen.

C. "At last," said I, on approaching him, "the happiest moment of my life is arrived: I, at length, behold my great teacher; for the last twenty years, Sir, I have attended your school."

V. "Do me this honour twenty years longer, and then do not fail to bring me the money for your schooling."

C. "I promise, it shall not be withheld. But do you also promise, that you will then expect me."

V. "I promise it, and would sooner die than break my promise."

A general laugh resounded applause to this first witty answer of Voltaire: this was a matter of course. When two persons begin a contest, the laughers always countenance one at the expense of the other. These are little cabals, for which one must be prepared in good company. I was so; and I hoped that I should be able in my turn to lay a snare for Voltaire.

Two Englishmen, lately arrived, were now presented to him: one of them was Fox, afterwards so justly celebrated. Voltaire rose and said, "The gentlemen are English; oh! that I were likewise an Englishman!" This was a bad compliment. The Englishmen ought to have said, "Oh! that we were Frenchmen!" But they either were unwilling to lie, or were ashamed to tell the truth. A man of honour may, in my opinion, extol his own nation in preference to a foreign one, but he ought not to depreciate it.

We had scarcely sat down, when Voltaire again attacked me. He said with a smile, but very politely, "As a Venitian, you undoubtedly know Count Algarotti?" "I know him," I replied, "but not as a Venitian; for seven-eighths of my countrymen know not that there exists such a man as Count Algarotti. (I ought to have said, as a learned man.) I know him from an intercourse of two months in Padua, where he has lived for seven years; and I admire him because he is one of your admirers."

V. "We are friends. He has the esteem of all who know him. It is not necessary, therefore, that he should admire any one in order to gain esteem."

C. "If he had not begun by admiring others, he would not have obtained fame. As an admirer of Newton, he enabled the ladies to treat of light."

V. "Has he really effected this?"

C. "He has obtained his end, though not so completely as Monsieur de Fontenelle obtained his by his Plurality of Worlds."

V. "You are right. Tell him, if you should see him in Bologna, I expect his Letters on Russia. He may send them to me by the banker Bianchi at Milan. The Italians are said to be dissatisfied with his style of writing."

C. "Certainly. His own language cannot be found in his works: they are full of Gallicisms. We pity him."

V. "Does not then the French mode of construction embellish your language?"

C. "It renders it intolerable. The French language interspersed with Italian words could not be more intolerable, even if you, Monsieur de Voltaire, had written it."

V. "You are right: all authors should write in pure language: Livy has been censured on account of his provincial Latin."

C. "The Abbé Lazzarini told me, when I began to write, that he preferred Livy to Salust."

F. "Do you mean the Abbé Lazzarini, the author of the tragedy '*Ulisse il Giovane*'? You must have been then very young. I wish I had known him. But I knew the Abbé Coeli, the friend of Newton, and author of the four tragedies which comprise the whole of the Roman History."

C. "I knew him, and admired him; and when I found myself in the company of these great men, I esteemed myself happy, that I was young. In your company it seems to me as if it was but yesterday; but I am not humbled on this account: I wish I was the last-born of the human race."

F. "You then would certainly be more happy than the first-born. What branch of literature are you pursuing?"

C. "None. But I may hereafter. At present I read as much as I can, and study mankind by travelling."

F. "The road is good, but the book extremely large. The end is more easily attained by reading history."

C. "History lies. The facts related are uncertain, and the occupation tedious. To study the world, while wandering through it, amuses me. Horace, whom I know by heart, is my companion; I find him every where."

F. "Algarotti too is never without him. I am sure you are a friend to poetry."

C. "It is my ruling passion."

F. "Have you composed many sonnets?"

C. "From ten to fifteen, which I value; and from two to three thousand, which I never read a second time."

F. "In Italy the love for sonnets is a kind of mania."

C. "Yes. If the desire to embellish a thought by harmonious words may be called mania. The art of writing sonnets, Monsieur de Voltaire, is not easy. The sentiment must not, for the sake of fourteen verses, be either extended or abridged, and the sentiment must not only be good, it is necessary that it be sublime."

F. "It is the bed of the tyrant Procrustes, and for that reason you have few good ones. We have not one, and the fault is in our language."

C. "Perhaps also in the French taste. Your nation conceive that a sentiment, which exceeds the length of an Alexandrine, loses all strength and brilliancy."

F. "And do not you think so?"

C. "By no means. But let us first agree as to the meaning of the term *sentiment*. A flash of wit, for instance, will not be suitable for a sonnet."

F. "Which Italian poet do you prefer?"

C. "Ariosto. I cannot, however, with propriety say, that I *prefer* him. In my opinion he is the only poet, and yet I know them all. When I read your censure on Ariosto about fifteen years ago, I was persuaded you would retract your judgment, when you had read his works."

F. "I thank you for believing I had not read Ariosto. I had read him, but I was young, and but imperfectly acquainted with your language. At the same time I was influenced by those of the Italian literati who were admirers of Tasso. Thus I unfortunately suffered an opinion on Ariosto to go abroad, which I considered as my own. It was not my own opinion; I admire your Ariosto."

C. "I now breathe again. Do, I beseech you, excommunicate the book, in which you have ridiculed Ariosto."

F. "All my books are excommunicated already. But you shall witness in what manner I have retracted my judgment of Ariosto."

Voltaire now astonished me. He recited by heart the two long passages of the 34th and 35th cantos of Orlando, where the divine poet makes Astolfo converse with the apostle John,—without missing one verse, or in a single instance violating the rules of prosody. He afterwards extolled the beauties of the poet by such observations as

became a truly great man: more sublime remarks could not have been expected even from an Italian commentator. I listened to him with the utmost attention, and watched, but in vain, to discover an error. Turning to the company, I declared, that my admiration was boundless, and that it should be made known throughout Italy. Voltaire now said:—

"The whole of Europe shall be informed by myself of the ample reparation, which is due to the greatest genius she ever produced."

He hardly knew how or when to put an end to his encomiums; and the next day he presented me with his own translation of a stanza:

Quindi avvien che tra principi e signori
Patti e convenzion' sono sì frali.
Tan lega oggi rè, papi e imperatori,
Doman saran nimici capitali:
Perché, qual l'apparenze esteriori
Non anno i cor' non an gli animi tali:
Che non mirando al torto, più ch' al dritto
Attendon solamente al lor profitto.

This was his translation:—

Les papes, les Césars apaisant leur querelle,
Jurent sur l'évangile une paix éternelle;
Vous les voyez demain l'un de l'autre ennemis;
C'était pour se tromper qu'ils s'étaient réunis;
Nul serment est gardé, nul accord n'est sincère,
Quand la bouche a parlé, le cœur dit le contraire.
Du ciel qu'ils attestaient ils bravaient le courroux,
L'intérêt est le Dieu, qui les gouverne tous.

Though none of the company, except myself, understood the Italian language, yet Voltaire's recitation on the preceding day procured him the applause of all present. After these applauses had subsided, Madame Denis, his niece, asked me, whether I considered the long passage recited by her uncle as one of the finest of that great poet. I replied, "Certainly, Madam, it is one of the finest, but not the finest." She inquired farther, "Has it been decided, then, which is the finest?" I replied, "This was absolutely necessary; for otherwise, the apotheosis of the poet could not have taken place. "He has been canonized then?" (continued she) "I did not know that."

A general burst of laughter ensued, and all of them, Voltaire being foremost, declared themselves in favour of Madame Denis. I observed the utmost gravity. Voltaire, seemingly offended, said, "I know why you do not laugh. You mean to indicate that the part for which Ariosto has been called the Divine, must have been inspired."

C. "Most certainly."

V. "And which is the passage?"

C. "The last thirty-six stanzas of the twenty-third canto. They describe the madness of Orlando with so much truth, that they may be called technically correct. No one, except Ariosto, ever knew how madness comes upon us. He alone has been able to describe it. You, too, have doubtless shuddered while reading those stanzas. They stir up all the sensibilities of the soul."

V. "I remember them. All the frightfulness of love is there displayed; and I am impatient to read them again."

"Perhaps," said Madame Denis, "you will be so kind as to recite the passage," at the same time turning herself to her uncle as if to ask his consent.

C. "Why should I not?" I replied; "if you will have the goodness to listen to me."

Madame D. "What! have you taken the trouble to commit it to memory?"

C. "From the age of fifteen I have read Ariosto twice or three times annually; he must, therefore, have necessarily impressed my memory without any effort on my part—I might say almost involuntarily. His genealogies and historical episodes, however, are an exception: they fatigue the mind, and leave the heart unaffected. Horace is the only author whom I have wholly committed to memory; yet he too has some verses, in his epistles, that are too prosaic."

F. "I conceive it possible to learn Horace by heart; but to succeed with Ariosto is no trifle. There are forty-six long cantos."

C. "Say, rather, fifty-one."

Voltaire was silent, but Madame Denis immediately resumed, and said,

"Quick, quick: let us have the thirty-six stanzas of which you say that they excite horror, and which have obtained for the poet the appellation of Divine."

I immediately recited them, avoiding the usual declamation of the Italians. Ariosto needs not the artificial aid of a declaimer, which, after all, produces monotony. I perfectly agree with the French, that a singing delivery is intolerable. I repeated the stanzas just as if they had been prose, except as to tone, look, and change of voice. They perceived and felt the effort I made to repress my tears, without being able to suppress theirs. But when I came to the stanza,

Poichè, allargare il freno al dolor puote
Che resta solo senza altrui rispetto,
Giù dagli occhi rigando per le gote,
Sparge un fiume di lagrime sul petto;—

my tears flowed so copiously, that the whole company were affected, and they all wept. Madame Denis began to tremble, and Voltaire hastened towards me to embrace me; but I did not suffer myself to be interrupted: for Orlando, to be entirely overcome by madness, was yet to discover, that he reposed in the very bed in which the happy Medor had once clasped in his arms the charms of Angelica. This is in the succeeding stanza. My voice had hitherto been plaintive and hollow; I now assumed a tone appropriate to the horror excited by the madness of Orlando, which gave him such extraordinary power, that he effected destructions similar to those produced by an earthquake, or a flash of lightning. When I had finished the recital, the countenances of the company sufficiently expressed their approbation. Voltaire exclaimed, "I have always said, if you wish to make others weep, you must weep yourself. But to weep, one must feel; and to feel, one must have a soul." He then embraced me, and thanked me; he moreover promised to recite the same stanzas on the following day. He kept his word.

We resumed our conversation about Ariosto, and Madame Denis expressed her surprise, that the Roman Pontiff had not included his works in the list of prohibited books. Voltaire told her, the contrary had been done. Leo X. had excommunicated, by a particular bull, all those who should dare to condemn Ariosto. The two great houses of Este and Medici would not allow the poet to be injured; otherwise, he

added, the only verse where Constantine is stated as giving Rome to Silvester, would have been sufficient, on account of the words *puzza forte*, to prohibit the poem.

Here I could not help begging Voltaire to allow me to remark, that greater objection had been made to the verses in which Ariosto expresses his doubts as to the resurrection of the human race at the end of the world. Speaking of the hermit, who wishes to prevent Rodomont making himself master of Isabella, the widow of Zerbin, he represents the African, tired of his remonstrances, laying hold of the hermit, and hurling him away with such violence, that, dashed against a rock, he remains in so profound a sleep—

“Che al novissimo di forse sia desto.”*

The word *forse*, which the poet used merely as a rhetorical ornament, caused a general clamour, which would probably have made Ariosto laugh.

“It is a great pity,” exclaimed Madame Denis, “that Ariosto did not avoid exaggerations.”

“You are mistaken, my dear niece,” replied Voltaire, “even his exaggerations are well conceived and extremely beautiful.”

We now conversed on other subjects, all relating to literature; and at last his piece entitled “*L’Ecossoise*,” which had then been acted at Solothurn, became the topic of conversation. Voltaire remarked, that if it would afford me any pleasure to personate a character at his house, he would request Monsieur de Chavigny to prevail on his lady to play the part of Lindane,† and he himself would act the part of Monrose. I politely thanked him for his kindness, but declined the proposition, adding, that Madame de Chavigny was at Basil, and that I was obliged to continue my journey on the following day. Upon this he raised a loud cry, and put the whole company in an uproar, alleging that my visit would be an insult to him, unless I remained with him at least a week.

I told him I had come to Geneva expressly to see him, and having accomplished this, I had nothing else to detain me here.

F. “Have you come to speak with me,” he asked, “or do you wish that I should speak with you?”

C. “I came here, above all things, for the sake of your conversation.”

F. “You must then stay at least three days longer. Dine with me every day, and we will converse together.”

I accepted the offer, but returned to my inn, having much writing to do.

* That the last day only will *perhaps* awake him.

† Alluding to an adventure of Casanova in Solothurn, with which Voltaire had been made acquainted.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER V.

SIR BALAAM BARROW TO MR. JEREMIAH DAWSON.

CONTENTS.

Journey to Brighton and Journey in America contrasted.—Landladies.—Beggars.—Apples at Coach-door.—Barmaid at Cuckfield.—Ladder from Coach Top.—An American Vehicle, "Open to all Parties," viz. at all sides.—No Trustees of Roads.—Diverse Queries on the American Language.—Sir Balaam as puzzled as Pizarro.—Cobbett's Grammar.—Questions to one who proposes to emigrate.

WHOEVER has taken, his loose nerves to tighten,
A journey from Blossoms' Inn, Cheapside, to Brighton,
And finds himself pleasantly rattled to Shoreham,
At, including stoppages, nine miles *per horam*,
Must own the whole matter, from basement to attic,
From forehorse to hind-wheel, is aristocratic.
If landladies handle "the worm of the still;"
If urchins, for half-pennies, tumble up hill;
If apples are proffer'd, the slighted outriders
Are always postponed to the four fat insiders.
To them the lame beggar first takes off his hat,
To them the spruce landlady loiters to chat.
The barmaid at Cuckfield, apparell'd in white,
To them first exclaims, "Won't you please to alight?"
While, from the coach-top, by the ladder, each man
Gets down as he pleases,—that is, as he can.

Ah! Jerry! how nobler a prospect engages
The wight who ascends our American stages!
The coachman (I should say "the driver") takes care
To sit, as he ought, cheek by jowl with the fare.
No springs prop the body; the sides of the coach
Are open to let any trade-wind approach.
The roof is supported by six wooden shanks,
The passengers sit upon plain wooden planks,
And the horses, quite civilly, kept down their jumps,
To let me in, clambering over their rumps.
Your bowling-green roads, water'd well by trustees,
Are merely constructed for safety and ease;
You "run on the nail," so decidedly dry,
You are puzzled to know if you ride, swim, or fly.
How different our practice! here *Nature* displays
Her steepest of stiles, and her roughest of ways.
O'er pebbles like rocks, and o'er Brobdignag logs,
The up-and-down vehicle swings, dives, and jogs.
This saves introductions, a mere waste of labour,
It brings every man *à la suite* with his neighbour,
And makes him, however at starting unwilling,
As smooth, ere he parts, as a George the Third shilling.

We dined on the road upon junks of boil'd yam,
Beef, apple-pie, cabbage, potatoes, and ham.
A man in a corner ate beef and horse-radish;
I told him I reckon'd his roads rather baddish.
"Roads?" answer'd the sage, 'twixt a croak and a squall,
"I guess we had rather have no roads at all.
"When first they were dug, we were mightily rais'd,
"The President's sport, I remember, we spoil'd:
"We bore off his faggots, hand-barrow, and clay,
"And took off by night what he laid on by day.

Milk and Honey, or the Land of Promise.

"You don't seem to answer me, Mister; mayhap
 "You're strange in these parts; a new salt-water chap:
 "Where d'ye *keep*? What a face! Oh, it is not yet tann'd;
 "Have you been here a *lengthy* time, old one? How's land?"
 These questions, I own, made me simpler and stammer:
 I wish you would let me have Cobbett on Grammar:
 He lived in Long Island, and surely must teach
 The English America's eight parts of speech.
 Do send it me soon, for I feel at a loss ere I
 Dive in that patriot's Columbian Glossary.
 For want of that key, how I sigh when I miss
 The *wit* that is lock'd up in caskets like this—
 "What's your daughter's name?"—"Jane."—"Have you dined?"
 —"Yes, a *craw* full."
 "I've an item of that."—"Aye?"—"I hope she's not *awful*."
 "Is your son his own *boss*?"—"Yes, he *keeps* by that hedge."
 "How's his health?"—"Mighty *grand*, and his spirits are *kedgy*!
 He bought his own *store* by an *elegant* trick,
 At a *lag*."—"How's his business?"—"Progressively *stuck*."
 "Tom's *done up*, I guess; but he wa'n't much to blame."
 "How's Billy?"—"Clear'd out."—"What an *almighty* shame!"
 "I'll bet you a *cent*, he recovers his station."
 "Guess how much he owes me?"—"Ten dollars!"—"Tarnation!"
 "My tea is too weak: I am never so *spry*
 "As when I've a *raft* of good tea."—"No, nor I."
 "Ma'am, where does your young one *hang out*?"—"Doctor Tebb's.
 "They put him last week in his *abbs* and his *ebbs*.
 "They say the *young shaver* has got 'em by heart."
 "Then he takes to his learning?"—"Yes, *awfully smart*."
 What a pity it is, that you poor British caitiffs
 Don't learn how to talk of our elegant natives.
 These flowers of speech, and these graces of style,
 Have not yet cross'd o'er to your desolate isle.
 Deprived of a tutor to point out the wit
 Of these spritely sallies, dumb-founded I sit,
 Like a Tooley-street clerk in the Opera pit!
 Up and down, at an inn, while the mercantile throng
 Are stretching their legs (much already too long),
 Like a cork in a mill-dam, I babbety-bob it,
 Without mast or rudder; so pray send me Cobbett.
 You say that you're thinking to emigrate too,
 And ask me to tell you what course to pursue;
 I'll answer your question by questioning you.
 But, Jerry, I pray, while you take, keep a hint;
 I'm ruin'd if ever it gets into print.
 Can you ride in a cart when the weather is foggy?
 Can you get, every night, not quite tipsy, but groggy?
 If wet, at the fire of an inn can you flit
 Round and round, to get dry, like a goose on a spit?
 In telling a tale can you ponder and prose?
 Can you spit thro' your teeth? Can you talk thro' your nose?
 Can you sit out the second-hand tragical fury
 Of emigrant players, discarded from Drury?
 Can you place Poet Barlow above Poet Pope?
 Can you wash, at an inn, without towel or soap?
 Can you shut either eye to political knavery?
 Can you make your white liberty mix with black slavery?
 Can you spit on the carpet and smoke a cigar?
 If not, my dear Jeremy, stay where you are!

THE NEW YEAR.

"New year forth looking out of Janus' gate,
 Doth seem to promise hope of new delight,
 And bidding th' old adieu, his passed date
 Bids all old thoughts to die in dumpish spright;
 And calling forth out of sad winter's night
 Fresh love, that long hath slept in cheerless bower,
 Bids him awake, and soon about him dight
 His wanton wings, and darts of deadly power;
 For lusty Spring, now in his timely howre,
 Is ready to come forth him to receive,
 And warns the earth with divers colored flowre,
 To deck herself, and her fair mantle weave:"—

SPENSER.

WHETHER or not it was at the commencement of a new year that Horace, two thousand years ago, exclaimed:

"Eheu! fugaces Posthume, Posthume,
 Labuntur anni,—"

he has not informed us; but the exclamation itself was never more appropriate than it would have been at that season. The poet took a right view of the question, at all events; and directed his ideas to the comparatively large portion of time which had fled by, out of the span allotted to human life, and did not go with the multitude in its greetings of the term newly commenced. We fear this mode, however, will not entirely do for us to follow; we must, in some respect, yield to the many, and look upon the beginning of the new year as a time of merriment and glee,—of thankfulness for prolonging existence—of wishes to be fulfilled, and pleasures to be enjoyed.

We must not hint at the spirit of prodigality we evince when we forget, amidst our exultations, the additional portion of our little time which has passed away; but act somewhat on the principle of those Indian tribes that make great rejoicings at the deaths of their compatriots, and be merry that our sand of life is so much nearer exhaustion.

Be it so: and let us for a moment overlook the less valued quarter of the picture, and, in compliment to the prevailing taste, admire only the brighter parts. The antiquity of the custom of marking in a peculiar manner the opening of the new year seems beyond written history. The Jews, one of the oldest nations, had their civil and religious years, and celebrated the commencement of the latter. Their civil year began with the month Tisri, or September, and their sacred year with Nisan, a month answering to the latter part of March and the beginning of April. Moses altered the commencement of the Jewish year, which until that time had probably been the same as the Egyptian, and he distinguished it by the feast of the Passover in the first month, Nisan, purposely to commemorate the escape of the Israelites from bondage. Though this festival was not fixed to commence on the first day of the month, it expressly belonged to the opening of the new year. All the first days of the months, or moons, were distinguished beyond the other days; but whether that day in the month Nisan was particularly observed, is unknown. Subsequently, the Jews kept the first day of the first civil month, Tisri; but, as no command to do so appears

How swiftly, O Posthumus, glide away our flying years.

among the institutes of Moses, its observance was, perhaps, derived from the customs of surrounding nations. Indeed, it might not have been observed by them at all until they became a people dispersed over the world, and no longer preserved their unity as a nation. The Jews have, however, long given splendid entertainments on that day, and passed the compliments of the season to each other, as the Romans did, and as we do now. This seems to show that the ceremony of greeting each other was adopted by them at a comparatively late period of their history; and was, perhaps, learned from their conquerors after the destruction of Jerusalem.

The Greeks, as most ancient nations did, held the opening of the new year in great esteem. They had festive meetings to celebrate the commencement of the sun's annual course, but these were probably not confined to one day. In fact, the Greek nations differed as to the period when the year began. In the days of Homer they do not appear to have had any settled years and months, though they reckoned time by moons.* At a later era, the Macedonians dated their new year from the autumnal equinox, and called the first month *Dius*. The old Arcadian year was first composed of three months and afterwards of four. The Acarnanians counted six months to their year. The ancient Athenian year began after the winter solstice; and they calculated by lunar months, while the other nations of Greece used solar ones. Meton reformed the Athenian calendar, and settled the beginning of the year after the summer solstice, from the first new moon, being about the latter end of June. The first month was called *Hecatombaion*, on account of the number of sacrifices offered up at that time of the year. This first month consisted of thirty days; it was anciently named *Kronios* or *Kronion*, from *Kronia*, or the festival of Saturn, the *Saturnalia* of the Romans, on which our festival of Christmas appears to have been engrafted,† though, among the Romans, it seems to have been kept at a different time of the year from the Greeks. The Spartans chose one of the Ephori, chief magistrate on new year's day, who was changed every year at the new moon after the autumnal equinox, and that year was always called by the name of the magistrate so chosen.

The different years of Romulus, Numa, and Julius Cæsar, among the Romans, with the successive improvements in computing their time adopted by that people are generally known. The first month of the year of Romulus, the latter consisting of ten months, was consecrated to Mars, answering to our March. Numa added two other months, making twelve, namely: January, so called from the god Janus, and February, from *Februo*, to purify; because the feasts of the purification were celebrated in that month. It may not be irrelevant to observe that, seven hundred years before Christ, the foundation of the Purification, or Candlemas, of the Roman Catholic and English churches may be traced; thus showing how the heathen customs were transmuted in the early ages into the simple rites of Christianity, and what gross corruptions took place in the Christian worship, which have been continued to our day. Julius Cæsar effected the last improvement in the Roman year, which afterwards differed nothing from that now in use. New Year's day, or, according to the Roman phraseology, the

* Homer's *Odys.* § v. 161.

† See Vol. II. page 641 of this work.

first of the Kalends of January, was remarkable for the compliments people paid to each other, which were literally the same as those now in use, that have descended to us from our ancient intercourse with them. On New Year's day the Agonalia, or festival in honour of Janus, took place. Presents were sent round among friends with wishes of health and prosperity, and such presents were called *Strenæ*. Clerks and freedmen also sent presents to their patrons. Gifts were presented by the people to their governors: this custom was as ancient as the time of Romulus. The Roman knights gave a new year's gift annually to Augustus Cæsar and to succeeding emperors. Nero established games on new year's day, which were at first kept privately in his palace-gardens in honour of the shaving of his beard, but afterwards they were made public, and celebrated by succeeding emperors with great splendour, under the name of Juvenalia. The magistrates of Rome came into office on new year's day, and the artisans began any new work which they had to perform, but they only worked a little upon it for good fortune, and then laid it aside. No one in Rome was allowed to take fire out of his neighbour's house on that day, nor any iron utensil, nor was any thing to be lent.*

New Year's day as the fete of the Circumcision is only to be traced among Christians to the year 1090; it is likely, therefore, that this was one of the many observances foisted into Christianity by the popes, and councils of that period, and for which there is not a remote authority in the Scriptures. The first day of the year was kept as a festival among Christians as far back as the year 487. They used to run about masked, until forbidden to do so, in the manner of the heathens during the Saturnalia. At a later period, the Saxons observed the day with great jollity and revelling, and the waes-heil bowl was always circulated briskly. Waes-heil, or drinc-heil,† were originally their modes of drinking health on public occasions. Gifts were always presented at this season. The new year's gift in France is even now, in some parts, called Guy-l'an-neuf. In England, on new year's eve the wassail bowl‡ was carried from door to door by the youth of both sexes, filled with a composition of ale, sugar, toast, and roasted crabs or apples, asking presents in return. It has been stated, however, that the presents were not given until the following day. It has also been supposed by some, that wassailing was a religious rite derived from the worship of an idol named Heil, once adored at Cerne, in Dorsetshire; but this appears to have nothing but fable for its foundation. If it had any thing connected with religion about it, the worship of Bacchus must have been the object. Mr. Brand has published a song of six stanzas, in his "Popular Antiquities," which is sung to this day by the lower classes in Gloucestershire, clearly showing the traditional meaning of the word. The following is the first stanza

* Selden says that bene vos, bene te, bene me, bene nostram etiam Stephanium, in Plautus, and other writers of antiquity, agrees nearly with the custom of drinking healths in later days.

† For much on this subject see Brand's Popular Antiquities.

‡ See Vol. II. page 645.

The New Year.

"Wassail! Wassail! all over the town—
 Our toast is white and our ale it is brown,
 Our bowl it is made of a maplin tree
 We be good fellows all,—I drink to thee! &c. &c.

This shows that the popular sense of the term agrees with Milton's in *Comus*, which means revelling.—

—————"I should be loath
 To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
 Of such late wassailers."

Shakspeare also makes Hamlet say :—

"The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
 Keeps wassel and the swaggering upspring reels :
 And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
 The kettle drum and trumpet thus bray out
 The triumph of his pledge."

With us, new year's gifts were formerly presented by the husband to the wife, the father to the child, or the master to the servant; and, curious enough, we seem to have reversed the Roman custom, which was generally from the inferior to the superior. The gifts were not confined to particular things, though some were preferred to others, and appear to have been offerings peculiar to the season, and made more for ceremony's sake, than for a token of remembrance, or for value. An orange stuck full of cloves was one of this class. Eggs dyed of different colours were also sent as presents, particularly red ones; which was the favourite colour of the Celtic nations. It is remarkable that a similar custom prevailed in Persia at the beginning of the last century, when they celebrated the commencement of their solar year by a feast, at which they gave each other coloured eggs. Verses in the shape of compliment or congratulation were formerly sent as new year's gifts, and were, consequently, plenty enough during the season. An old tract, treating of this custom, says, "The poets get mightily that day (new year's day) by their pamphlets, for a hundred elaborate lines shall be lesse esteemed then in London than a hundred of Wansfleet oysters at Cambridge."

The English nobility formerly sent the king a purse of gold, as a new year's gift; a custom derived, without doubt, from that of the Roman knights, to the emperors before-mentioned. Among our records of singular presents made on that day, is the gift of a Testament, by bishop Latimer, to king Henry VIII. splendidly bound, and having marked upon it, "*Fornicatores et adulteros judicavit Dominus.*" It is wonderful that the good bishop, who certainly did not rank with many of later times in courtliness, but thus fearlessly pursued the duties of his calling, should have been reserved for the vengeance of the bloody bigot Mary, after such an act of faithfulness to that tyrant. The gift formerly presented on the opening of the new year by the tenantry to their lord, was a capon. Puns were, also, on their first invention, deemed acceptable new year's gifts to the fair sex.

The Law Society of Lincoln's-Inn, as they were formerly great

observers of Christmas,* so they were accustomed to greet new year's day with mirth and good fellowship. The seat of the King of Christmas in the hall was filled by his marshal, and the master of the revels supplied the vacant seat of the marshal thus elevated to the throne of the sovereign. In truth, the gentlemen of Lincoln's-Inn seem to have lived "righte merrily" in ancient times, and never to have missed any excuse for a wassailing of which they could avail themselves.

Thus the custom of greeting the new year with mirth and revelling appears to have been general among nations ancient and modern. It arose, perhaps, from the conviction, that as life was environed with hazards and hung on a slender thread, they were fortunate to have gotten safely over another year. Like all impressions that are productive of similar effects, these were the result of sudden and pleasant impulses. There was only one other way in which they could have regarded the season, but that was far too reflective and philosophic for untutored minds. They never, in consequence, thought of the rapid tide of accumulating seasons hurrying them to an unknown existence and to the state of "cold obstruction." Though the lapse of every year brings us all nearer to the close of "life's fitful fever," we still exemplify Young's line—

"All men think all men mortal but themselves;"

and in consequence of this only a few among the great mass of mankind observe the noiseless foot of time stealing by them, and robbing them of a portion of life at every step. But we shall be told, like Hamlet, if we consider the subject farther in this light, "that it were to consider too curiously to consider so."

There is great pleasure sometimes in following the multitude, and taking its unstudied views of things. The new season seems naturally to bring with it anticipations of good fortune, and thus it heightens the deceptions which reconcile us to life, or rather increase our love of it. In truth, the entrance of the new year has peculiar charms:—the lengthening days, the earth about to rise from the cheerless sleep of winter, the exhilarating feelings at the approach of Spring, the incipient song of birds, the increasing sunshine, are all calculated to repress sad thoughts by the delicious sensations they inspire. It is the character of human nature to fling itself confidently upon the future, and even to "leap amid its darkness." The past is beyond our power, the present is become the past ere we can reflect upon it: man, therefore, has only the future for the haven, in which he can anchor his little bark of expectations, and he looks to it with delight, always flattering himself that there he shall find good holding-ground, and see

"The seas for ever calm, the skies for ever bright."

The greetings and wine-cups that usher in the new year are not wholly empty ceremonies. The division of time entered upon has a thousand hopes on its wings. We are dependant upon it for many things which we have to achieve, or which we promise ourselves will be achieved for us. Our approaching crops will be more plentiful than those of the last year, because the season has been fine, and we have bestowed additional pains in sowing them (not that this literally would

* See vol. ii. p. 643.

be of much advantage to individuals in some nations during the present topsy-turvy days), or South Sea whalers will turn out well, we shall pay off a mortgage, or come into a fortune: these anticipations heighten the flavour of the new year's wine, and give a heartiness to its greetings. But it is in early youth, when our anticipations are not of so precarious a nature, when the past leaves few recollections of joy or sorrow, that our pictures of the new year display the most vivid colouring. Reason lies inert at that Spring season of life—the future teems with views of pleasure, which, in many instances, we cannot miss. We then arose early from our beds, with

—— “No thought of ills to come
Nor cares beyond to-day.”

The compliments of the season were repeated, now nearly gone out of fashion; we received our new year's gifts with a pleasure, the remembrance of which even now warms us, and we gazed with eyes of ardent affection on the parents and friends that were the donors. As we add another year or two of youth, we rejoice that the next new year will place us beyond the limits of parental authority, little reflecting how small a reason we have for pleasure at this. The lover hails the new era as that in which he shall consummate his happiness in the arms of a mistress—the heiress as the time when she shall escape the watchful eye of her guardian—and the maid when she shall become the wife and the mother; in short, to all in whom the reign of passion has not been succeeded by that of lukewarmness and reason, the new year is a season of

—— “Vernal delight and joy.”

Happy period of youth! the most delightful paradise of the visionary or the poet would be wanting in its attractions, if thou didst not reign in it perennially.

In the decline of manhood and in age we have comparatively little to do with vivid anticipations: then is the past period of life all we can draw upon: then we recall images coloured with the dark hues of a Rembrandt, and make reflections on a new year's day very dissimilar from those of youth and the multitude. We can then think of and love only old things, and make an unsatisfying meal upon retrospections. Then revellings at the new year are like meat to the sick man, regarded without desire, and swallowed without taste or appetite. Then memory may call up the sensations with which we once greeted it—the parental gift—the mother's smile, on presenting us the promised toy—the paternal commendation at our past progress in learning—the glee and honest undamped vivacity, to which we gave way—the joyous swell of our little hearts at the postponement of the bed hour, and the indulgences allowed us at that season. We may go to maturer recollections in more advanced youth, and recall the sweetness of our first love, and our outset in life, with its keenly enjoyed pleasures and its vivid emotions. But all these are brought forward, as it were, only to remind us of their evanescence and our present incapacity of re-enjoying them; for even if our rigid members and slowly-beating pulses were capable of a momentary liveliness and fluttering, we cannot find the participators in our youthful happiness—we must exclaim,

"Where is the parent that look'd on my childhood,
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all!"

and we might indeed be answered by Echo—"Where!"

But the merry village-bells ring in the stranger year over the generations sleeping insensibly beneath them. To a thousand ears in the full flush of life, youth, and health, they waft sounds of gladness, and

"Another year, and then those sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale."

"Another year" and again the "jolly rebecks" will sound and the same meriment be repeated, for even the pleasures of life are but a string of such stale repetitions. Still let us make the most of them, and not live too much upon those of "to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow," but endeavour to employ and enjoy well the present time—let us be more anxious to be able to call truly our past years happy ones at their conclusion, as to hope at the beginning that each new one may turn out to be so.

V.

SIMPLICITY.

From wealthy Ormus' pearly bed
Let Beauty deck her braided hair,
And glittering rays of splendour shed
From every gem that nestles there;
Reckless of Freedom's sacred call
Let Afric bid her children toil,
And give to grace yon pageant hall
The rifled honours of her soil;
But say, can such delights impart
A smile to Virtue's chasten'd eye?
Ah, no! she turns with aching heart
To thee, divine Simplicity!

With thee she loves at break of dawn
To climb the hill's aspiring height,
With thee to rove th' enspangled lawn
When gently swells the gale of Night;
To seek the soft retiring dell
Where Spring its earliest visit paid,
Where Summer's lingering beauties dwell,
And Autumn courts the sober shade;
To gather thence the fairest gem
That graces Nature's diadem,
As gladden'd by the kindly shower
She sits enthroned in Flora's bower!

Then, farewell Wealth and Grandeur too!
Ah, what is all your pomp to me
Whilst mine the joys ye never knew—
The joys of loved Simplicity?
Give me to cull with tender hand
The straggling sweets of Nature's reign;
I'll covet not the fairy-wand
Which sways rich Fancy's genii-train!
Give me the gentle heart to share
In all those joys to Nature true—
The breast those straggling sweets to wear—
Then Wealth farewell, and Grandeur too!

S. C.

THE PIRATE. BY THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

WE trust that we are not deficient in gratitude to the great Scottish novelist for the abundant delight which he ministers to us, even in the lowest of his works; but we cannot quite join in the shout of boundless exultation, nor subscribe to all the tremendous eulogies, with which some of our contemporaries hail every production of his genius. With some of these it is the mere cant of criticism to suggest that there is any falling off, or any repetition in his works, and it is an audacious heresy "to hint a fault or hesitate dislike" respecting any of his creations. We are more reasonable, we frankly confess, in our idolatry: though we admire "The Pirate" it is "with a difference;" nor are we quite convinced that if none of its predecessors had appeared, it would excite exactly the same sensation which was produced by "Waverley."

Without resorting to the ordinary and shallow theory, that the powers of observation and invention in an original writer are necessarily exhausted by frequent publication, we may, we think, easily perceive why his works should alter for the worse as he proceeds in a rapid career. His first love of the employment grows naturally cold, or degenerates into a mere craving after the excitements of applause, or a desire for the more solid rewards of his labours. His own peculiar feeling—the "primal sympathy" with his works—wears out as his tact of authorship advances. He writes not to indulge his genius, but to please his booksellers, and to satisfy the expectations of the public. This new inspiration excites him to a different course, and produces more stiffness, more constraint, and more nicely-balanced incident and character, than would be found in the voluntary pouring forth of a free and exuberant mind gliding at "its own sweet will" through the fair regions of imagination and of humanity which it has chosen.

The peculiar excellences of our author—his power of conceiving and delineating character—his command of descriptive allusion—and the "mighty magic" of his commune with the wild superstitions of the North—are not of casts likely to endure, through successive works, in their original vigour. In characteristic delineations, the very recollection of previous success is unfavourable to continued excellence. As the author becomes conscious of his own skill, he unavoidably infuses something of a kindred consciousness into the persons whom he draws. They have less of truth and unaffected nature, and more theatrical pretension, than those which were hit off in the first moments of his inspiration. They become, though it may sound paradoxical, *too consistent*; that is, they are too perpetually intent on their own peculiarities, and these are obtruded on the notice of the reader far more frequently than are the most characteristic traits of any whom we meet with in actual life. There is also an evident design to fill up and heighten previous sketches; to add the pomp of circumstances to figures which are only encumbered by the apparel, and to push every hint, which has once succeeded, to a dangerous extreme. That which before was made visible by a single glowing flash, is now brought out "into the light of common day," and we are invited minutely to examine and admire its proportions. As there is more stiffness in individual figures, so there is an elaborate art in the grouping, which destroys the effect of the picture. Each finely elaborated creation revolves in its own separate orbit

instead of joining in the mazy round in linked union. The creatures do not come tumbling into life, fresh from the teeming brain, in glorious confusion, but are coldly arranged in picturesque attitudes. Instead of the perpetual indulation of thought, the gay variety of healthful forms, the perpetual melting of things into each other, all is carefully distinguished and contrasted. We feel no more the careless plenitude, we revel no more in the unbounded prodigality of genius; we have leisure to admire the author, instead of luxuriating delighted in his creations.

The charm also which the Scotch novels derived from allusions to external nature, was peculiarly liable to be dissipated and weakened in their progress. This charm consisted not in the exquisite pictures of extended scenery—not even in the vivid description of particular objects—but in the familiar allusion to the beauties of Nature and to the feelings which they excited, copiously scattered through the busiest and most eventful portions of the history. Mere naked description is comparatively an inferior art, and scarcely ever produces very intense or elevated sensations; but nothing can be more delicious than to feel the influences of the quiet earth and heaven mingling with and tempering more passionate emotions. But as the author proceeds, as he learns more distinctly his own faculties, and as every object in his works assumes more of separate identity, he will naturally elaborate his descriptions *as descriptions*, and can scarcely recur, even if he would, to the bright throng of intermingled hints, traits, and images, which he poured out from the mere impulse of delighted power.

The supernatural touches of our author would still less bear to be frequently repeated. Nothing, indeed, can more decidedly show the influence of composition reacting on the mind of an author, than the circumstance that setting out with a manifest tendency to superstition and an eager love of the marvellous, he has, in the end of this his last work, disappointed all the strange fears which he has excited in its progress, and made his awe-stirring character finally sensible of the vanity of her own pretensions! The undefined feeling of delicious terror—the longing to find in unusual phenomena indications of something more than mortal, will soon wear out in the mind which sets down its sensations in a note-book, and thinks how they can be most artfully disposed to awaken interest in the public. It is very curious and edifying to observe the progress of this alteration in the mind of the author of *Waverley*. At first his supernatural terrors were interwoven with the very threads of existence. He infused his own spirit into the blood of his enchanted readers. In his works, dim intimations found answering realities; enthusiasm verged on inspiration; and the dreams of foud credulity were scarcely distinguishable from the solemnities of death and life. But his genuine sense of the mysterious soon decayed when it became food for common wonder; and instead of the marvels told, as it were, under the breath—instead of the fine uncertainty in which we were so tremulously bewildered, we had prodigies which no one could believe for a moment—second-sight clearly developed—visions “plenty as blackberries”—witches in immediate communication with the evil one—and prophecies fulfilled to the letter. But even the power which sustained these cold fantasies has decayed; and in “*The Pirate*” our wonder is excited only to be destroyed by those most

barbarous expedients of Mrs. Radcliffe—a knowledge of the weather, promptitude of movement, and an exemplary acquaintance with trap-doors and secret passages!

The work which has prompted these observations has all the merits and defects incidental to a late production of an original writer. It is full of accurate descriptions and well-defined and strikingly-arranged characters, but betrays throughout a consciousness of the peculiar talents which have called it into being. Its plot, though not very satisfactory, has more interest than that of many of its author's romances. We will not attempt to give any analysis of its incidents, which would only fatigue the multitude who have read it, and diminish the curiosity of the few who have still to read it. It is not certainly calculated to satisfy the expectations which its title and motto have excited. When we saw prefixed to it the lines "Nothing in him but doth suffer a sea-change," we thought that its author was about to subdue to his dominion the world of waters—to give a new life to all the appearances of sea and sky—to lull us into delicious dreams on summer seas—to agitate us by hurricanes and shipwrecks—to make us familiar with all the wild superstitions which chill the blood of the long-expectant mariner—to send into the heart the very feeling of sea-dreariness—to give us sea weed and coral for our playthings, and the monsters of the deep for companions. But there is nothing of all this: throughout the three volumes we are never once out of sight of shore. Nor do we find any of those wild darings, those desperate exploits of the freebooters of the ocean, which we anticipated from its name. The pirate Cleveland is a flinching sentimental person, who does only one thing for which he deserves to be hanged,—when he draws a knife and stabs an unarmed man who is struggling fairly with him—which is not a very heroic crime. All the preparation made for some extraordinary disclosure respecting him ends in nothing. We are led to expect some glowing passion nurtured in the spicy groves of tropical islands—some strange intermingling of bravery, luxury, and crime; but he is merely common-place, faint-hearted, and repenting.

The love of Minna, the lofty sentimentalist, towards the anomalous Cleveland, is elaborately defended by the author on the principle of contraries. This theory does not shine in the argument, and is falsified by the result of the story. Cleveland's spirit does not "shine through him" so as to justify the damsel's passion; nor does the discovery of the particulars of his trade seem sufficient to account for her refusal to share his distresses. She loves him as a pirate; but she has some fine notions of pirates as sea-kings, and cannot endure to find them only tolerable, but erring mortals. If the theory were true—if it were natural for the most delicate maidens to be fascinated by outlaws, it would be natural for them to cleave to these objects of their love more strongly in danger, not to forsake them at their utmost need. The pictures of Minna, and her livelier sister Brenda, are drawn with a skill which enables us in our mind's eye to see their diversified loveliness; in the earlier part of his career our author would have been contented if we felt it. There are one or two scenes between the sisters of exquisite tenderness, most delicately and beautifully touched, where the alienations which love produces between those who have had but one heart from their childhood, are portrayed with the finest feeling and truth.

Magnus Troil, their father, the jovial stout-hearted Udaller, is excellent in his way; a perfect pillar of the olden time. The lover of Brenda, Mordant Mertoun, is a fine spirited lad, in the opening of the romance; gay, buoyant, full of life and joy; but he subsides into a mere machine towards its close. Triptolemus Yellowley, the classical and speculative farmer, is a mere patchwork part, like some of the characters made up of all oddities and inconsistencies, in the plays of Morton and Reynolds, a sort of lifeless curiosity not worth inspecting. Claud Halcro, the rhymer, who lives upon one glimpse of the "glorious John Dryden," with his prattle about Russell-street, Covent-Garden, is as much out of place amidst pirates and savages as the figure of a courtier in full dress on the wings of cherubim. But the great attempt and failure of the whole is the part of Norna of the Fitful-head, who is evidently intended for a sublimated Meg Merrilies. She is unquestionably, in some respects, better furnished with appliances and means; instead of being a wandering gipsy queen, without father, mother, or descent, she is confessedly allied to a noble family; instead of trusting wholly to her enchantments, or to her loftier human energies, she has a large income, which she spends in procuring the appearance of wonders; and, instead of roaming alone over hill and valley, she has a hideous dwarf to do her bidding. But her life has no "magic in the web of it." She has not one old affection sustaining an exhausted heart—no terrific energies—no deep, lone commune with nature, by which she has learned its mysteries. Her maternal instinct is a cheat, her prophetic power a delusion; she awakes to the melancholy consciousness that her whole life has been a lie, and becomes soberly sad at last. This is for an author to turn the tables on those whose blood he has made curdle, and whose hair he has made stand on end at these worn-out superstitions with a vengeance!

The work abounds in descriptions of great excellence; but, for the most part, they are little animated with breathing life. There is, indeed, one picture of a whale-fishing, which is an exception to this remark; and reminds us of the most vivid and mighty delineations of our author. We can only make room for its close.

"Magnus Troil, who had only jested with the factor, and had reserved the launching the first spear against the whale to some much more skilful hand, had just time to exclaim, 'Mind yourselves, lads, or we are all swamped,' when the monster, roused at once from inactivity by the blow of the factor's missile, blew, with a noise resembling the explosion of a steam-engine, a huge shower of water into the air, and at the same time began to lash the waves with its tail in every direction. The boat in which Magnus presided received the shower of brine which the animal spouted into the air; and the adventurous Triptolemus, who had a full share of the immersion, was so much astonished and terrified by the consequences of his own valorous deed, that he tumbled backwards amongst the feet of the people, who, too busy to attend to him, were actively engaged in getting the boat into shoal water, out of the whale's reach. Here he lay for some minutes, trampled on by the feet of the boatmen, until they lay on their oars to bale, when the Udaller ordered them to pull to shore, and land this spare hand, who had commenced the fishing so inauspiciously.

"While this was doing, the other boats had also pulled off to safer distance, and now, from these as well as from the shore, the unfortunate native of the deep was overwhelmed by all kinds of missiles—harpoons and spears flew against him on all sides—guns were fired, and each various means of annoyance plied which could excite him to exhaust his strength in useless rage. When the animal found that he was locked in by shallows on all sides, and became sensible, at the same time, of the strain of the cable on his body, the convulsive efforts which he made to escape, accompanied with sounds resembling deep and loud groans, would have moved the

compassion of all but a practised whale-fisher. The repeated showers which he spouted into the air began now to be mingled with blood, and the waves which surrounded him assumed the same crimson appearance. Meantime the attempts of the assailants were redoubled; but Mordaunt Mertoun and Cleveland, in particular, exerted themselves to the uttermost, contending who should display most courage in approaching the monster, so tremendous in its agonies, and should inflict the most deep and deadly wound upon its huge bulk.

"The contest seemed at last pretty well over: for although the animal continued from time to time to make frantic exertions for liberty, yet its strength appeared so much exhausted, that, even with assistance of the tide, which had now risen considerably, it was thought it could scarce extricate itself.

"Magnus gave the signal to venture upon the whale more nearly, calling out at the same time, 'Close in, lads, she is not half so mad now—Now, Mr. Factor, look for a winter's oil for the two lamps at Harfra—Pull close in, lads.'

"Ere his orders could be obeyed, the other two boats had anticipated his purpose; and Mordaunt Mertoun, eager to distinguish himself above Cleveland, had, with the whole strength he possessed, plunged a half-pike into the body of the animal. But the leviathan, like a nation whose resources appear totally exhausted by previous losses and calamities, collected his whole remaining force for an effort, which proved at once desperate and successful. The wound last received, had probably reached through his external defences of blubber, and attained some very sensitive part of the system, for he roared aloud, as he sent to the sky a mingled sheet of brine and blood, and snapping the strong cable like a twig, overset Mertoun's boat with a blow of his tail, shot himself by a mighty effort, over the bar, upon which the tide had now risen considerably, and made out to sea, carrying with him a whole grove of the implements which had been planted in his body, and leaving behind him, on the waters, a dark red trace of his course."

After all, "The Pirate" contains much matter, for which we are thankful. It is good enough to please us if not to reflect honour on its author. Let him then write on; he will never equal his first works; but these have rendered it impossible that he should ever be written down—even by his own pen.

SONNET.

Look where she sits in languid loveliness!
 Her feet up-gather'd, and her turban'd brow
 Bent o'er her head, her robe in ample flow
 Disparted. Look! in attitude and dress
 She sits and seems an Eastern Sultanness!
 And music is around her, and the glow
 Of young fair faces, and sweet voices go
 Forth at her call, and all about her press,
 But no Sultana she! as in a book
 In that fine form and lovely brow we trace
 Divinest purity, and the bright look
 Of Genius. Much is she in mind and face
 Like the fair blossom of some woodland nook,
 The wind-flower delicate and full of grace.

M.

LECTURES ON POETRY. BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE V. PART II.

THE subject of Greek poetry may be treated either by describing its most interesting authors in chronological succession, or by grouping them without regard to time according to their respective classes of composition. There would be several disadvantages in minutely pursuing the latter method. It would call the attention suddenly backwards and forwards to periods of literature far divided from each other; it would require the same names, that have shone in different departments of literature, to be often repeated; and it would demand an accuracy in subdividing the classes of poetry, which, if attainable, would be formal and fatiguing. In reality, such accuracy is far from being perfectly attainable. For though there are certain great walks in Greek literature, the separate tracks and bearings of which can never be confounded; yet the subordinate branchings of those walks have their crossings and contiguities often so much obscured by antiquity, as to be (if we may use the expression) undistinguishable beneath the moss of time. There is one dry duty, indeed, which it is not easy to avoid in attempting to give any satisfactory view of Greek poetry, whatever method may be pursued—namely, that of speaking of many writers whose works have either nearly, or wholly perished, but whose names and characters still survive in the pages of ancient criticism. Even in adopting the method of considering the eminent poets in chronological succession, it will be necessary sometimes to advert to those remote and shadowy reputations. But if one were entirely to pursue the opposite method, and to attempt dividing and subdividing the whole national poetry by its kinds and varieties, it would in that case be necessary to show how every department of it was filled up, and therefore to enter still more minutely and frequently, than upon the other system, into the conjectural character of authors, of whom there are few or no remains. I have preferred therefore the plan of considering the principal poets of Greece individually, and in chronological succession, to that of taking an abstracted and classified view of Greek poetical art.

At the same time there is a certain advantage in classification, which one is unwilling altogether to forego. In travelling for pleasure over the scenes of a fine kingdom, it would be absurd to investigate the boundaries of all its petty divisions; yet it might assist our recollection of its finest scenery to note the outline and comparative aspect of its provinces. I shall therefore offer a short sketch of the classes into which Greek poetry may be generally divided, before I proceed on the simple plan of detail which I have adopted. In this prefatory and bird's-eye view of the subject, I shall avoid, as far as I can, all unnecessary dryness or minuteness. But still let method be ever so useful, it is dry in immediate application; and I am far from feeling myself independent of the reader's patience in this synopsis.

Epic Poetry.—The works of Homer bound our prospect in the ancient history of Greek literature, and may be compared to a mighty eminence, the farther side of which cannot be seen. It is impossible to estimate by what steps, and in how long or short a period, the epic muse had ascended to that summit of excellence. All that appears is, that her subsequent progress was descent. And in a relative sense we

may call the excellence of Homer perfection, not, perhaps, according to abstracted ideas of poetry, for under these might be included a symmetry of design more strict than his, and that Virgilian picturesqueness of expression to which nothing can be added, and from which nothing can be taken away. But still it is doubtful whether the genius of the *Iliad* be practically compatible with those minuter graces; and therefore the poem is perfect in its kind without them, considering the impulse and instruction which it affords to the imagination.

Nor does it matter much for our enjoyment of the *Iliad* what we may think about the history of its composition. Was it improved by the *Diascevals* or compilers? They could have only polished its outward form, and could not have infused its internal spirit. Was it the work of many? it must have been that of a consentaneous many—of an age deeply fraught with the power of giving a sweeping interest to poetry, since its separate songs were capable of being adjusted into so harmonious a whole. If it was the work of a school, we must surely suppose some great master of that school. If other hands took up the harp of Homer, they had at least learnt his tune; and if his mantle descended, it appears to have retained its warmth of inspiration.

After and excepting the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we have no great Greek epic poetry. No relic of the Alexandrian school approaches to the Homeric spirit, and the intermediate epos is of doubtful character. Hesiod's name, whatever he actually wrote, may be collectively taken to designate a mixture of poetry, which had a strong influence, perhaps on the whole unfavourable, on the literature of his country. He was the earliest didactic and sententious poet of Greece, and gave an example of familiar parable even before *Æsop*.* Whilst he stooped to deliver the humblest instruction in song, he also touched as an epic poet on the wildest subjects of human credulity—on the origin of the universe, and on those combats of heaven with the malevolent invisible powers which have found a place, more or less, in all poetical religious creeds, from the giants of the Hebrew Hell† down to Milton's *Pandæmonium*. The misfortune of Hesiod's works is, that the execution is not equal to the subjects. The supernatural and the natural are melted down into one by the fire of Homer's imagination; but they have no such deceptive blending in Hesiod's representation. His prodigies excite astonishment without sympathy, and altogether he stands at the head of a new epic school of cosmogony and matter-of-fact mythology. Homer is the king of poetry, whilst Hesiod is only its king at arms—the epic herald of the genealogy of gods and goddesses, of heroes and heroines.

Still Hesiod has his bright spots, and was a favourite with antiquity. A tripod which he was said to have obtained in a poetical contest with Homer, was shown on Mount Helicon, in the second century after the Christian era, to the traveller Pausanias. That there was ever a personal competition in song between Homer and Hesiod is certainly not very credible. But some modern theorists‡ have alleged the tradition to testify a rivalry to have subsisted between the *Ascræan* and *Ionian* schools of poetry, and some memorable victory to ^{be} obtained by the former over the latter. I cannot see how ^{he} ^{obtained} ^{any} such thing. There was always a rivalry ^{between}

the Hawk and the
16.

among the public deliverers of song at the Grecian festivals; but that they were ever pitted against each other in party spirit as Homerists and Hesiodists, there is not a tittle of historical evidence to render probable. It is one thing to suppose that Hesiod may have had his peculiar admirers, reciters, and imitators, and another thing to imagine his school at Delphi sitting up in opposition to the Homeridæ, and disputing with them for the palm of popularity. Wolffe* has shown that the Homeric rhapsodists themselves repeated and imitated Hesiod, which looks like any thing in the world but the Homeric and Hesiodic rhapsodists having split into contending sectaries.

True it is that Hesiod's epic taste degenerates from Homer's, and that the latter rhapsodists who imitated Hesiod, although they might recite Homer also and call themselves Homeridæ, are to be widely distinguished from the old and patriarchal Homeridæ of Chios. These, namely, the elder rhapsodists, were either the composers or preservers of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. They gave the world materials which were capable of being moulded by future diascevests into grand and interesting poems. Hesiod had also his diascevests, but he has evidently a dry and inharmonious epic character, that would have baffled their efforts to all eternity if they had laboured to compile his works into an animated whole. That the degeneracy of the Hesiodic period, however, was produced by any systematic competition of an anti-Homeric school, is a theory which rests rather infirmly on the basis of the Helliconian tripod.

After Hesiod, and certainly long after Homer, commenced a suite of poets who have been collectively denominated the Cyclic,† who inundated Greece with epic, or at least with historic hexameter verse. Every event alluded to by Homer and Hesiod, and every fable of mythology, became the subject of a poem, till a tissue of versified narrative was at length accomplished by successive hands, which extended from the creation of things to the return of the heroes from Troy and from Chaos to Penelope's bed-chamber.‡ However instructive this Cyclic register of Centaur campaigns, Titian insurrections, and heroic sieges, older than even the Trojan, might have been to an ancient Greek, a recital of the title of the lost poems which composed it would scarcely be amusing to a modern reader. If he should, however, feel any curiosity on the subject of the Cyclic poets, his longings may be satisfied in Heyné's First Excursus to the second book of the *Æneid*.

Of the middle epos of Greece, that is of the epic poetry written after Hesiod and before the age of Alexander, we have certainly no data for forming either an universal or perfectly confident judgment. But the silence of Aristotle as to its merits is an unpropitious symptom. Pausanias, it is true, speaks of verses of that period that had been mistaken for Homer's. But of the three most distinguished and later classical epic poets, Pisander,§ who rehearsed the toils of Hercules, is ac-

* Wolfii Prolegg. ad Hom. p. xcviij.

† The term Cyclic has been variously and vaguely applied by the ancients and by classical antiquarians. It is sometimes taken to designate a selection of the best epic poets, made by the Alexandrian critics, which included Homer, Hesiod, Pisander, Panyasis, and Antimachus.

‡ Or, more strictly speaking, to the death of Ulysses.

§ Pisander, of Camirus, in Rhodes, the very old Greek epic poet mentioned by Aristotle, who sang the labours of Hercules, and who first took the liberty of investing the hero with the club and costume of a lion's skin: this Pisander is to be

cused of having been totally without the beauty of epic design; and if a fragment supposed to be his, be rightly ascribed to him,* it will prove him to have possessed no great excellence as a writer. Panyasis, the second of the post-Hesiodic classics, was ranked by some old critics next in merit to Homer; but the word *next* admits of an indefinitely imaginable interval. Handel's bellows-blower thought his services the next to Handel's in musical utility to the church. The works of Antimachus,† the last of the classic epics, a younger contemporary of Plato, were extant in the time of Hadrian, who preferred him to Homer himself. But his imperial majesty was fond of the tumid and obscure. Antimachus's audience, all but Plato, once left him whilst he was reading his verses; and the poet declared that Plato was a sufficient audience. The philosopher's remaining, however, might be the result of politeness or patience as much as of taste, and may almost be suspected to indicate that Antimachus's poetry required a considerable stock of philosophy to be heard to an end.

If even Pisander and Antimachus, who by all accounts soared like eagles above a rookery, beyond the common-place of Greek Cyclic poetry,‡ were defective in epic harmony, *i. e.* in interesting arrangement of parts, it is but fair to suppose that the bulk of those Cyclics were mere chroniclers in verse. Hesiod himself betrays the commencement of an historical, and even a chronicling spirit in Greek poetry, like that which pervaded our own for ages both before and after Chaucer. Hesiod's inquisitiveness into remote events, and his love of accumulating legends, gave rise to this bad taste; and his beauties seem to have beguiled the Greeks to endure and adopt it. For dry as he is in detail, he still throws some poetical light and colouring on subjects of awful and mysterious attraction to untutored minds. He traced the secrets of nature back to their imagined source. He epitomized the history of man.

distinguished from another poet of the same name, who lived centuries later in the reign of the Roman Emperor Alexander. The latter Pisander is also ranked under the vague denomination of a Cyclic poet. He was in all probability an imitator of Virgil. Macrobius, chamberlain to the Emperor Theodosius, when he wrote his *Saturnalia*, appears to have confounded the new and the old Pisander, for he accuses Virgil of copying the latter. Now this could not be the case, for Aulus Gellius has carefully enumerated the writers imitated by Virgil, and never mentions the name of the old Pisander. Indeed there is a great deal of matter in the second *Æneid* which Macrobius alleges Virgil to have taken from the old Greek epic, which the elder Pisander could not have known. Any one who peruses Merrick's introduction to his edition and translation of Tryphiodorus's *Destruction of Troy*, will see it clearly made out, from the collated opinions of the learned, that Macrobius must have been mistaken on this point, however respectable his general authority may be.

* *Viz.* a fragment of a poem on the Exploits of Hercules, published among the works of Theocritus, but evidently no production of the Sicilian school.

† The fragments that remain of Antimachus of Colophon amount to about one hundred; but, alas, about three-fourths of these fragments are but single verses, and the remainder not much longer. He flourished about the 92d Olympiad. The Alexandrian critics seem to have thought very well of him. Quintilian, though he censures him, speaks of him as a strong writer. The works which it seems most certain that he wrote, were an epic poem on the Siege of Thebes, and a poem in elegiac verse on the Fate of distinguished Heroes who had experienced adversities in Love. It was called *Lyde*, in honour of a beauty to whom he was attached. The honorable mention of him made by Callimachus, is the most favourable symptom.

‡ Antimachus's genius, which, according to his censurers, was prone to obscurity, his learning and power give us an idea of a poet not unlike our own.

‡ Callim. *Epigr.* *Bruck. Anl.* 461.

He touched very deeply the chord of curiosity in the human breast. What he told the Greeks appears a dream to us, but it was matter of fact and faith to them; and Greece appears to have forgot his faults in gratitude for his imparting what the multitude (at least) probably thought to be profound knowledge.

The history of Greek epic poetry from Hesiod down to the age of Alexander, thus supplies us only with fragments, and titles, and materials for conjecture. Its history after that period shall be the subject of a separate part of these Lectures. In the mean time, I shall revert to a general view of the poetical literature that preceded the Alexandrian school.

Mock-heroic Poetry.—The Greeks were fond of all sorts of parodies, and particularly of those on Homer.* An epic or tragic passage, happily and comically imitated, would set the Athenian theatre in a roar; and even such philosophers as Plato and Diogenes are said to have amused themselves with parodying Homer.† It is absurd to consider parodies as a mark of contempt. They may be ill-natured, but they are not necessarily so. One may laugh very heartily at the journeyman conspirator in our own *Tragedy for Warm Weather*, addressing the conclave of master-tailors in the words of Othello, “my very worthy and approved good masters,” without the slightest disparagement to Shakespeare. The taste among the Greeks for parodies that could be enjoyed by the people at large in a theatre, marks their entire familiarity with their best poets; though perhaps it also indicates a shrewd and gay spirit, unlike the romantic feelings of an age of great epic poetry.

It would still, however, be more desirable to possess one authentic mock-heroic of the genuine Attic school, than a hundred works of the serious body of Cyclic poetry. The extant fragments of this burlesque kind of Greek humour are unhappily few and unsatisfactory.‡ Only one of them amounts to an hundred lines, and most of them are exceedingly short. Among the short ones preserved by Athenæus, there is the scrap of an Homerically described contest between a barber and a potter about the wife of the former, whom the potter wished unjustly to carry away from him. The man of pots is called Pelides, in punning allusion to the Greek word for clay, and the barber also plays upon the similarity of the Greek term for a damsel and for his own vocation. The only considerable fragment of this kind in Athenæus is Matron’s description of an Athenian supper. It begins thus—

“The suppers many and most sumptuous
Which Xenocles, the orator at Athens,
Gave us, O Muse, rehearse—for I went thither,
And hunger huge went with me. There we hail’d
The mightiest and most beauteous loaves—more white
Than snow, and sweet to taste as frumenty;
Whose smell would have beguil’d the northern wind
To stop his course, and breathe enamour’d on them.
Matron our host review’d the ranks of men,

* Aristotle, in his *Poetics*, calls Hegemon the inventor of parodies. Polemo, Athenæus, and others, speak of Hipponax, a much older poet, (the witty satirist who was chased from Ephesus for making too free with its tyrants,) as the earliest parodist. Possibly Aristotle only meant that Hegemon was the first writer who brought parodies on the stage.

† Fabricius, vol. i. p. 550. Ed. Harles, 1790.

‡ I of course exclude the mock-heroic *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, which is ascribed, as I have already mentioned, by the best judges, to the school of Alexandria.

Strode to the threshold to receive his guests,
 And halted there. Beside him Chærephon,—
 Toad-eater, waited, like a hungry sea-mew,
 Skilful to gorge on suppers not his own.
 Then came the cooks, and loaded well each table—
 The cooks to whom the kitchen's heaven belongs,
 With all its turnspit hours, and privilege
 To hasten or delay sweet supper time."

Didactic Poetry.—The Greeks abounded also in didactic poetry, from the accounts and relics of this body of their literature we may gather, that it comprehended religious, moral, and physiological instruction. Probably it for the most part united them; although we find works mentioned by Plato* which must have been didactic poems, of an expressly religious nature, namely, for the direction of sacrifices and purifications. These were evidently the compositions of priests; and whatever philosophy they contained must have been mystic. Indeed both the religion and early philosophy of Greece were deeply infected with mysticism. But still there are traces of very old and simple moral poetry in Greece, calculated to instruct the people in the plain and practical duties of life. Tradition assigns much of this Gnostic poetry to statesmen and philosophers; and we cannot doubt of such public characters having delivered their precepts in verse, whatever we may think of the authenticity of verses ascribed to particular sages. Nor can we wonder that moral proverbs should have been put into verse, when infant science and law itself were tuned to numbers. For, ludicrous as it would be to us to hear of the Statutes at large being set to music, yet the laws of Charondas were publicly sung at the primitive banquets of the Athenians.

The chief of the Gnostic poets were Solon, Theognis, Phocylides, and Pythagoras. The largest extant Gnostic reliques are those ascribed to Theognis, which are obviously a farrago of moral sentences from many different writers, without connexion or consistency of parts. The supposed speaker of the sentiments even changes his existence, and on one occasion exclaims, "I am a beautiful mare," without deigning to account for his metamorphosis into a quadruped. The greater part of the lines ascribed to Phocylides are also palpable fabrications, and the pious forger has even helped the old Pagan bard to speak like a good Christian about the resurrection. The golden verses of Pythagoras do honour to heathen morality, and may be believed to be classically old, though their having come from Pythagoras himself is at least apocryphal.

Empedocles of Agrigentum seems to have been the first poet of the language who gave its didactic poetry a magnificent and systematic form. He is, unhappily, among the lost writers: since even of his few fragments the whole are not authentic. But his name stands pre-eminent in the history of ancient philosophy and philosophical poetry. His great work on the Nature of things was the object of Cicero's admiration and of Lucretius's ardent, and probably imitative regard. "*Carmina divini pectoris ejus (says Lucretius) Vociferantur et exponunt præclara reperta, Ut vix humanâ videatur sorte creatus.*"

The numbers rolling from his breast divine
 Reveal such bold and bright discoveries
 That scarce he seems a soul of human birth.

* Plato de Rep. t. vi. p. 221.

Like many other wonderful proficient in early science, he acquired the reputation of a magician who could appease the winds and reanimate the dead. It is amusing to find antiquaries, of no very distant date, labouring to exculpate Empedocles from this heavy charge on his memory.

In my next Lecture I shall finish this synopsis of the classes of Greek poetry.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

O DEATH! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease, gently, oh! gently come
To me, and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless and breathless:—And thou, sickly Life,
If the decree be writ that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight;
To—whither?—Holy Pity, hear, oh! hear,
And lift me to some far-off skiey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light!—
Might it be so,—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved when seen,
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green,
Knowing how few would shed one common tear
Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

C.

FRAGMENT FROM MY POCKET-BOOK.

FAIR Moon, beneath thy midnight look it was,
My story took its birth; therefore to thee,
To thee and her whose shape doth ever pass
Across my sight (as a faint melody
Heard in gone times doth still salute the ear
With its dumb song) this verse I dedicate!
To thee and her as fair as thee, and young
As thou wast when thy bright way thou didst steer
Through clouds that o'er the Latmian forests hung,
Be this my latest story consecrate.

* * * * *

C.

DISCONTENT.

THE mariner whose little bark is toss'd
Upon the rude ungovernable waves,
'Midst rocks and quicksands, often toils and slaves.
Uncertain if he shall, or not be lost,
And buried in the mighty deep he cross'd
So often and so safe—in vain he craves
Assistance, whilst the foaming ocean laves
His labouring vessel—thoughts which once engross'd
And cheer'd his brighter days, are now forgot,
Or, if remember'd, tend to aggravate
The dreadful scene—"How wretched is my lot!"
He cries:—the danger e'er he tempts his fate
Again. Thus weak repining man doth sigh,
And discontented lives, yet fears to die.

W.

LETTERS ON A TOUR IN SWITZERLAND. NO II.

"E'en here, where Alpine solitudes extend,
I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend."—GOLDSMITH.

GENEVA is an irregular and dirty city, with lofty unsightly ranges of buildings; no handsome monuments of architecture or art: and only one pleasing promenade, called The Treille, on the walls of the town, where are the residences of the family of Saussure, and of some of the other principal families of Geneva. The "blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone" is the only pleasing object within the walls of the city. Water probably never was of so lovely a hue,—except, as I hear, in the Bay of Naples. Its transparency renders every object at the bottom distinctly visible at a depth of twenty feet. As the waters of the lake precipitate themselves in a torrent through the bridges over the two branches of the Rhone, their colour is a deep ultra-marine, which sea or sky rarely or never equals. Our rooms at the inn (the best at Geneva, but one of the worst in Switzerland) projected on piles into the lake; and I used to hang out of my window in a sunny day, admiring the lovely expanse of the lake bathing the city and the green slopes of Savoy and the Pays de Vaud, watching the gambols of the finny tribe, and the eddies and gurgling currents of the blue waters. Unluckily, just before my windows, in the middle of the lake, was a long building, a public wash-house, where several score of washerwomen were perpetually rubbing and soaping away their linen in the water of the lake, and beguiling their labours with Genevese gossip and Billingsgate. The cathedral is, in its *exterior*, a respectable and venerable church. Its *interior* has all the bald unornamented character of a Calvinistic meeting-house. Bare walls, without pictures or monuments; no altar-place; an oak desk and pulpit uncushioned and undraped—with the number and page of the psalms for the day indicated on a deal board; the nave and aisles filled with uncovered oak benches. Not a shred or remnant of the abominable splendours of Peter's vest is here left to offend the rigid optics of the followers of brother Jack. The high place of Calvinistic worship is not unworthy of the unsparing severity of its founder and its dogmas. It might at first appear curious, that that doctrine which builds itself the most exclusively upon unquestioning faith, and rejects the most contemptuously the lights of human reason, should exclude the most rigidly from its forms of worship every ceremonial calculated to impress the imagination, or to kindle devotional rapture. But if the Romish church had been a simple and plain one, the Calvinistic worship would have been pompous and ceremonious. Opposition to an adversary was all that was considered—"reverse of wrong was taken to be right."—I confess I think we Lutherans, or Calvinistic-Lutherans, to speak properly, order these matters much better. A cathedral and cathedral service (thanks, in part, to archbishop Laud) are very fine and inspiring things in England. There is a chastened pomp and grandeur in its sober and devout ceremonies, a dignity without gorgeousness, a poetry without theatrical display, an inspiring fervour and a subduing melancholy in the scene, which make religion imposing without being astic, and inviting without being meretricious. And surely, notwithstanding our vocal boys, our altars, our canons, and our anthems or chaunts, we are as righteous enemies to plenary indulgence

and transubstantiation as our worthy friends at Geneva, with their black caps and gowns.

We drove to Ferney, or *Ferney-Voltaire*, as the road-posts call it,—on a fine eminence, two leagues from Geneva. Voltaire's *chateau* is one of the prettiest little French chateaux on a small scale that I have seen,—with a stiff garden and avenues, with terraces, statues, and bosquets, *à la Française*,—commanding one of the noblest views of Mont Blanc, the lake, and the lower Alps. Voltaire addresses his favourite abode:—

“O maison d'Aristippe! O jardins d'Épicure!
Vous qui me présentez dans vos enclos divers
Ce qui souvent manque à mes vers,
Le mérite de l'art soumise à la nature.”

An unmerited compliment to his gardening, at the expense of his verses. Nature is certainly not the predominant charm of either, but his verses have more of it than his avenues. A slight effort of imagination would place Voltaire in one of them, with his court suit, sword, and ruffles, spouting one of his own scenes, or grinning and bowing gallantry to some French marchioness. His saloon and bed-room are in the state in which he left them. Over his bed hang portraits of Frederic of Prussia, the empress Catherine, Madame du Chatelet, and Le Kain the actor—the friends of the man of genius, presented by themselves. Voltaire himself, in his best youthful looks and full dress, is, of course, of the party. A variety of little portrait engravings, including Newton, Milton, Franklin, Washington, &c. &c. hang round the room. Beside the chateau is the small church built by Voltaire, with an inscription “*Deo creavit Voltaire;*” his tomb is by the side of it; and our conductor showed us the little private door by which he used to enter the church.

From Geneva to Chamounix, by way of La Bonneville and Sallanche, is one of the most magnificent rides that Nature can present. The road follows back the course of the Arve, which rises in the glaciers at Chamounix. The valley is at first wide, smiling, and fertile; the Saleve mountain rising on the right, and the grand Voirons and pyramidal Mole mountain at some distance on the left. You pass from the Genevese territory into Savoy, about a league from Geneva. Very near this frontier Mons. Sismondi has a delightful little summer-residence, with a garden and pleasure-ground, very much in the English taste. We had the pleasure of visiting him here, and of enjoying a little of that interesting and eloquent conversation, which all who know him appreciate. The lot of a such a mind in such a situation appears truly enviable—with the world of history and philosophy for his daily study and investigation, and the blue lake, the green valleys of Savoy, and the eternal Mont Blanc for his familiar external objects. We stopped to dine at La Bonneville, a little dirty decayed Savoyard town, at the foot of the green Mole mountain, and surrounded by gigantic heights on all sides. The Arve pours its troubled torrent through a narrow glen of pasture, in which the town stands. The population are dirty and wretched, and the church, which is tumbling into ruins, is bedizened with more than the average quantum of *ex voto* offerings, rude pictures and images, and laced and flowered figures of the Virgin and our Saviour. A crucifix, with a suspended effigy of our Saviour as large as life, stood by the church-door, with exact wooden representations of the crown of thorns, the pincers, the hyssop-sponge, and every

other implement of the Passion. I never recollect seeing a Catholic crucifix so painfully and disgustingly perfect. A French lady and gentleman with whom we travelled expressed great admiration of it, and availed themselves of the interval while dinner was preparing to perform a long list of *Paters* and *Aves* in the church.

Nothing can be more striking than the difference in the character, the looks, the habitations, and the comforts of the Savoyards and the Swiss of the Pays de Vaud, which we had just left. You remember Rousseau's lovely description of the contrast, which hardly appears exaggerated, and is as applicable now as when it was written. It is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful specimens of the *moral picturesque* ever penned. We will not enter into the moral and political causes assigned by him for the difference, which, perhaps, are little more than theories. Certain it is, that the Savoyards (whatever may be the cause) live wretchedly in wooden cabins, without chimneys or casements. Their looks are pale and squalid, their dress tattered and filthy. At La Bonneville we saw many goitres and deformed persons; and one woman lying on the ground by the road side, whose face (if face it could be called) was more inhuman in its deformity than any countenance I could conceive bearing human lineaments. The inns are generally filthy and dear, and crowds of beggars follow one's steps. And yet, with all these repulsive circumstances, one cannot help feeling a sort of sneaking kindness (to use a vulgar phrase) for a Savoyard. He appears to be a harmless, ignorant, obliging, ready-witted creature, with a laughing wretchedness, and good-humoured roguery about him, which extract *sous* from traveller's pockets very plentifully. The people are bigoted and priest-ridden Catholics, and not very well affected to the Sardinian government. A political *calembourg*, which we heard, is not bad. Instead of giving his Sardinian majesty his title of "Sa Majesté très chrétienne Carlo Felici," it was proposed to call him "Sa Majesté très Cretine Carlo Feroci."

From Bonneville to Sallanche is one continued scene of lovely valleys, watered by the torrent of the Arve, fir-clad precipices, and mountains tipped and streaked with snow. Chalets and flocks of goats are scattered about on pastures apparently inaccessible; and streams, forming lovely cascades, pour down the sides of the rocks, and rush impetuously into the Arve. Mont Blanc, the wonder of the universe, had hitherto been totally concealed from our view. A sultry haze hid it from us when at Lausanne and Geneva, and now we were encompassed by walls of rock and mountain, which almost excluded even the rays of sun from the valley. About a league before Sallanche a sinuosity in the road presented to us the snowy form of the majestic mountain glittering under all the brilliance of a summer sun. It was impossible to believe that it was still six leagues distant. Between St. Martin and Sallanche, we stood in awful wonder and admiration of this overpowering object. The scene exceeded all powers of description. Around us lay the most luxuriant green valley, with sloping orchards and pastures surrounding the little town of Sallanche; the overwhelming torrent of the Arve rushing, with unceasing roar, through these soft and lovely scenes. Immediately and almost perpendicularly above us rose the grey jagged rocks of the Varens, and other mountains, to a height of above 7000 feet—the snow hanging in their crevices, and whitening

their summits. Looking up the valley of the Arve, an immense breast-work of mountain rears itself at a few leagues distance, covered with dark gloomy firs, till vegetation gives place to a summit of barren rock. Behind and above those stupendous heights, rises the colossal Mont Blanc, higher than this his vanguard by about 6 or 7000 feet of eternal snows, which are only here and there broken by grey pointed needles, and jagged rocks of granite, which refuse the snow a resting-place, and project their rude and gigantic forms beyond its glittering surface. In addition to its height, and the awful winter which frowns from its summits, nothing can be more majestic than the forms of the mountain. The summit presents a smooth and rounded kind of dome, which may be said to repose upon colossal pyramids and pillars of granite. The various needles and subordinate heights, the satellites of the imperial mountain, rise around in beautiful gradation to heights of 9, 10, 11, and 12,000 feet, and are all attached to the dome by connecting masses of snow, covered rocks, and glaciers. The sun was illuminating this stupendous expanse of snow, reared amidst the heavens; and it was impossible to look at it for many minutes successively. We met with a Chamounix guide, François Simon, (honoured with the appellation of "*Simon des dames*,") whom we instantly engaged to ascend with us to a little grassy eminence above Sallanche, where we sat down and admired this sublime scene—making acquaintance, under the auspices of the guide, with every rock, and pinnacle, and glacier, and valley, which presented itself. The evening was not remarkably fine, but still, as the sun gradually sank, the whole expanse of snowy mountain was suffused with every varying tint of gold, rose, carnation, and richest purple. We had not quite Lord Byron's hues of love.

——— The snows above
The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly.

At night a bright starry sky "tipped with silver every mountain's head," and we enjoyed from the gallery of the inn at Sallanche (where, by the way, we drank bottled ale not unworthy of Edinburgh) the prospect of the white dome of the mountain standing out pure and resplendent under the blue canopy of Heaven, and rearing its sublime head among the sparkling stars and constellations which lighted up this scene of silent loveliness and grandeur.

Carriages of the ordinary description cannot proceed farther than Sallanche, and we set forth the next morning in a *char-à-banc*, drawn by two fine mules, on our road to Chamounix. You may conceive the difficulties of the road, when I tell you that we were above seven hours performing the six leagues from Sallanche to Chamounix. Our *char* was a stout mountain vehicle, on which we sat sideways, which just carried our feet above the ground, and which was well calculated, from its lightness and strength, to defy the rocks, slopes, and rugged inequalities of our route. In some places the road was swept away by a *debordement* of the Arve, and we drove along the bed of the river—in others, a torrent from the mountains had ploughed across the path, leaving blocks of rock, heaps of mud, and branches of fir-trees rooted up, over which our sure-footed mules drew us with perfect safety.

The vast bed of the Arve, strewed with trees, rocks, and stones, the torrents descending into it, the blocks of granite, and the wrecks of the vast *éboulement* of the mountain d'Anterne, which took place in 1751, and lasted for eight days, and which has now left on the ragged and herbless sides of the mountain fresh traces of the convulsion, add infinitely to the effect of the scene. We stopped to admire the beautiful little cascade of the Chéde, one of the prettiest near the Alps, and then proceeded to Servoz. From Servoz to Chamounix is one of the grandest Alpine scenes in Europe. We passed a monument erected by the road to a young German, who perished in the glaciers of the Buet mountain. We had ascended rapidly from Sallanche to Savoy. Sallanche is situated 1674 feet above the level of the sea, and Chamounix not less than 3174 feet. We passed the impetuous Arve by a rude bridge of unhewn fir-trees, and ascended a rapid acclivity at the edge of a frightful precipice, at the bottom of which we left far below us the foaming Arve, roaring over rocks and amongst a forest of larches and dark firs. On the opposite bank of the river rose an immense wall of perpendicular rock to a height of many thousand feet, almost on the summit of which we could just discover a little cluster of chalets, absolutely overhanging the frightful valley of the Arve. Such was the scene of wild magnificence immediately about us; while towards the South we were almost under the shelter and shade of the stupendous Mont Blanc, and its dependent rocks and needles of Bionnassay, the Dôme du Gouté, &c. &c. Having reached the summit of our ascent, we entered the valley of Chamounix at the little hamlet of Ouches.—You appear in a new world on entering this singular valley. The five leagues from Sallanche to les Ouches is one scene of wild and desolate grandeur, with few habitations, and few spots of ground sufficient even for cattle to pasture. A few browsing goats, and here and there a cow, attended by little sunburnt children, who offered us nosegays, and some scattered rude log-built chalets, were all the traces we had seen of human inhabitants. After this scene the valley of Chamounix appears like a little thriving Alpine colony, with neat hamlets, inclosed pastures, gardens and cottages, flocks of sheep and herds of cows and goats, and a decent civilized sort of people, dressed with considerable neatness, and apparently relieved from abject poverty. Imagine this green and smiling valley, extending about six leagues in length, and scarcely one league in breadth, at the very foot of Mont Blanc, and the grand barrier of the central Alps, the glaciers descending from their summits into the very midst of the fertile pastures, dark forests of fir fringing the pure white masses of ice and snow, and neat cottages and gardens flourishing at the foot of glaciers, from 100 to 300 feet in height, which often accumulate and advance, so as to threaten with destruction the neighbouring hamlets and inclosures. Nothing is more uncertain than the ratio of the advance or decrease of the glaciers. The glacier des Bois, the most considerable at Chamounix, is said to have been ascertained by trunks of trees planted in the crevices of the glacier to advance about fourteen feet in a year. But this must be a very doubtful fact, and it only applies to the rate of progressive movement of the *middle* of the glacier; for certainly the glacier does not regularly advance fourteen feet annually *into the valley*. In some years it recedes—in others is stationary, according as the winter is long and

severe, or the summer sultry and prolonged, as the ground is more or less rapidly inclined, and various other uncertain circumstances. It seems certain, that almost all the glaciers do increase in a greater or less degree. The people of Chamounix say, they increase for seven years, and then diminish for seven years—an arbitrary assumption, on which Saussure remarks, "*La régularité plaît aux hommes—elle semble leur assujettir les événemens.*" In the same manner, people on the sea-coast tell you the tide advances in a regular series, first of nine small waves and then of three large ones. The sun, rains, warm winds, the internal heat of the earth, seem to place certain providential limits to the advances of this wintry reign, which have hitherto checked its encroachments on the fertile valleys of the Alps. The glacier des Bossons is by far the most beautiful of those at Chamounix. Its descent being extremely rapid, and the valley down which it descends being rugged and uneven, the mass of ice is split and broken into pyramids, and cones, and all sorts of beautiful and capricious forms. The ice is very pure and unsoiled (a very rare circumstance), and the conical masses are sometimes of 80, 90, and 100 feet in height, of the most beautiful white, green, and sky-blue colours. They look like the ruins of marble palaces, temples, and obelisks, reared and overthrown by the hands of an Oriental genius. They have the appearance of productions of art; but it is the unreal art of fairies—not that of men. We crossed over this fine glacier, in an upper part of it, where it presented a sort of table land, intersected occasionally by enormous chasms and crevices; down which we rolled blocks of granite, which produced a rumbling like distant thunder in the bowels of the glacier. The air of the glacier was remarkably inspiring and elating from its freshness and rarity. On a sudden, I was surprised to feel my face fanned by a sultry current from the South, which passed away, and then came again, like a sirocco. The effect was so surprising, that I stopped short in walking. On mentioning it to Michel Devassaux, our guide, he said it was not uncommon; and that these warm winds (of which Saussure also speaks) were particularly felt on the glacier des Bossons, owing to its being opposite to several indentures or breaks in the Alpine chain, which give a passage to the currents of air from Italy and the South. The perpetual movements and constant noises in the glaciers have a very striking effect, and give them, in a less degree, that impressive character of life and animation which belongs to a river or the ocean. Their sounds are among Nature's most singular and sublime voices. A rattling crash is heard in the ice, an internal rumbling—you then perceive a commotion in the glacier for a space of many yards—new fissures open—projecting masses of ice break and fall, blocks of granite roll down the sides of the glacier, and set in motion hundreds of other rocks and stones, and the confused clatter and noise dies away like a distant fire of artillery, leaving an awful silence till the constant pressure of the upper part of the glacier against the lower again produces a fresh dislocation of the masses. Every glacier is the source of a river or stream of greater or less consequence, furnished by the melted snow which flows during summer perpetually from the foot of the glacier. A large supply proceeds from the ice at the bottom, melted by the internal heat of the earth. When you examine the junction between the glacier and the soil, you perceive the rapidity with which this dissolu-

tion takes place. The glacier appears completely disjoined from the earth, and seems as if it might slide forward in a detached mass. The water dissolved from the surface of the glacier rushes down in perpetual small torrents through the chasms and fissures in the ice to the bottom, and a large accumulated stream flows forth from the foot of the glacier, foaming impetuously along the valley. The source of the Arveiron, which rushes out of the glacier des Bois, is one of the most curious objects in the valley. The force of the stream gushing forth from the glacier has hollowed out an immense vaulted arch about 50 or 60 feet in height, composed of the most lovely bluish ice. It is a complete cave of ice; the roof of which is formed of rude and jagged masses of solid snow ice. These masses are continually detaching themselves and falling into the torrent below. The blue and celadon hues of the ice, its light transparent substance, and grotesque and fantastic shapes, give the cavern an air of fairy-work, which, added to the constant roar of the torrent, far surpasses in beauty and interest the Empress Catherine's ice palaces, or even the caves of ice in the vision of Kubla Khan.

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves,
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device,
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice.

I think every candid person will confess that Mont Blanc seen from Chamounix, on the whole, rather disappoints expectations. It is unquestionably a sublime object, but the valley is so immediately below it, that the mountain is very much foreshortened in the view; you hardly see its summit, and lose much of its gigantic proportions. You can form little idea of the majesty and beauty of St. Paul's standing in St. Paul's church-yard. The immense expanse of perpetual snow reminds one of the mountain's colossal height, in comparison with the bare and rocky needles around, rather than its mere effect on the eye. Add to this, that the eye is so familiarized to stupendous heights by the neighbouring mountains, that the additional 3 or 4000 feet which belong to Mont Blanc produce an effect proportioned only to the relative height of the mountain, not to its absolute height as the great monarch of European mountains. If we could put Mont Blanc on Salisbury plain it would equal all that our imagination can dream about it; but elbowed on all sides by mountains of 10, 11, and 12,000 feet, he is the giant monarch of giant subjects, not a giant among men of ordinary stature. The height of Mont Blanc as seen from Chamounix, it is to be observed, is greater than that of Chimborazo, as seen from its base in the valley of Tapia: the summit of Chimborazo being 11,232 feet above the vale of Tapia, and Mont Blanc rising to 11,532 feet above Chamounix. But the absolute height of Chimborazo above the sea is 20,148 feet, and that of Mont Blanc 14,700 feet. The weather during our stay at Chamounix was not favourable, and I regretted not being able to accomplish the ascent of the Buet or the Breven, or some other height from which you might command a view of these gigantic Alps, of which one is a very imperfect conception while at their feet in the valley. of course did not omit the ordinary excursion to the Montanvert,

a grand eminence at the foot of Mont Blanc, its steep sides covered with a forest of dark firs, and the summit being about 2500 feet above Chamounix, or about 5700 above the sea. About a score of individuals of both sexes and all ages, and including English, French, Russians, &c. ascended on the same day, principally mounted on mules, and attended by a troop of trusty guides. The ascent is fearfully rapid, and only to be accomplished (at least on mule-back) by going probably three times the real distance in a zigzag path just wide enough for a mule to stand, and where a false step would often precipitate mule and rider (note-books, barometers, telescopes, and all) rolling down to the valley, unless perchance arrested by a fortunate fir stump or granite block. The mule path is only carried about two-thirds of the whole ascent; the remainder you walk or climb on foot. The bird's eye view of the valley and villages of Chamounix below, reduced to pigmy dimensions by a distance of 2000 feet, is remarkably fine. A thunder-storm overtook us when about half a mile from the summit. We had been praying for one at Chamounix the day before, to the great astonishment and horror of a French lady, who set us down for absolutely *fous* in expressing so monstrous a wish. And when we met her shivering with terror and wet clothes at the Chalet on the Montanvert, she instantly attacked us with an air of triumph, taking it for granted that we fully participated in all her terrors, and must long since have repented of our rash wishes the day before. The storm (although, or perhaps *because*, a slight one) had in fact completely repaid, without exceeding our wishes—by the magnificence of its reverberated sounds among this world of mountains, the roar of the fir forests, the awful masses of cloud sailing over the crags and needles, and breaking in torrents of rain down the abysses and valleys, the swollen streams roaring down the precipices and hurrying along with them rocks and fragments of trees. Every mountain had indeed “found a tongue”—each successive peal of thunder made the tour of the whole range of adjacent Alps, travelling with sublime roar from the heights towards Piedmont along the chain bounding the valley, and lost in dim murmurs among the mountains near Geneva.

———The glee

Of the loud hills shook with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

There was just sufficient apprehension of possible danger to heighten the awfulness of the scene, without overpowering the sense of admiration and enjoyment. The wind rose violently and suddenly with the storm, and the deracinated trees strewn about the mountain forest around us bore evidence of whole ranks having been on former occasions swept away by its fury. The guides had before told us that these *bourasques* were sometimes very formidable. The heavens, however, had soon spent their fury, and the sun was soon “laughing the clouds away with playful scorn.” The Chalet on the mountain was filled with the whole party from Chamounix, drying their clothes at a wretched fire, reading the Album, and eating mountain strawberries and cream, together with the cold fowls and Burgundy, which had been packed on the mules. The immense glacier of the Mer de Glace lies behind the Montanvert, a few hundred feet below the summit of the mountain. The enormous Aiguille verte, the highest of all the needles round Mont Blanc, the pointed and graceful Aiguille du Dru, and the rugged

Aiguille de Charmoz, rear their heads into the clouds immediately above the Mer de Glace. The glacier is much more extensive, and the surrounding mountains more sublime, than the immediate accompaniments of the glacier des Bossons. But it has none of the same beauty or singularity of form, and the ice is generally dirty and discoloured by decomposed rock and earth.

Mont Blanc and the glaciers are, at Chamounix, the same all-engrossing objects which the sea forms at a bathing-place in England, or the grand saloon and gaming-table at a bathing-place in Germany. All conversation, all plans, all inquiries, have some reference to these all-interesting objects. You look for the hoary summit of Mont Blanc as soon as you open your window in the morning, and never miss the rays of the dying sun reflected on it in the evening. It forms the barometer of the guides, whose weather-wisdom predicts bad weather when the clouds rest on the summit, or, as they say, when the Mont Blanc puts on his cap; and you find a cluster of guides and travellers standing about the inns, and examining and discussing the aspect of the mountain, whether the snow has increased or diminished in the night, tracing and pointing out the localities of every rock and fissure, and every bearing of its topography, with an interest and busy admiration which every individual partakes. The concourse of visitors is so great during three or four months in the summer, that this valley, where the snow lies for nine months in the year, and which is hemmed in by barriers of mountain and ice on all sides, affords two of the neatest and most comfortable inns that I know on the Continent, with good beds, and a good table at which we used to sit down to a very pleasant dinner at six o'clock, in a society, male and female, entirely English. Conversation was very animated of course, turning principally on the natural wonders around us, and the excursions projected or executed by the various individuals.

The guides at Chamounix are a very peculiar race of people: active, intelligent, and obliging, with a good knowledge of the country, and often a considerable smattering of mineralogy and natural history. To the common quickness and smartness of the Savoyard character, they add a considerable acquaintance with the world from their intercourse with persons of all countries. François Simon accompanied us for many days, and we took leave of him with great regret at Martigny. He as well as most of his compeers was a rigid Catholic, exact in his meagre-days and masses, and his obeisances and doffings of the cap to every chapel and crucifix. Indulgences and remissions of stated numbers of days in purgatory are proclaimed very liberally on crosses and posts around Chamounix, to all the faithful who shall say an *ave* or a *credo* before the said crosses or posts. These proclamations are in the name of his excellency the Cardinal Bishop of the diocese; and our friend Simon assured us gravely that he reckoned on laying up in the whole a very important store of redeemed days to set off against the future account against him. Two Catholic priests are resident in the valley, who are apparently very attentive to their parochial duties in instructing the children and attending the sick. One of them with whom we conversed, was a well informed and sensible man. Every thing we heard and saw would lead us to augur well of the morals and simple habits of these secluded mountaineers.

PORTRAIT OF A SEPTUAGENARY; BY HIMSELF.

"I will conduct you to a hill-side, laborious indeed at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospects and melodious sounds, that the harp of Orpheus was not half so charming."

AFTER all the critical denunciations against the unfortunate wight, who suffered the smallest inkling of himself or his affairs to transpire in his writings;—after the pretty general confinement of Auto-biography to players, courtesans, and adventurers;—after the long absorption of individuality in the royal and literary plural *we*, the age has at last adopted the right legitimate Spanish formula of "I the King;" our writers, from Lord Byron downwards, have become their own heroes, either direct or allegorized; and if any one will cast his eye over the columns of our periodical literature, he will find one half of the articles to be personal narratives, or auto-biography in some of its innumerable ramifications. If self-preservation be the first law of nature, self-description seems now to be the second, and we may fairly pronounce the present to be the golden age of Egotism. I, for one, do not complain of this, provided it be done with talent; for a long familiarity with literature has produced its usual effects upon me, making me more solicitous as to the manner than the matter; and as a good horse cannot be of a bad colour, so I hold that an able writer can hardly have a bad subject. We can scarcely expect so much talent, and we need hardly require so much frankness, as characterized the Confessions of Rousseau, for no paper could fail to be interesting if it gave a faithful transcript of the author's mind. We have enough of dates and registers, and the freaks of fortune, and all the changes and ills that flesh is heir to; but it appears to me, that we are very scantily supplied with histories of mind. Mr. Coleridge, indeed, has given us "a psychological curiosity," but as it has reference only to one eventful night, serves to stimulate rather than allay our appetite for similar revelations. Some of our youngest writers, who can have experienced little vicissitude of mental or bodily estate, indulge in the most trivial detail of personal matter:—may not I then, a not unobservant veteran, record the life of my mind, (if I may so express myself) with as much privilege and immunity as is conceded to these chroniclers of external and physical existence? "That which hath made them drunk hath made me bold;" and thus inspired, I shall proceed to give a sketch of the progress of my mind, so far as I have myself been enabled to pronounce judgment upon it, suppressing some things, but misstating none; and occasionally indulging in those diffusive and desultory wanderings which my own experience has proved to be almost inevitable ingredients in the character of a Septuagenary.

Few men perhaps are better qualified for this task; for owing to a defective memory, I have, from a very early age, been in the habit of keeping a Journal, not of facts only, but of feelings, thoughts, and impressions; and thus I may be said never to have forgotten any thing, or, if I had forgotten it, always to have possessed the power of recovering what I had lost, by a reference to my Diary. Mysterious operation!—Certain hieroglyphics are marked upon paper with a black liquid, which, after a lapse of years, shall have the power of penetrating through the eyes into the sensorium, and of calling up from their

sleep recollections which, but for this summons, would have slumbered for ever. Sometimes these reminiscences have brought up with them roots and off-shoots, and minute appendages of time, place and circumstance; of which no record existed on paper; but which, unknown to myself, had lain buried in the tenacious soil of even an infirm memory, quietly awaiting the uprising of that master-thought with whose fibres they were intertwined. What an infinite series of such thoughts and images must be stored up in the vast repertory of memory; all, too, so admirably classed, and ticketed, and arranged, that even after the accumulation of years, each is capable of being called up from its hiding-place by a simple, unfelt, and instantaneous act of volition! A Journal is a valuable stimulant to this incomprehensible faculty. A basin of water thrown down a pump, of which the sucker is dry, places at your disposal the inexhaustible fountains of the earth, and a similar outpouring of the past may frequently be procured by the expansion which an old Diary gives to the memory.

Locke is considered as having set at rest the question of innate ideas, but not with me. I was never more convinced by his arguments than pleased with his cumbrous, rambling, and illogical style; and besides I had, or fancied that I had, proofs in my own experience which upset all his reasoning; for fancies, and imaginations, and dreams, have presented to me combinations which could never have arisen from any external operations in this world, and appeared to me to justify strong presumptions of an ante-natal existence. They were the twilight of a sun that had set—the flutterings of a bird not yet reconciled to his new cage—the convulsions of a spirit in the crisis of transmutation—the yearnings of a soul looking back to the race it had run, before it fully entered upon its new career. There is nothing preposterous in supposing, that the soul of man is too precious a relic to be inclosed in only one evanescent shrine; while it is hardly consistent with reason or justice, to suppose that its eternal doom, whether for good or ill, can be merited by that fleeting probation to which one human life is limited. What! are we to march out of the invisible into the visible world, play our short and sorry pranks, and then return into invisibility, like the figures of a phantasmagoria, which start from the darkness to grin, and mock, and move, and “squeak and gibber,” and then shrink up again into darkness? Like the performers in a grand theatric procession, we may come in at one door, and having the cradle and the coffin for our O. P. and P. S. strut across the stage of life in all the dignity of tinsel trappings, and so out at the other; but who shall assure us, that, like the same performers, we may not occasionally run round behind the scenes of the graves, return to the first entrance, and repeat our procession?—Ay, who shall warrant us against these new incarnations of the old spirit, like the Avatars of the Hindoo God, or the platonic metempsychosis, not however into animal forms, but a new human one, another and the same? I have never been wholly satisfied with the great object of most men’s speculation—the looking forward and conjecturing what we are to be in a future world; but have been not less anxious to know what we *have* been in the past one. I have invoked all the Gods—“*quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentes, et Chaos et Phlegethon,*” that by their auspices I might be enabled—“*pandere res altâ terrâ et caligine mersas:*” imploring them to draw up the veil that I might look backward, and have revealed to me

the domains, and appearances, and modes of being in the great Antenatal Infinite. Some one has inscribed in the Catacombs at Paris, "*Rogas ubi post obitum jaceas! ubi non nata jacent!*"—but where is this boundless and yet undiscoverable land—this real *terra incognita*? The earth has swallowed up and decomposed all that has hitherto existed; but what encampment is vast enough to contain the marshalled myriads waiting to be called into existence, for we cannot boast, whatever Ovid might, that "one half of round eternity is ours." The world is probably young, just starting on the race of eternity, to which its present existence may bear the same proportion as a grain of sand to itself; and the number of human beings hitherto born, will, of course, be in the same ratio to those not yet animated. Psha! it is a vain and fantastical speculation; our faculties are limited, and we may lose the enjoyment of what is proffered by straining too ardently after what is withheld, like the dog who snatched at a reflection in the water and lost his dinner, or the wiseacre who wasted a summer morning in strenuous endeavours to leap beyond his shadow. Yes, such researches, by raising our eyes from the realities of life, may betray us into danger. Thales, the Milesian, while gazing at the moon, fell into a pond: "had you looked into the water," said a countryman to him, "you might have seen the moon, but by gazing on the moon you could never have seen the pond."

I told you I should be desultory and discursive—my signature implies it. Bear with me, Mr. Editor, "for you yourself are old," in fame though not in years:—*dum numerat palmas, credidit esse senem.*" I proceed to my purpose. Your columns would be inundated were I to pour into them a tithe of the matter which an active mind, and rather an idle life, have accumulated in my Journal; aware, however, that you can grant me but a limited space, I shall only give you a very loose sketch, or summary of the whole, which, for the purpose of condensation, I shall throw into large masses of time, and in conformity to this arrangement, I shall briefly sum up

The first Twenty Years of my Life.

There are few things more awful than an infant, bearing, as it always appears to me, the fresh touches of the Creator's hand about it, and being all over redolent of heaven. With the notions which I entertain of pre-existence, the smile of one of these little cherubs is a pregnant revelation from the regions of bliss; an antepast of that millenium when sin shall be no more, when the lamb shall lie down with the lion, and the kid with the wolf. How sweet to contemplate those beautiful frames in which an immortal soul is enshrined, before it is agitated by the passions, or debased by crime. What a compound of the angelic and human nature! how lovely as an object; how interesting as a mysterious problem! The appeal of infant innocence is irresistible: infants are mighty in their very helplessness. What must they be then, when, to all these touching sympathies, is added the powerful instinct of parental affection? I call it instinct advisedly, for it will be found that nature is an economist, even of the affections, and proportions them pretty accurately to the wants of the object. Hence it is strongest in the human subject, for no animal is born in so helpless a state, or so long requires assistance. It is more powerful in the mother, because

the child is more dependant upon her ministering offices; and in her it is generally most intense towards the deformed in body or mind, the rickety or the ideotic;—not from any perverse or deficient judgment, but from a watchful impulse of nature directing her tenderness in that channel where it is the most needed. Preservation of the species seems to be the pervading principle of the world; and it is wonderful to reflect how actively and perpetually this agency is at work without our being conscious of its presence. Birds and beasts, when they have answered the great purpose of temporary protection, lose this instinct, previously so acute; they even cease to have the smallest recognition of their offspring, and though the pride of man revolts from any analogies drawn from the animal kingdom, I believe that in many of their leading tendencies there is a marvellous accordance between them. Thus I apprehend that parental affection progressively weakens as it ceases to be required; and though a sense of benefits conferred or received may substitute a lively sentiment or principle of friendship, it is no longer an instinct about the preservation of which nature is solicitous. Were our feelings upon these points governed by justice or a balance of benefits, they would be much more powerful towards our parents than our offspring; but the reverse is notoriously the case.

I am happy to say that I was rather a stupid boy, and in defiance of the poet's maxim, that "the child's the father of the man," I am prepared to maintain that I ceased to be thus obtuse long before I had any claim to the toga virilis. Precocity is generally an indication of disease; and it has been very safely predicated of infant prodigies that they rarely grow up clever, because, in fact, they rarely grow up at all. They "o'er-inform their tenement of clay;"—the fire of intellect burns faster than the body can supply it with aliment, and so they spiritualize and evaporate. Mind and body are yoked together to pursue their mysterious journey with equal steps, nor can one outstrip the other without breaking the harness and endangering the whole machine. I would rather that my child's right shoulder should grow higher than his left, than that his mind should get the start of his body; for the former would only affect his symmetry, the latter is frequently a fatal symptom. Were all authors as ingenious as Dr. Johnson in disclaiming the juvenile miracles of wit attributed to them, the number of our really precocious writers, who have attained subsequent celebrity, would probably be extremely limited. As to solitary instances of preternatural talent in children, limited to one direction, they do not come within the scope of my argument. Such is that incomprehensible faculty of arithmetic in the celebrated Calculating Boy, who in an instant can solve problems which would be an hour's puzzle to our ablest calculators "with all appliances and means to boot," and yet this urchin cannot even explain the process by which he performs the miracle. One would imagine that by some peculiar organization of his brain, a ray of omniscience had shot athwart it, giving us a single glimpse of its divine origin, as when the clouds are opened by lightning, we appear to get a momentary peep into the glories of the innermost heaven. With such an example of inexplicable intuition we need not despair of future striplings, who, in the intervals of peg-top and cricket, will kindly spare a moment for quadrating the circle, discovering the longitude, explaining the cause of polar attraction, and solving

other Œdipean riddles which have puzzled the world since its creation, while the young sages shall be all unconscious of the might within them. Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings may such revelations be ordained. As, however, the loss of one of our senses generally quickens and strengthens the rest, so the preternatural growth and vigour of any particular mental faculty commonly cripples or weakens the others. A hump-backed man is spindle-shanked, and the Calculating Boy, in all directions but one, was weak-minded and simple. In every thing "order is heaven's first law;" proportion and equilibrium are the only elements of beauty and strength.

Among the advantages of my birth it was my good fortune to be member of a large family, the collision of which is highly beneficial in rubbing off the little asperities and singularities that the youthful character is apt to throw out in the petulance of its development. The severe discipline and turmoil of school completes this process, as the lashing and roaring of the ocean assimilates the pebbles upon its beach; but I question whether in this rough mode of polishing, the remedy be not worse than the disease. What idle cant and talking by rote is it in old men to declare, with a grave shake of the head or theatrical sigh, that their school-days were the happiest of their lives. Away with such nonsense! they were no such thing. For myself I can declare that I look back with unmixed horror to that period, and that no temptations should induce me to live my life over again, if I were again compelled to struggle through that accursed Slough of Despond. Naturally placid and sedate, I was rarely betrayed into pranks, and of course escaped the punishments which they entail: in spite of a disadvantageous infirmity under which I laboured for several years, I was always enabled to keep at the head of my class: I frequently won prizes for good conduct, almost always those for scholastic exercises: I was never flogged; and yet my mental sufferings were acute. Were I called upon to specify them, I could not easily do it: they consisted rather of an aggregate of petty annoyances than of any one overpowering evil. Of a delicate constitution and sensitive mind, every nerve and fibre seemed to be perpetually set on edge. My senses and appetites were all outraged by grossness and coarse viands; I was maddened with noise and hurly-burly; at one time the boisterous mirth and practical jokes of my schoolfellows distressed me; at another I was terrified by their cries and contortions as they suffered under the rod. Tough and obdurate minds soon got inured to all this, but mine was of a more tender temperament, nor could it find any consolation in a hoop or skipping-rope. I hold it little vanity to say that "my desires were dolphin-like, and showed themselves above the element they lived in." So deeply was my mind impressed with the laceration of my feelings at this period, that in after-life I never sent a child to school without a thousand misgivings and qualms of conscience; and I would rather have thrown a boy to the Minotaur at once, than have sacrificed him to the slow torment of any public-school, polluted by the system of what is technically termed *Fagging*—that is, compelling a youngster to crouch beneath the foot of some malignant tyrant of the first or second form, that he may finally take his revenge, not on his oppressor, but on the next stripling over whom, as he advances to seniority, he is to exercise the same wanton cruelty. Cowardly and debasing practice!

It may fit boys for the army, but it can hardly fail to render them not less abject towards their superiors than reckless and overbearing to those beneath them.

It is humiliating to reflect how little is subsequently retained after passing through this fiery ordeal. At least five schoolboys out of ten make a point of forgetting their Latin and Greek, which is nearly all they can acquire at a public-school, with as much rapidity as possible. F— says, that such a man is better than one who never studied the classics, as an empty censer still has a grateful odour from the perfume it contained; but I suspect he would rather sit down to one full bottle of Port than smell to a dozen empty claret bottles, whatever might have been the fragrance of their *bouquet*. Porson, who retained so much that he could afford to boast of what he had lost, was justified in exclaiming to a chattering pretender, "Sir, I have forgotten more than you ever knew." But after all, it is better to have knowledge to brag of than ignorance. "How comes it," said a flippant youngster to Dr. Parr, "that you never wrote a book?—suppose we write one together." "In that way," said the Doctor, "we might indeed make a very thick one." "How?" "Why, by putting in all that I know and all that you do not know."

In due time I exchanged the scholastic form for a stool in a merchant's counting-house, and found my Latin of special service in supplying the initials for pounds, shillings, and pence, with which I headed the columns of the Petty-cash book; while my Grecian lore fully qualified me to institute a comparison between the famous honey of Hybla and Hymettus, and the sugar samples which were ranged on shelves over my head. What a revulsion of mind I experienced at being suddenly plunged from the all-commanding summit of Mount Pindus and the flowery vale of Hæmus, where my young fancy had held converse with nymphs, fauns, and dryads, into the murky day candle-light of a counting-house in the City, where my aspiring intellect was to be fed from the classic fountains of brokers, wharfingers, and sailors. Ductile as water, the mind at that age soon takes the form of whatever surrounds it. The poor pride of excelling, even in this humble knowledge, rendering me assiduous, I won the confidence of my employer, and after due probation was promoted to what is termed a pulpit-desk, where I stood from nine in the morning till eight at night, behind three enormous books which I was employed in posting, and for my sole reward received the honorary appellation of book-keeper. Greater men than I have performed less honourable drudgery for a rag of ribbon across the breast or round the knee; and I only regret the continuance of offices like mine, because in the great improvement of mechanical science I think animal machines may be dispensed with, and a steam-engine be advantageously substituted for a book-keeper. My evenings were my own, and as I was never very fond of theatres, routs, and parties, and was constitutionally temperate, I had still some leisure hours for reading, and invariably carried a book with me to bed to keep me awake; a practice which I have since occasionally adopted for a purpose directly opposite. My range did not extend beyond the catalogue of a circulating-library, but nothing came amiss to me; my appetite was too keen to be discriminative, and I swallowed trash with a relish which nothing but the raciness of youth

and novelty can impart, and which I have since found often wanting when more nutritious and wholesome aliments were spread before me. Among other rubbish upon which I fastened in my hunger, was the barren study of Heraldry—one which I now view with sovereign contempt, but to which I am perhaps indebted for the literary turn given to my mind, at an age when trifles were influential, and for all the subsequent comforts and advantages derived from that tendency. Detecting some heraldic error in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, I wrote a letter to correct it: how many times I corrected my own correction, I cannot say, but I remember it occupied four sides fairly written, and the reader, if he be not himself an occasional author, can hardly imagine the impatience with which I waited for the end of the month. My hopes of its being inserted were but faint, but they were strong enough to take me to the publisher's early on the first day of the month, where I bought the number, went up a court to look over the table of contents, and found that my communication had been inserted. Few moments of my life have afforded me more gratification. My countenance dropped, however, when I got home and turned to the article, for at the first blush it appeared to me, by the space it occupied, (about a column) to have been miserably cut up and curtailed; but on comparing it with my copy I discovered that not a syllable was suppressed, and that this seeming contraction was but the natural effect of printing. I continued an occasional correspondent of the venerable Mr. Sylvanus Urban till my mind was out of arms, and I became vain enough to imagine that I was fifty years too young to be entitled to the patronage of this Mæcenas of old women.

(To be continued.)

FROM QUEVEDO.

A Roma Sepultada en sus ruinas.

Search Rome for Rome, O Traveller! thou shalt see
In Rome, Rome is not; but the grass-green mound
And mouldering wreck, her relics, may be found,
'Mid which th' Aventine rises mournfully.

The Palatine has bow'd to destiny,
A shapeless ruin strew'd along the ground,
O'er its long range of walls, once so renown'd,
The foot of Time hath march'd triumphantly.

Yet Tiber flows as he hath ever flown;
On palaces, and tombs, and temples rent,
He breaks his sorrowing waves with hollow moan.
O Rome! thy grandeur and thy strength are spent—
All of thee that was stable—while alone
That which was fugitive is permanent!

TO A LOG OF WOOD UPON THE FIRE.

WHEN Horace, as the snows descended
 On Mount Soracte, recommended
 That Logs be doubled,
 Until a blazing fire arose,
 I wonder whether thoughts like those
 Which in *my* noddle interpose,
 His fancy troubled.

Poor Log! I cannot hear thee sigh,
 And groan, and hiss, and see thee die,
 To warm a Poet,
 Without eyncing thy success,
 And as thou wanest less and less,
 Inditing a farewell address,
 To let thee know it.

Peeping from earth—a bud unveil'd,
 Some “bosky bourne” or dingle hail'd
 Thy natal hour,
 While infant winds around thee blew,
 And thou wert fed with silver dew,
 And tender sunbeams oozing through
 Thy leafy bower.

Earth—water—air—thy growth prepared,
 And if perchance some Robin, scared
 From neighbouring manor,
 Perch'd on thy crest, it rock'd in air,
 Making his ruddy feathers flare
 In the sun's ray, as if they were
 A fairy banner.

Or if some nightingale impress'd
 Against thy branching top her breast
 Heaving with passion,
 And in the leafy nights of June
 Outpour'd her sorrows to the moon,
 Thy trembling stem thou didst attune
 To each vibration.

Thou grew'st a goodly tree, with shoots
 Fanning the sky, and earth-bound roots
 So grappled under,
 That thou whom perching birds could swing,
 And zephyrs rock with lightest wing,
 From thy firm trunk unmoved didst fling
 Tempest and thunder.

Thine offspring leaves—death's annual prey,
 Which Herod Winter tore away
 From thy caressing,
 In heaps, like graves around thee blown,
 Each morn thy dewey tears have strown,
 O'er each thy branching hands been thrown
 As if in blessing.

Bursting to life another race,
 At touch of Spring, in thy embrace
 Sported and fluttered;
 Aloft, where wanton breezes play'd,
 In thy knit-boughs have ringdoves made
 Their nest, and lovers in thy shade
 Their vows have uttered.

How oft thy lofty summits won
Morn's virgin smile, and hail'd the sun
With rustling motion;
How oft in silent depths of night,
When the moon sail'd in cloudless light,
Thou hast stood awe-struck at the sight,
In hush'd devotion—

'Twere vain to ask ; for doom'd to fall,
The day appointed for us all,
O'er thee impended :
The hatchet, with remorseless blow,
First laid thee in the forest low,
Then cut thee into logs—and so
Thy course was ended—

But not thine use—for moral rules,
Worth all the wisdom of the schools,
Thou may'st bequeath me ;
Bidding me cherish those who live
Above me, and the more I thrive,
A wider shade and shelter give
To those beneath me.

So when Death lays his axe to me,
I may resign, as calm as thee,
My hold terrestrial ;
Like thine my latter end be found
Diffusing light and warmth around,
And like thy smoke my spirit bound
To realms celestial.

H.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.*—NO. III.

The Pantheon.

Of all the fabrics, northward of the Alps, intended for the service of religion, the most worthy of the name of Temple is perhaps the Pantheon—of old, and now once more the church of St. Genevieve. Afar off its grey dome is descried by the traveller, as he approaches the capital of France, eminent in height and simple grandeur above all the spires of that ambitious city. After glancing at the gilt cupola of the Invalides, the gloomy mass of Notre Dame, the lofty roofs and chimneys of the Thuilleries, the eye and interest alike repose upon its majestic dome.

It was upon the third of January, 1822, that the pilgrim wended his way to this shrine of the Revolution, and the resting place of Rousseau and Voltaire. An unusual bustle seemed to pervade the town; especially every avenue to the building; it was the day appointed for its reconsecration to the services of religion. Carriages, and priests, and processions, choked up every passage, while the crowd looked on

* In the article *Modern Pilgrimages*, No. II. we were not aware that Mr. Moore had actually alluded to his having been indebted to Shenstone's *Elegy* in the verses quoted from him. Our idea was, that Mr. Moore had unconsciously hit on the same thought as Shenstone; and it was by no means either expressed or insinuated that he was a plagiarist.—We say this to satisfy our correspondent H. B.

sullen, incurious, and malign. The morning was wet and gloomy, just such another as that on which the remains of Voltaire were transported to their present abode: and what with the rain, the people, and the carriages, it was an undertaking of no small difficulty to scramble up from the Place St. Michael to the Place of the Pantheon. Thinking less of the grandeur of the building than of the change it was about to undergo, I looked to see what had become of the revolutionary inscription over the portico, legible enough some weeks before—of *Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnoissante*; and also, though more defaced, that of *Unité, Indivisibilité de la République, Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité, ou La Mort*. A canvass was at present spread over the plinth; behind which, I was informed, workmen were daily employed, substituting for the Republican mottoes, the more devout inscription of *D. O. M. sub invocatione sanctæ Genovefæ sacrum*.

I had visited the interior of the building two or three months previously, when there was no sign of preparation for the intended ceremony; and must confess, that all that was pilgrim in me blushed for the present contrast. There were unpleasant feelings in both contemplations; in the first, the silence of the house of prayer recalled all the indignities and massacres that the church had suffered, the vain attempts of the revolutionists to supply the place of religion by theatric ceremony and fictitious heroism, with the fate of those wretched mortals:—

“Who play’d such antic tricks before high Heaven.”

They had overturned the altars, and chased away the ministers of religion; but its spirit, methought, had not departed. The silent solemnity of the space, so beautifully bounded by pillar, arch, and dome, and unbroken through so many years, seemed the worship that Time paid to the Almighty.

The ceremony of the consecration, for all its imposing appearance, did not excite in me any such elevated ideas. The rich altar and its gigantic tapers, its gew-gaw ornaments and flimsy canopy, did not strike the eye of a Protestant, and perhaps a somewhat bigoted pilgrim, with much veneration. The beautiful tapestry of the Gobelins seemed as much misplaced; and on the Mosaic circle, in the midst of the building, was a table covered with artificial flowers and relics in glass cases, not at all calculated to please either my taste or my devotion. The King of France was not present, and I was sorry for it—I love the man and the monarch, who is so ill appreciated by the idle gossips of my own country. The Duchesse d’Angoulême, who seemed to enjoy the scene, looked too proud to inspire interest, and is withal not handsome enough that she should dispense with gentleness. Her voice too, which is absolutely wolfish, together with her haughty carriage, leads every one to ask—“Can this be the daughter of the gentle Louis Seize?”

In the midst of the solemnity I could not help indulging in the comical and obvious thought of the philosophers who lay in the vaults, awaking, each like another Epimenides, from his forty years sleep—each deeming it impossible that he could have enjoyed the privilege of Christian burial, and unable to account for the chant of innumerable

voices over their graves.* Their next astonishment would naturally be to see themselves side by side, who were such sworn enemies in life; the mutual recognition in such a case recalls the idea in Byron's "Darkness," where, after the calcination of the globe, the two only survivors approach an ember from opposite sides, and both setting themselves to blow it into a flame, discover, each the other, to be the very object of his deadliest hatred. But death, thought I, must be a great allayer of feuds,—so I continued my fancies, supposing Voltaire and Jean-Jacques to shake hands, and set out in quest of the light, and of the strange turmoil above them. Their sarcophagi seemed previously to excite their attention: as soon as Voltaire perceived they were of wood, he exclaimed, "Brother, this cannot be France, the land of liberality and magnificence!—and see, what a heap of illegible inscriptions have been placed round about me, almost as interminable as my own scribbling. You," continued he to Rousseau, and viewing his tomb, "have been more lucky, *Here rests the man of nature and of truth*; though late, I still rejoice in assenting to your praise. But come, bone or spirit, whichever we be, and yet I know not," said the philosopher, with a sneer, "these vaults are cold, let us seek our way to the assembly of noisy mortals above." They seemed to grope along the passages, Voltaire going first, and peeping into every cranny as he proceeded. The inscriptions on the tombs perplexed him; wherever he pried, his eye met no inscription familiar to his old habits. *Sénateur Impérial—Membre de la Légion d'Honneur*, were enigmas to them, who, unlike Epimenides, were aware that they had been in their graves full forty years, but were uninformed of the great mass of public events, which had "curdled" a long age of changes into so short a space. A superb mausoleum for a moment attracted their attention—it bore *Lannes, Duc de Montebello, mort au champ d'honneur à Essling*. "They have been fighting, and creating Dukes, that's for certain," said Voltaire. Methought I perceived him at this moment to mount the steps ascending from the vault into the church, which steps the bones of a being very different from either of them had ascended a little time before—of no less a person than St. Genevieve herself. The philosophers, however, entered the church, and commenced interrogating and conversing with some of the congregation. Whether the people around took them for madmen, or *liberals*, I cannot say; but in a little time, one of the *gens d'armes* led them both out. "Dynasties and religions change," exclaimed Rousseau, "but the Bastille and its agents ever remain the same."

All this is not very decorous, my readers will say, in a pilgrim, and at the consecration of a church. True, my worthy friends, and self-reproach at the time uttered the same words. But psalms are soporific, especially in the dead languages, and though not altogether a profane,

* Voltaire was disinterred at Selliers, Rousseau from the Isle of Poplars at Ermenonville. There were several reports circulated at the time of the consecration of St. Genevieve, that the remains of the philosophers had been transported secretly to Père La Chaise. It appears that they were only removed from their conspicuous stations in the vault to one of its darkest corners, and the statue of Voltaire, that stood near his sarcophagus, is said also to have been displaced. M. de Girardin has claimed from the King the body of Rousseau, that he may reinter it in his Poplar Isle. The unfortunate philosopher seems doomed to be as restless, and as much fretted in death, as during life.

I am still a poetic pilgrim, and cannot tread the marble aisles of St. Genevieve, without thinking that the authors of Merope and Héloïse lie buried beneath me.

And yet their names have been breathed from too many mouths to excite much enthusiasm from mine. Their measure of fame seems full, even to overflowing; and, to be plain, it suits not my vanity to utter supernumerary panegyric. Popularity during life is, after all, a passing, as well as a vulgar reward; be it ever so merited, posterity seems more inclined to reverse than to establish the decree. We consider ourselves always the fit judges of the *penultimate* works of genius, and do not love to be anticipated. We are indignant with the past age of critics and admirers, who dared to usurp our rights, and attempt to confer prematurely the meed of immortality on their contemporaries. We feel that the living had no claim or title to praise each other face to face, and that these points should have been left to us to settle. The reasons may be fantastic, but the existence of the feeling is indisputable. *Rousseau* and *Voltaire*—do I not in a degree, and in spite of all my veneration, feel ashamed to repeat those hackneyed names, and to confound my taste with that of every breechless man and beardless boy, who have learned to cry *bravo* in honour of those sounds?

Genius must undergo a purgatory of neglect, and must pay its visit, like Dante, to the infernal regions of oblivion, ere it can reach the paradise of lasting fame. Its orbit is one of eccentricity, and like the comet, burn it ever so bright, it must disappear and be forgotten for a while. We are jealous of fame that has suffered no interruption—it offends our vision, and we must bury, if we would not hate it. Thus it is with Pope and his school:—some critics cry out against the neglect, the inhumation they are undergoing. Let these indignant sons of taste be tranquil,—all things fulfil their destiny. Let the names of genius, so long and so much tainted by admirers and imitators, sink gently for an interval into silence, till their homeliness and satiety wear off, and their gloss return afresh. Let us be contented with the protest generously uttered; this will suffice to lay the grass green over its momentary grave, anon it shall arise like a giant refreshed with slumber, and the succeeding age will behold but its beauty and sublimity, purified from the taints of a too vulgar and familiar admiration.

Now, luckily for us, we can afford to do this; we have a change of scenes and a new relay of actors to bring before us—and proper men they are, good ranters some and classic figures others, as any our country has ever enjoyed. But France, owing to whatever causes, has no such literary relay; and even if the genius, which it is naturally to be supposed she must possess, had been called forth, it would have terrible obstacles to overcome. The critics of that land are a cold, servile brood, adorers of sameness and things old, and dreading hugely any innovation that would distance them into their real insignificance. This body must be utterly overthrown ere any thing farther can be effected in the march of genius; and to overthrow them will be extremely difficult, backed as they are by the popular prejudice, that any attempt at originality would be to imitate the English;—true Frenchmen, they stand in awe of this most nonsensical of all paradoxes, viz. *the unoriginality of originality itself*. Our countrymen, on the contrary, are an independent race, and have at least two fashions in the year—

bear witness, Bond-street and the *Blues*. And this is as it should be:—novelty is an innate craving and law of our nature, and *certain-cut* poets must go out of fashion for a while as well as *certain-cut* coats,—in a little time all will come round as before. 'Tis not perpetual banishment, but merely a momentary exile, highly advantageous to these dead wits, if they knew but all, and very amusing to them doubtless, should they have liberty or leisure to contemplate the revolutions of this nether world.

France, however, must be sparing of contempt towards her own old writers; she must be cautious in indulging caprice of this kind, inasmuch as she cannot afford to dispense with any class of her genius: the attempts that have been made by her to strike out of the beaten path, were endeavoured by men of feeble talents, and were easily and instantly put down. This confining the ranks of genius and narrowing its limits may increase the sum of enthusiasm towards individual authors, but it at the same time renders that enthusiasm stale and common-place. The critic has nothing new to say, the pilgrim nothing new to feel, and the literature of the country proceeds on its path, like the cars upon our metal roads, smoothly succeeding each other with harmonious rumbling, linked and unique, without rut or interruption, the heavy descending assisting the light to mount, and the whole apparatus for the most part employed in conveying cargoes of lumber into the deep.

We have heard of brave men being political cowards, and *vice versa*; the same observation may be applied to philosophy and taste: those who were bold and powerful enough to set aside the trammels even of religion, offered their hands, like helots, to be bound by rules of taste. That Rousseau never attacked the host of critics is surprising, but perhaps he had learned from his early tilt against French music that the nation would suffer itself more easily to be shaken out of its religious and moral principles than out of those literary prejudices, which were wound around its *amour-propre*. We need not be in the least surprised at Voltaire's obsequiousness, whose campaigns of argument resembled those of his military friends in war, where he never ventured a movement without being assured of a *back*. He seized the floating scepticism of the fashionable society in which he first moved, and borrowed far more than he invented of it. In arguing, in illustrating a case, or dressing it up with all the accompaniments of shrewdness and ridicule, no one was his equal; but the principle on which he set out, was generally taken from the first mouth or the next page. His was not the spirit that sinks into its own depths, and tries the soundings of the abyss; it was rather that which catches its own overflowings, and plays over the aperture and in the fume of thought, rather than searches or dives in its own

"Whirling gulf of fantasy and flame."

The name of Voltaire is revered in France, that of Rousseau is loved. Vanity cherishes the one, but the other is adored as the presiding genius of passionate thought. The state of feeling in France at this moment is indeed a curious contemplation. The impulse, given by Napoleon, was exactly suited to one half of the national character—the enthusiasm for glory, for active and manly exertion, &c. &c. The

masculine half of the national character found its counterpart in Napoleon, and was carried by that wonderful man to its loftiest pitch. But he was an Italian as to the rest; the side of feeling was paralyzed in him—he was blind and “faithless to the divinity of virtue;” and honour, love, sensibility, were but instruments of policy in his ambitious view. If he could not, however, communicate all his soul to the nation which he led and moulded, his genius was still too great to allow the existence of a spirit contrary to his own. Thus the chivalrous feelings towards the fair sex, natural to Frenchmen, their innate sensibility, their tenderness, were not extinguished, for such things die not—but they slept beneath his reign. He aroused the sterner passions of humanity, while he silenced the more delicate with awe, or shamed them with a sneer. His spirit has passed away, and old feelings begin to spring up, but they are yet young. Love once more is worshipped as a deity, and mutual affection, though yet in real life a prodigy to be met with, commences to have an existence, at least in theory.* Men of years and taste weep over the *fadaises* of Marmontel’s *Shepherdess of the Alps*, as well as over the burning eloquence of St. Preux; and our English writings of the sentimental cast, which have been translated into their tongue, find in them rapturous admirers. I have seen not only ladies, but mustachio’d heroes shed tears of bitterness over the translations of Washington Irwin’s tales of “*The Wife*,” and “*The Broken Heart*.” Their taste every way evinces infancy of feeling: they linger around the prettinesses of sentiment, and in the philosophy of the heart have not yet acquired maturity sufficient to enjoy the manly sensibility of Scott.

This is but a poor tribute to the philosophic brethren;—I substitute speculation for feeling, and take refuge from apathy in the niceties of critical discussion. ’Tis true:—we know too much of these men—we have heard too much of them, and their lives resemble mirrors that have been breathed on and tainted by too frequent and near approaches. And even could we overcome this, there is not much to repay us. In both, human weakness is too clearly visible, and weakness of the pettiest kind—the meanest envy and the most infantine spleen. There is in them every thing that can degrade, and little that can elevate human nature. The very deism of Voltaire is cold and calculating—it has a *debtor and creditor* kind of tone about it, worthier of a Jew upon ’Change, than of a philosopher or a man of learning. That of Rousseau, with the same defect, is still of a loftier nature; his religious and moral works have all the narrowness of special pleading, but there is a warmth and fire in the special pleading on both sides. There is a feeling even in his very sophisms, that baffles the shrewdest logic—he is sincere, even in paradox; and if he has contributed to deceive and

* It is doubtless a very laudable and prudent custom, that young gentlemen should learn the fortunes of the young ladies with whom they form an acquaintance, and also that young ladies should make the same inquiries. But all these precautions of prudence are taken secretly at least in England; in France there is no modesty of the sort, no pretence to disinterestedness; the buzz excited by a new face is audible enough, and the consideration of pounds, shillings, and pence, not at all spoken in a whisper. A lovely girl made her appearance as a new face, at a ball at the prefecture of Tours; the usual question was asked openly by every French officer in the room. The answer was, “she had the protection of Monsieur.” This did not satisfy the sparks; and the lovely face, backed by the protection of Monsieur, went partnerless.

mislead the world, he has at least the excuse of having deceived and misled himself. Voltaire affords the example of a genius, which made the most of itself; it was formed to be vain, and it was vain—to shine, and it shone. It ran for every prize, and plucked a branch from every laurel; the world applauded, and its end was fulfilled. Rousseau, on the contrary, presents the image of genius thrown away: he lived till forty years of age, without knowing his powers, and in ignorance abused them. There can be no doubt that he indulged in habits, both of mind and body, that would have annihilated the most gigantic intellect; and the effusions of his, which we most admire, were in all likelihood but the dotage and the dregs of his original spirit. There dwelt a dissatisfaction about his pen, a straining after its natural sublimity, which, continually baffled and checked by infirmity from taking its full impulse, turned short into antithesis and abruptness. He has left us but hints of what he aimed at; and the far-removed ideas, which were connected in his expansive mind, to us appear linked without their intermediate association.

Both these beings were cursed with the same canker—that which eats through the finest spirit and undermines the proudest intellect—an habitual sensuality of thought. And “in all the catalogue of human griefs” there certainly is not one which has had such effect in paralyzing genius, and consequently in tending to make the world retrograde in wisdom and in virtue. One should think these beings of high intellect might have shaken off such taints, “like dew-drops from the lion’s mane,” but it is evident that they became more subjected to them the longer they lived,—that they had been “given up to their own imaginations.” We may pity the one, but I, who had lately fallen upon those abominable productions which issued from the grey head and trembling hand of the patriarch of Ferney, thought upon them, as I looked upon his grave, with a feeling of dread and disgust, that, I pray, may never again visit me.

We do not well admit of any diversity in our emotions, and we must be possessed very weakly with any feeling, if it consist of many shades. Thus if at times we are smitten with the genius, or dazzled by the fame of a writer, at others we are overshadowed by some prominent defect. Much unity or much consistency should not be demanded of critical taste: mine blows where it listeth, and I would have no one take it at its word. Capriciousness is as inseparable from it, as sincerity. Some volumes I like not in my chamber, that are my idols in the fields; there are few metaphysicians I can tolerate after dinner; and there are poets, who have moved my utmost indignation in the morning, whom I have mentally embraced in the evening, while contemplating the beauties of a foreign sunset. I shall publish some day “*My Friendships and Quarrels with the Dead*,” and certainly among those, whom I have most warmly esteemed at times, and most cordially detested at others, are my friend Rousseau and my friend Voltaire.

R.

AN OLD ENGLISH GARDEN.

My earliest play-ground was an old English garden. I shall never forget its long green walks branching off at right angles to one another—its well trimmed hedges, which, like so many verdant walls, shielded the flowers they enclosed from the cold and the wind—its statues of gods and goddesses—its sun-dials, and its alcoves. It is one of my pleasantest amusements, though every relic of it is now destroyed, and I am far distant from the place where it once existed, in fancy to wander once more over the well-known scene—to walk under those cool and quiet shades beneath which I have sate and talked with all that were dearest to me on earth, and to gather once more the first flowers of spring, with the feelings and hopes of childhood. It is perhaps these early associations, which have given me so great an affection for our old style of gardening. I can never pass an antique mansion-house, some two centuries old, with its lofty garden walls, half covered with moss and ivy, without stopping to admire for a few minutes, through the massy iron gates, the neatness and regularity of the grass and gravel walks—the shrubberies, and the lozenge-shaped box-bordered beds of flowers. The art of gardening is lost in modern times. We have parks and grounds, and plantations and shrubberies; but we have no gardens. If our gardens are merely to consist of an imitation of nature, if the trees and the flowers are to grow, and the streams to meander at their own will and pleasure, I can find much greater delight in rambling over the hills and the meadows, where art has never interfered, than in the narrow enclosures of a garden which only mimics the grandeur and the beauty of natural scenery. In our old English gardens, on the contrary, where art was the chief director, there was no attempt to deceive. Every thing around spoke of the labour and ingenuity of man. Invention was exhausted to render them pleasant and amusing retreats. The trees were cut into dragons or peacocks—arbours were shaped out of the thick summer foliage for coolness and repose—fountains springing from a Triton's horn, produced a pleasant murmur—a thousand means, in short, were employed to engage the attention and delight the eye.

If it were necessary to justify my affection for our antique fashion of gardening, I should not have much difficulty in so doing. A garden seems to have been the supreme delight of our old authors. "God Almighty," says Lord Bacon, "first planted a garden; and, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handy-works." Perhaps in the shady walks of his garden, Bacon felt his mind purified from its grosser and more worldly affections. Perhaps he forgot within its quiet confines that love of place and power which tempted him to the lowest and the meanest arts. Even the sober Burnet speaks of a garden with something like enthusiasm: "The managing a garden is a noble and useful amusement." It was about the reign of Charles II. that gardening became most fashionable with the great and the literati. Pope was a celebrated gardener, and his grotto yet remains as a monument of his taste. He frequently mentions his gardens in his letters

to his friends. Writing to Dean Swift he says, "The gardens extend and flourish as knowing nothing of the guests they have lost. I have more fruit-trees and kitchen-garden than you have any thought of; nay I have good melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener as I am a worse poet than when you saw me; but gardening is near akin to philosophy, for Tully says, *Agricultura proxima sapientiæ*." And again, in a letter to Mr. Allen, we have a description of his occupations in his garden, "I am now as busy in planting for myself, as I was lately in planting for another. And I thank God for every wet day and for every fog, which gives me the headache, but prospers my works. They will indeed outlive me (if they do not die in their travels from place to place; for my garden, like my life, seems to me every day to want correction, I hope at least for the better) but I am pleased to think that my trees will afford shade and fruit to others, when I shall want them no more." As age and infirmities grew upon him, Pope wisely prepared a pleasant retreat; "I have," says he in a letter to Warburton, "lived much by myself of late, partly through ill health, and partly to amuse myself with little improvements in my garden and house, to which possibly I shall (if I live) be soon more confined." Even the ambitious Bolingbroke, deigned to bestow some of his attention on his gardens; "Pray, my lord," says Swift in a letter to him, "how are the gardens? Have you taken down the mount and removed the yew hedges? Have you not bad weather for the spring corn? Has Mr. Pope gone farther in his ethic poems, and is the headland sown with wheat?" All his battles in Spain did not make the Earl of Peterborough lose his relish for rustic employments; he tells Pope he shall write to him upon the side of his wheelbarrow.

It was probably about this time that the taste for the genuine style of old English gardening began to waver. Thus in Pope's correspondence we have an account of "a consultation lately held about designing a princely garden. Several critics were of several opinions. One declared that he would not have *too much art in it*. *** There were some who could not bear evergreens, and called them Nevergreens; some who were angry at them only when cut into shapes, and gave the modern gardeners the name of Evergreen Tailors. Some who had no dislike to cones and cubes, but would have them cut in forest trees; and some who were in a passion against every thing in shape, even against clipt hedges, which they called green walls." But even earlier than this period the gardeners of the last century had begun to be vitiated. The humorist in gardening, who gives an account of his labours in the Spectator, was a sort of precursor to our present landscape gardeners. A foreigner would take his garden to be a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of the country. His plantations ran into as great a wildness as their nature would permit, and he is pleased, when he is walking in a labyrinth of his own raising, not to know whether the next tree he meets with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear tree. Then again he takes particular care to let a little stream which flows through his garden, run in the same manner as it would do through an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow or other plants that seem to be of its own producing. However faulty the humorist may have been in his taste, he was yet a true lover of gardening. "You

must know, Sir," says he, "that I look upon the pleasure which we take in a garden, as one of the most innocent delights in human life. A garden was the habitation of our first parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity, and to lay all its turbulent passions at rest. It gives us a great insight into the contrivance and wisdom of Providence, and suggests innumerable subjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and satisfaction which a man takes in these works of nature, to be a laudable, if not a virtuous habit of mind."

Towards the middle of the last century, a grievous and visible change took place in our horticultural system. Our straight common-sense gravel-walks that, with mathematical correctness, led us the nearest way between two points, were bent into all the undulations and meanders of a German tobacco-pipe; the venerable screens of yew and holly, which cherished and protected every neighbouring flower, were swept away root and branch; the Tritons lost their watery dominion, and sacrilegious hands attacked even the long lines of ancient oaks, which formed so fine an approach to every old mansion. Even the solid patient sun-dials, which, in a climate like this, are doomed to exercise their functions so sparingly, but which yet, in cloud and in sunshine, bore on their plates some moral saw for the edification of the inquirer—even they were cast from their bases, as though the new generation were afraid to be told how fast the pinions of Time were moving. Nay, even the presiding deities of the spot were torn from their pedestals. The Apollo Belvidere was compelled to quit the scene, where, for some half a century, he had been watching the flight of his arrow with laudable patience; and the Diana was carried away before she had achieved her purpose of drawing forth the arrow, upon which she had been intent for an equal number of years. The ruins of the alcoves served to fill up the sunk fences, and instead of a garden furnished with all the richest caprices of art, the houses of our gentry were surrounded by grounds which only seemed to form a portion of their parks.

In Shenstone's time, the new fashion had not arrived at its height. There were still pillars, and urns, and fountains, and summer-houses left, though the rectilinear disposition of more ancient times was abolished. The Leasowes were a sort of æra in the art. Yet was Shenstone, though carried away by the prevailing taste, much attached in his heart to the antique style. His idea of a "Lover's walk" was in the true old feeling, with "assignation seats with proper mottoes, urns to faithful lovers, trophies, garlands, &c." Oliver Goldsmith, who ought to have known better, has ridiculed what he did not understand in his paper on the tenants of the Leasowes. I, for one, agree perfectly with Mr. Truepenny, the button-maker, when he employed his shears to some purpose, and clipped the hedges; nor do I altogether dissent from the sea captain's taste, "in making Chinese temples and cage-work summer-houses." In a modern garden, I am sure, one may walk for ever without a possibility of resting oneself.

But hitherto I have been writing about what many of your readers, Mr. Editor, in all probability, never beheld; for these fine old places are disappearing year after year. If it would not consume too much space, I would describe that ever-venerated scene in which all my ear-

liest and happiest years were passed. I would describe the avenue of mossy elms which led to it, its many regular smooth-cropped walks, the square pigeon-house (sure appurtenance to an ancient mansion), and more than all, that pleasant south alcove, upon whose walls the name of many a kind and excellent friend was registered; yea, and many a pencilled rhyme of passing sweetness. However, I know not, if once I ventured upon this theme, where I should conclude; so I must content myself with referring all whom it may concern to the Memoirs of that true Sylvanus, John Evelyn, for a *bonâ fide* plan of an ancient garden; and to my Lord Bacon's Essay on Gardens, if they wish to see the *beau-ideal* of such a place:—the description of his garden is quite poetical. Where shall we find a more beautiful passage than the following, unless it be perchance the Duke's first speech in *Twelfth Night*? It would almost persuade one that the heart which conceived such thoughts could know no wickedness:—"And because the breath of flowers is farre sweeter in the aire (*where it comes and goes like the warbling of musicke*) than in the hand, therefore nothing is more fit for that delight, than to know what be the flowers and plants which doe best perfume the aire."

I always envy what Cowper calls "the occupations of a retired gentleman in his garden." Most certainly, a gardener is a happy man. He is a labourer in the primitive trade. His is not an occupation of mere daily drudgery, like the wretched mechanic's, whose labours pass through his rapid hands, and are seen no more. He has a family around him, fair, beautiful, and flourishing, whose growth and welfare he watches over with a parent's love. He has friends, old friends, who have long been his faithful companions. For the many members of his vegetable family he feels all the varieties of human sympathy. The stout and sturdy oak excites his veneration and respect; he honours it for its bold endurance of the storms, and the unyielding hardness of its frame. The graceful Acacia is the woman of the grove. But chiefly over his flowers does the rapture of a gardener's heart pour itself forth. He is their father—to him they owe their birth—he has fostered and cherished them—he has watched their crisp leaves bursting from the soil, and has protected their tender infancy from the insect and the worm—he is attached to them by the unknown gratitude which they owe him, and when in their full maturity they expand into their summer beauty, and pour out their exquisite perfume, to gaze on them, and to inhale their sweetness, is his "exceeding great reward." Unlike a mortal progeny, in them the hopes which he has formed, are seldom disappointed; generation succeeds generation, each fresh and blooming as the former. Trust me, a gardener is a very happy man.

R.

VALENTINE WRITING.

By a most singular arrangement, the day in which a Christian bishop suffered martyrdom 1500 years ago, has been for a long course of time commemorated by the effusions of earthly love and fancy. Not one of the saints' days in our calendar, we may safely say, has been so honoured by the Muses. Little dreamed the emperor Valerianus, when he gave the order which doomed this persecuted individual to the block, that he was bestowing a name upon a day to be held in a pleasant memory by youthful swains and blushing damsels—a day in which the spirit of martyrdom has little place, unless indeed the Muse may be doomed to act the part of the deceased saint, which, I believe, is pretty often the case.

The day, however, and its occupation, have been somehow long settled, and it is really a pleasant one. It is a day to make a poet feel himself *somebody*. The little children crowd about him in full dependence on his power of expressing in appropriate language their baby-loves. And perhaps some full-grown youth, of greater modesty than ordinary, whose poetical spirit hardly keeps pace with the ardour of his passion, may put in his claim to the like indulgence. It is even possible that the discreet poet may be entrusted with secrets of yet more overpowering importance; and his may be the pleasant lot of touching the flinty heart of some yet insensible swain, by affecting representations of long-concealed maiden tenderness. What a proud and happy man is the bard then! He walks, and he has a right to walk, with a head more erect than usual, conscious that he bears about with him a hundred secrets, in revealing the least of which he might bring whole armies of lads and lasses, grave fathers, mothers and aunts, upon him, exulting, however, in the reflection that there is a power in alliance with him which will effectually enable him to elude discovery. If he be of a malevolent disposition, it might, perhaps, gratify him to witness the torturing anxiety of the lover for whom he has penned a sonnet (which he has been obliged to transcribe and alter at least a dozen times before it was sufficiently tender) under the uncertainty of the fair one's having received it at all, or at any rate having given it a favourable reception. And if it should happen (such things *have been*) that the fair one herself, ignorant that her counsel has been previously engaged on the other side, should call in his aid and require him to weave an appropriate answer to his own rhymes,—how gratifying, how pleasant to the vanity of the man and the poet!

Not but that in these degenerate days he feels his consequence greatly diminished, when every eighth man is an "universal genius," when people are not content with being their own doctors, lawyers, and barbers, but "every man" must be "his own" poet too. It is a certain fact (at least "we have the best authority" for so stating) that young ladies and gentlemen at boarding-schools are regularly taught to make verses; and it would be a great shame indeed if Valentine's day found them unfurnished with appropriate rhymes.

As I am free to confess, that in my time I have penned many Valentines after my reputation was established have been *professional*—on many more, in which it was thought a little criticism if might be advisable, I have in my possession a consider-

able stock of original poems of this sort; and from among them have selected a few which some of your readers may, perhaps, mentally compare to the addresses of love-sick Troubadours to their ladies. Now to tell the whole truth, it is part of my theory on the subject of Valentine writing, that the style of those worthies most befits compositions meet for an admirer to offer and for a lady's ear to listen to; and I am for considering this most ancient feast as a faint image of those principles of gallantry which graced the southern revelries in the bright reign of love and song. I see in the merry circle that gathers on this happy eve many faces calculated to form a most respectable *Cour d'amour*, and to determine perplexed "passages of love," particularly those of other people. The sitting is not held *sous l'ormel* to be sure, but that is because our gala-day is in February, not on bright May-day, whose genial influence we can only counterfeit by a smiling fire. The poet lauds his mistress as devoutly and delicately; and though the chill of the season sometimes operates unfavourably on the ardour of his fancy, yet he sings with greater freedom from our throwing around him a veil of conventional incognito, while we still leave him sufficiently unmasked to receive, sooner or later, the smile of his mistress,—a reward quite as great as any golden violet awarded by the academy of the Gai Saber.

To return to my subject:—Let me not forfeit my claim to the confidence of the young ladies and gentlemen of the present day,—a confidence of which I am exceedingly jealous. I can assure them, that of the pieces I send you there is not one which will now hurt the feelings of a single individual. I have so carefully selected them, that I may venture to subjoin critical remarks, which once I dared not have uttered to the winds. Yet to my mind each poem brings a crowd of recollections, which no doubt greatly heightens its interest as I transcribe; I wish my readers could follow me in those feelings. The first I shall send you is pretty, yet it is a little babyish or so; and I should suspect it to be written by a young lady *only* just sixteen, from the juvenility of the expressions and the clink of the verse.

It is the hour of *morning's prime*,
The young day of the year,
The day of days before the time
When brighter hopes appear.
It is the time of early love
When suns but faintly shine;
It is the day, all days above,
The sweet St. Valentine!

The cold snows on the meadows lie,
And not a leaf is green,
Yet here and there in yonder sky
A gleam of light is seen.
So Love, young Love, 'mid storms and snow
Darts forth a light divine;
So darker days the brightness show
Of thine, St. Valentine!

The next is from a gentleman of course, and is much more in the Troubadour style; yet I should greatly doubt whether the lady who received this had any just grounds for reliance on her lover's sincerity.

It is too laboured and lofty to be the offspring of real passion; and was, I believe, written by a person who thought more of himself than of his mistress.

My love is lovely in her smile of light,—
Beautiful smile! that, like the sun in May,
Makes the sweet landscape look more purely bright—
Light, frolic spirits, innocently gay,
Wait on her steps, and chase my cares away.

My love is lovely in her awful frown,
Dashing the intoxicating cup from me,
Which else my thought too soon had deem'd my own,
And in her high and matchless dignity,
Quelling each glance too passionately free.

But loveliest is my love, when spirit shaken
By years of patient, meek humility,
One softer thought will in her breast awaken,
And down there steals a tear of sympathy,—
Ah happy he whose love that tear shall dry!

So the relenting snows, long bound by frost,
In noontide beams their apathy resign,
Free and uncheck'd, no more their motion cross'd,
Melting and mingling hasten to combine—
So mingled be our hearts, sweet Valentine!

The next is of so threatening a kind that I think I have understood the poor wight, who with a mixture of feigned bravery and real cowardice, penned it, and who well knowing that his mistress suspected him, did not venture to appear before her till the month of May following. I hope I shall not be thought to break my pledge of secrecy when I hint he was very favourably received, considering the offence given.

I must sigh—for thy joy is my sadness;
I must weep—for my grief is thy gladness;
And mourn—for thy mirth is in mourning,
O'er vanish'd hopes, never returning;—
Yet, lady, bethink thee, my sorrow
Thus nobly begotten may borrow
A grandeur, a deathless renown,
Unperishing, bright as thine own:
Then smile, or immortal shall be
The frown now impending o'er me.
Smile, lady; thy beauty shall fail thee,
No more shall its radiance avail thee,
If the wrath of the Poet assail thee.
Smile, proud one! or tremble before me,—
To rapture and blessing restore me,
Or, throned on the seat of the scorning,
I'll place thee, the fickle one's warning—
And maidens shall see, and beware
Of the bitter revenge of despair!

The next is from a poor melancholy witling, who really *loved love*, so it added to his stock of romantic musings. If his lady had fallen upon him, it would infallibly have broken the charm, and his art also. But from this catastrophe he was happily delivered. He not unaptly portrayed his feelings in these lines, and therefore I set them from among a dozen more appropriate to the occasion.

Poor Primrose! that through covering snow
 Peep'st forth the morn to greet,
 Why fairer than the Rose art thou?
 Than summer flowers more sweet?
Why, ask'st thou? Doth not Nature still
 In man thus wayward prove?
 Must she not charge the cup with ill
 Ere aught he finds to love?

And has not Love, by fortune's blast,
 By storms, by perils tried,
 And more than conqueror proved,—at last
 'Mid smiles and sunshine lied?
 Yes! thou that liv'st on Hope, believe
 That Hope is man's true bliss—
 No brighter joy hath Heaven to give,
 No fairer flower than this.

It is said that the sweet air of "*Rousseau's Dream*," to which all our poets, now-a-days, have a song, was first imported into this country twenty-two years ago, and that the first English words ever written to it were in the form of a serenade from a lover to his betrothed on the morning of Valentine's day. If this be true, my readers will, no doubt, thank me for laying before them a copy of these lines.

Health to thee, mine own sweet lady!
 Health and blessing, first and last!
 Now may Heaven, all bounteous, aid me,
 Round thy path new spells to cast.
 Blessed be thine early morning!
 Blessed be thine evening close!
 Bless'd thy going and returning,
 Summer hours, and winter snows.

Not to thee, all undeceiving,
 Pure of spirit, frank of heart,
 Shall the Muse, her fictions weaving,
 Act the faithless flatterer's part.
 Win and wear thy prize, sweet lady!
 Faith as true, as pure as thine;
 Love and service ever ready
 From thy well-known Valentine.

B.

SONNET.—FRANCESCO REDI.

"Era 'l mio animo rozzo e selvaggio."

My mind was like a rugged soil that lay
 With thick and cloudy darkness overspread,
 Which chilling skies and iron seasons made
 A sterile waste, with their ungente sway.
 Warm'd in the light of Beauty's genial ray,
 Its icy bands were loosed, its rigour fled,
 And many a budding flow'ret rear'd its head,
 As blooms the meadow in the prime of May.
 Then came Love's gentle summer breath, to form
 Flowers into fruit: and soon his fostering care
 Had to a golden autumn led the way;—
 But ah! fell Jealousy's untimely storm
 Stir'd by my lovely foe, soon fill'd the air,
 And swept the harvest of my hopes away.

CASANOVA'S VISIT TO VOLTAIRE.

(Concluded from page 178.)

According to my promise I went to dine with Voltaire on the following day, and met the Duke de Villars. He had just arrived at Geneva to consult the celebrated physician Tronchin, who had some years before saved his life. I said very little during dinner, but afterwards Voltaire entered into a conversation with me about the constitution of Venice; he knew that I was dissatisfied with the government; I nevertheless disappointed his expectations. I endeavoured to convince him that no country in the world enjoyed greater liberty than Venice. Perceiving the subject was not agreeable to me, he took me aside, and went with me into his garden, of which he styled himself the creator. When we came to the extremity of a long avenue, close to a running water, "This," said he, "is the Rhone, which I send to France." He at the same time directed my attention to the beautiful prospect he had of Geneva and Mont Blanc.

He afterwards began a conversation upon Italian literature, and evinced great ingenuity and much learning; but his conclusions were generally erroneous: I however allowed him to enjoy his opinion. He disagreed with me on Homer, Dante, and Petrarch. His judgment of the works of these great men is well known. He could not refrain from writing exactly as objects represented themselves to his own mind, and this has greatly injured him in the public opinion. I contented myself with merely replying, that if these great men had not really deserved the admiration of all who had studied them, they would not have acquired the high reputation which they still maintained.

The Duke de Villars, and the celebrated Tronchin, had in the mean time joined us again.

Tronchin was tall, well formed, obliging, eloquent without being talkative, a profound naturalist, a man of genius, and, as a physician, a favourite pupil of Boerhaave. He was entirely free from the talkativeness and quackery of the inferior class of his profession. He expected the cure of his patients chiefly from a proper regimen; but to determine this, a man must be an accurate and philosophical observer.

The exterior of the Duke de Villars, then governor of Provence, attracted my principal attention. When I contemplated his figure and demeanour, I fancied I saw a woman of sixty years of age in men's clothes, who, though now lean, shrunk, and feeble, might have been handsome in her youth. His copper-coloured cheeks were painted with rouge, his lips with carmine, his eye-brows black, and he had artificial teeth and hair. A well-scented pomatum kept the curls close to his head, and a large nosegay, fixed in the uppermost button-hole of his coat, reached to his chin. He affected the amiable man in every thing, and spoke so affectedly and lispingly, that it was difficult to understand him. He was, in other respects, polite and condescending, but all his manners were of the taste prevalent in the time of the Regency.

I accompanied Voltaire into his sleeping-room, where he changed his wig, and the little cap he used to wear under it as a preservative against rheumatism. On his writing-table lay several Italian poets, and among others, the "*La Secchia repita*" of Tassoni. "This," said he, "is the only tragi-comic poem Italy possesses. Tassoni was a monk,

and united with learning a taste for the belles-lettres. As a poet he is not without genius."

C. "His talent as a poet, I will not dispute, but I will not allow that he was a learned man. He derided the system of Copernicus, and maintained that neither the theory of the moon's phases, nor that of the eclipses, could be established upon it."

V. "Where has he made so foolish an assertion?"

C. "In his '*Discorsi Academici*.'"

V. "I do not possess them, but I will procure them."

Voltaire then wrote down the title, and continued,

V. "Yet Tassoni severely censures your Petrarch, and I conceive justly."

C. "This has done as little honour to his scientific mind and taste, as it has to that of Muratori."

V. "There he is!—you will surely acknowledge his profound erudition."

C. "Est ubi peccat."

Voltaire now took me into a room and showed me a number of parcels, amounting perhaps to a hundred. "This," said he, "is my correspondence. You see here nearly fifty thousand letters, which I have answered."

C. "Do you keep copies of your answers?"

V. "Of a great many of them. I keep an amanuensis for that purpose."

C. "I know booksellers who would give you a high price for these treasures."

V. "Be on your guard with the booksellers, should you ever publish a work; but perhaps you have already published something?"

C. "I will begin when I am older."

I then quoted a macaronic strophe from Merlin Cocci.*

V. "What is that?"

C. "A strophe of a celebrated poem of twenty-four cantos."

V. "Celebrated?"

C. "At least deserving to be so, which is still more. But to enjoy it, one must be master of the dialect of Mantua."

V. "Oh! I shall understand it: pray procure it for me."

C. "To-morrow I shall have the honour of presenting it to you, and of begging your acceptance of it."

V. "You will oblige me much."

We were now called to join the company, and two hours passed away in social conversation. The great poet shone and entertained the whole circle. He was constantly applauded, although his satires were sometimes very severe. He always laughed at them himself, and most of the company joined him. It was impossible to keep a better house than Voltaire did. In fact he was the only person who gave a good dinner. He was then sixty-six years of age, and had an annual income of 125,000 livres. Those who assert that he became rich by taking an unfair advantage over the booksellers are mistaken. The booksellers, on the contrary, acted unfairly towards him, except only the Cramers,† whose fortune he made. He gave them his works as a present, and thus promoted their circulation. During my stay with him, he sent them his "*Princess of Babylon*," a charming tale, which he wrote in three days.

* A kind of burlesque poetry of the Italians, interspersed with popular expressions, to which Latin or other foreign terminations are given.

† At Amsterdam.

The next day I sent Voltaire an epistle in blank verse, which cost me more trouble than if I had written it in rhyme. I at the same time enclosed to him the poem of Theophilus Folingo, which was wrong. I ought to have foreseen that it would not please him. Voltaire did not make his appearance at dinner; but the presence of Madame Denis was a sufficient compensation. She had read much, and to a refined taste she joined a sound judgment, without being arrogant. She greatly admired Frederic II. Voltaire entered the room about five o'clock with a letter in his hand. Addressing me,

V. "Do you know the senator Marquis Albergati Capocelli, of Bologna, and the Count Paradisi?"

C. "I know Paradisi: and by report and his reputation, I know Albergati: he, however, is not a senator: he is only a member of 'the Forty' of Bologna, of which there are fifty!"

V. "Bless me! You tell me a riddle!"

C. "Do you know him?"

V. "No! but he announces that he sends me the dramatic works of Goldoni, Bologna sausages, and a translation of my *Tancréd*. He intends to pay me a visit."

C. "He will not come. He is too wise for that."

V. "Too wise! How so? But certainly it is a folly to visit me!"

C. "For Albergati, it certainly is. He well knows how much he must lose by it. At present he deceives himself, and he rejoices in the high opinion which he thinks you have of him. But if he visits you, he may be sure you will be able to judge of his abilities with accuracy, and then farewell illusion. He is otherwise a gallant cavalier, who spends his six thousand ducats a year; but he has the theatrical mania. He is a good actor, and has written some comedies in prose, but they make nobody laugh."

V. "Your recommendation of him is good. But as to his being one of 'the forty,' of which there are fifty! How is this to be understood?"

C. "Just in the same way as it is understood, that in Basil it is noon at eleven o'clock."

V. "I understand you: in the same way as your senate of ten consists of fifteen members."

C. "Yes; but with the damned forty in Bologna it has another meaning."

V. "Why do you call them damned?"

C. "They are not subject to the fiscus. They therefore commit all crimes for which they have an inclination, and then leave the country, that they may spend their income without being disturbed."

V. "That is not a damnation: it is a redemption.—But to return to our former subject; Albergati is certainly a learned man."

C. "He knows his native language and writes well; but he tires his readers, for he is too fond of hearing himself. Conciseness is entirely foreign to him, and he has but little genius."

V. "He is an actor, you say?"

C. "An excellent one, when he performs his own pieces, and when he plays the parts of lovers."

V. "Is he handsome?"

C. "On the stage he is, but not when seen near. He has an unmeaning face."

V. "But his pieces please."

C. "By no means. If they were understood, they would be hissed."

V. "What do you think of Goldoni?"

C. "He is our Moliere."

V. "Why does he call himself the poet to the Duke of Parma?"

C. "Because he delights in a title. The duke does not know any thing of it. For the same reason he calls himself an advocate; because it is in his power to become one. He is a good writer of comedy, and that is all that can be said of him. All Venice knows that I am his friend. He never shines in company: he is extremely tiresome, and as soft as a penny-roll."

V. "Exactly in the same sense they have written to me concerning him."

They say also that he is poor, and has left Venice. This will be injurious to the proprietor of the theatre, at which his pieces are performed."

C. "It was proposed to give him a pension, but the proposition was overruled: they think, that if a pension is allowed him, he will cease to write."

F. "Homer was also denied a pension, from a fear lest all blind persons should demand a pension."

The day passed cheerfully away. Voltaire thanked me for my *Macaronicon*, and promised to read it. He then showed me a Jesuit, whom he had taken into his service. "His name," said he, "is Adam; but he is not the first man." I was informed he used to play at *tric-trac* with him, and whenever Voltaire lost, he flung the dice-box and dice at the Jesuit's head.

The day before my departure had now arrived; I was once more to enjoy the company of this great man, but he seemed to take a pleasure in exhibiting himself to me also as overbearing, sarcastic, and severe.

He said during dinner, that he certainly felt obliged to me for the present I had made him of *Merlin Cocci*, doubtless with the best intention, but that he could not thank me for the encomiums that accompanied it, for he had thrown away four hours in reading its stupidities. I was quite amazed; but I suppressed my feelings, and calmly replied, "If ever you should read it again, you will, perhaps, honour the author with a better eulogy than mine. You have had repeated instances of the insufficiency of a first perusal to enable a person to judge accurately of an author's abilities."

F. "That is true: but notwithstanding I give up your *Merlin*, I have placed it at the side of the *Pucelle* of Chapelain."

C. "That too has bad verses; and yet it pleases all connoisseurs."

F. "The *Pucelle* is a good poem: Chapelain was a poet. His talents have not escaped my observation."

My declaration, I imagine, irritated Voltaire, and indeed I might have expected it, after he told me that he had placed *Merlin's Macaronicon* at the side of the *Pucelle*. I had heard of an indecent poem of that name being in circulation, and that he was supposed to be the author. His denial, however, made me think he would suppress his displeasure at my remarks; but I was mistaken. He opposed me with much warmth and peevishness. I also became peevish. "Chapelain," said I, "has the merit of having made his subject agreeable, without courting the applause of his readers by indecencies and blasphemies. This is also the opinion of my preceptor, Monsieur de Crebillon."

F. "You have named an able judge; but may I ask, what my colleague Crebillon taught you?"

C. "He taught me to speak French in less than two years; and from motives of gratitude I translated his *Radamist* into Italian *Alexandrines*. I am the first Italian who has attempted this measure in our language."

F. "Pardon me: the first was my friend Peter Jacob Martelli."—

C. "Rather pardon yourself."

F. "But I have his works, that were printed at Bologna, in my house."

C. "Verses of fourteen syllables you may have, but without alternate male and female rhyme. The good man, nevertheless, really thought he had composed *Alexandrines*. I could not help smiling at his preface. Perhaps you did not read it."

F. "Sir, I have a rage for reading prefaces. Martelli proves that his verses must sound to an Italian ear exactly as the *Alexandrines* do to a French ear."

C. "He has been greatly mistaken, and you yourself shall judge. Your male verse has only twelve syllables, and the female thirteen. All the verses of Martelli have fourteen, except those which terminate with a long syllable, which, as you know, at the conclusion is always considered as equivalent to two. Now you will observe, that Martelli has always seven feet in the first line; while the Alexandrine of the French contains but six feet. Consequently your friend Martelli was either deaf, or had an incorrect ear."

F. "Do you then observe all our rules in your Alexandriné verse?"

C. "All: but it costs us great trouble, for most of our words terminate with a short syllable."

F. "And what effect has your new measure produced?"

C. "It displeased; and for this reason, no one understood how to recite my verses. However, when I read them myself in private circles, I was always applauded."

F. "Do you remember some passages of your Radamist?"

C. "As many as you would like to hear."

I then recited to him the same passage, which, ten years before, I had repeated to Crebillon in blank verse; and it seemed to make an impression on him. He declared that he did not observe any effort on my part, and this was certainly the best commendation he could give. He then recited to me a passage from his *Tancred*, which at that time had not been published: it has since been justly considered as a masterpiece.

We should have parted good friends, but I unfortunately quoted a passage of Horace, to say something flattering to Voltaire.

F. "Horace was a great teacher of dramatic poetry. The rules which he has given us will never become obsolete."

C. "One of his rules you neglect, and only one, but you do it as becomes a great man."

F. "Which is it?"

C. "You do not write *contentus paucis lectoribus*."

F. "If Horace had had to contend with superstition, he would, like myself, have written for the whole world."

C. "I believe you might spare yourself the trouble of this contest; for you will never succeed in extirpating superstition. And if you were to succeed, pray what would you substitute for it?"

F. "I admire that: when I deliver the world from a monster which devours it, I am asked, what I will put in its place!"

C. "But superstition does not devour it. On the contrary, the world wants it."

F. "I love mankind! I wish to see them as happy as myself, and free. But freedom and superstition can never agree. Where do you find that slavery renders a nation happy?"

C. "Would you then see the people possessed of sovereignty?"

F. "God forbid! Only one must rule."

C. "Then superstition is necessary; for without it the people will not obey the monarch."

F. "Let me hear nothing of monarchy. This word reminds me of despotism which I hate as much as slavery."

C. "But what do you then desire?—If only one is to rule, I cannot view him in any other character than that of a monarch."

F. "I would have him to rule over a free people, and then he will be their head, without our calling him monarch; for he could not then act arbitrarily."

C. "But Addison says, that such a monarch, such a chief, cannot in reality be found. I adhere to the opinion of Hobbes. Of two evils we must choose the least. A people without superstition will become philosophers, and philosophers will not obey. To be happy, a people must be kept in subjection, in restraint, in chains."

F. "If you had read my writings, you would have seen that I have proved superstition to be the greatest enemy to Kings."

C. "I have read and studied your writings repeatedly, and never more assiduously than when I differed from you in opinion. Your predominant passion is love for the human race. *Est ubi peccus*. It makes you blind. Love mankind, but love them as they are. They are not susceptible of the benefit you intend for them. If they followed your advice, they would only become unhappy and wicked. Leave them, therefore, the monster that devours them. It is dear to them. I never laughed more than when I read that Don Quixotte found himself in the greatest perplexity how he should defend himself against the galley-slaves, whom, out of generosity, he had liberated."

F. "Do you feel yourself free at Venice?"

C. "As free as we can be under an aristocratic government. We do not enjoy the freedom of England: but we are contented. My imprisonment, for instance, of which you have heard, was certainly a violent measure; but I knew I had abused my liberty, and there were moments when I could not help approving of my arrest, although the legal formalities had been omitted."

F. "If that be the case, nobody is free in Venice."

C. "Perhaps so. But you will confess that to be free, it is sufficient to think oneself free."

F. "I do not immediately grant this. Even the members of your aristocracy are not free. They cannot, for example, go abroad without permission."

C. "The law, which prevents them, was made by themselves. It was intended to uphold their sovereignty. Would you say the citizen of Bern is not free, because he is bound by regulations of expense. He has himself assisted in forming these laws."

Voltaire wishing to change the subject of our conversation, asked me, whence I came?

C. "From Roches. I should never have forgiven myself, had I left Switzerland without having seen the celebrated Haller. It has ever been a feast to me to pay my homage to the great geniuses of the age, and you have now furnished the seasoning."

F. "You must have been pleased with Monsieur de Haller."

C. "I spent three delightful days with him."

F. "I congratulate you. He is a man to whom we must bow."

C. "I think so too. You render him justice. I lament that he did not exercise equal justice towards you."

F. "Ha! Ha! Ha! He thinks ill of me, and I think well of him. Very possibly we are both mistaken."

We all applauded this answer. Its chief value consisted in its promptness.

We now concluded our conversation on literary subjects: and I remained silent as long as Voltaire continued with the company. I then paid my respects to Madame Denis, offering to execute any commissions she might have for Rome, and prepared for my departure, not without self-satisfaction at my last combat with this athletic champion; but also with some portion of chagrin, which, for ten years, made me a severe judge of all that I read, both old and new, from the pen of this great man.

TABLE TALK. NO. III.

On Milton's Sonnets.

THE great object of the Sonnet seems to be, to express in musical numbers, and as it were with undivided breath, some occasional thought or personal feeling, "some fee-grief due to the poet's breast." It is a sigh uttered from the fulness of the heart, an involuntary aspiration born and dying in the same moment. I have always been fond of Milton's Sonnets for this reason, that they have more of this personal and internal character than any others; and they acquire a double value when we consider that they come from the pen of the loftiest of our poets. Compared with *Paradise Lost*, they are like tender flowers that adorn the base of some proud column or stately temple. The author in the one could work himself up with unabated fortitude "to the height of his great argument;" but in the other he has shown that he could condescend to men of low estate, and after the lightning and the thunder-bolt of his pen, lets fall some drops of natural pity over hapless infirmity, mingling strains with the nightingale's, "most musical, most melancholy." The immortal poet pours his mortal sorrows into our breasts, and a tear falls from his sightless orbs on the friendly hand he presses. The Sonnets are a kind of pensive record of past achievements, loves, and friendships, and a noble exhortation to himself to bear up with cheerful hope and confidence to the last. Some of them are of a more quaint and humorous character; but I speak of those only, which are intended to be serious and pathetic.—I do not know indeed but they may be said to be almost the first effusions of this sort of natural and personal sentiment in the language. Drummond's ought perhaps to be excepted, were they formed less closely on the model of Petrarch's, so as to be often little more than translations of the Italian poet. But Milton's Sonnets are truly his own in allusion, thought, and versification. Those of Sir Philip Sydney, who was a great transgressor in his way, turn sufficiently on himself and his own adventures; but they are elaborately quaint and intricate, and more like riddles than sonnets. They are "very tolerable and not to be endured." Shakspeare's, which some persons better informed in such matters than I can pretend to be, profess to cry up as "the divine, the matchless, what you will,"—to say nothing of the want of point or a leading, prominent idea in most of them, are I think overcharged and monotonous, and as to their ultimate drift, as for myself, I can make neither head nor tail of it. Yet some of them, I own, are sweet even to a sense of faintness, luscious as the woodbine, and graceful and luxuriant like it. Here is one.

"From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing;
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and you away,
As with your shadow, I with these did play."

I am not aware of any writer of Sonnets worth mentioning here till long after Milton, that is, till the time of Warton and the revival of a taste for Italian and for our own early literature. During the rage for French models, the Sonnet had not been much studied. It is a mode of composition that depends entirely on *expression*; and this the French and artificial style gladly dispenses with, as it lays no particular stress on any thing—except vague, general common-places. Warton's Sonnets are undoubtedly exquisite, both in style and matter: they are poetical and philosophical effusions of very delightful sentiment; but the thoughts, though fine and deeply felt, are not, like Milton's subjects, identified completely with the writer, and so far want a more individual interest. Mr. Wordsworth's are also finely conceived, and high-sounding Sonnets. They mouth it well, and are said to be sacred to Liberty. Brutus's exclamation, "Oh Virtue, I thought thee a substance, but I find thee a shadow," was not considered as a compliment, but as a bitter sarcasm. The beauty of Milton's Sonnets is their sincerity, the spirit of poetical patriotism which they breathe. Either Milton's or the living bard's are defective in this respect. There is no Sonnet of Milton's on the Restoration of Charles II. There is no Sonnet of Mr. Wordsworth's, corresponding to that of "the poet blind and bold," *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*. Mr. Wordsworth has neither Milton's imagination, nor his principle. Milton did not worship the rising sun, nor turn his back on a losing and fallen cause.

"Such recantation had no charms for him!"

Mr. Southey has thought proper to put the author of *Paradise Lost* into his late Heaven, on the understood condition that he is "no longer to kings and to hierarchs hostile." In his life-time, he gave no sign of such an alteration; and it is rather presumptuous in the poet-laureate to pursue the deceased antagonist of Salmasius into the other world to compliment him with his own infirmity of purpose. It is a wonder he did not add in a note, that Milton called him aside to whisper in his ear that he preferred the new English hexameters to his own blank verse!

Our first of poets was one of our first of men. He was an eminent instance to prove that a poet is not another name for the slave of power and fashion; as is the case with painters and musicians—things without an opinion—and who merely aspire to make up the pageant and show of the day. There are persons in common life who have that eager curiosity and restless admiration of bustle and splendour, that sooner than not be admitted on great occasions of feasting and luxurious display, they will go in the character of livery-servants to stand behind the chairs of the great. There are others who can so little bear to be left for any length of time out of the grand carnival and masquerade of pride and folly, that they will gain admittance to it at the expense of their characters as well as of a change of dress. Milton was not one of these. He had too much of the *ideal* faculty in his composition, a lofty contemplative principle, and consciousness of inward power and worth, to be tempted by such idle baits. We have plenty of chanting and chiming in among some modern writers with the triumphs over their own views and principles; but none of a patient resignation to defeat, sustaining and nourishing itself with the thought of the justice of their cause, and with firm-fixed rectitude. I do not pretend to defend

the tone of Milton's political writings (which was borrowed from the style of controversial divinity), or to say that he was right in the part he took:—I say that he was consistent in it, and did not convict himself of error: he was consistent in it in spite of danger and obloquy, "on evil days though fallen, and evil tongues," and therefore his character has the salt of honesty about it. It does not offend in the nostrils of posterity. He had taken his part boldly and stood to it manfully, and submitted to the change of times with pious fortitude, building his consolations on the resources of his own mind and the recollection of the past, instead of endeavouring to make himself a retreat for the time to come. As an instance of this, we may take one of the best and most admired of these Sonnets, that addressed to Cyriac Skinner, on his own blindness.

"Cyriac, this three years' day, these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light their seeing have forgot,
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star throughout the year,
Of man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
The conscience, Friend, 't have lost them overply'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide."

Nothing can exceed the mild, subdued tone of this Sonnet, nor the striking grandeur of the concluding thought. It is curious to remark what seems to be a trait of character in the two first lines. From Milton's care to inform the reader that "his eyes were still clear to outward view of spot or blemish," it would be thought that he had not yet given up all regard to personal appearance; a feeling to which his singular beauty at an earlier age might be supposed naturally enough to lead.—Of the political or (what may be called) his *State Sonnets*, those to Cromwell, to Fairfax, and to the younger Vane, are full of exalted praise and dignified advice. They are neither familiar nor servile. The writer knows what is due to power and to fame. He feels the true, unassumed equality of greatness. He pays the full tribute of admiration for great acts achieved, and suggests becoming occasion to deserve higher praise. That to Cromwell is a proof how completely our poet maintained the erectness of his understanding and spirit in his intercourse with men in power. It is such a compliment as a poet might pay to a conqueror and head of the state, without the possibility of self-degradation.

"Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud,
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast plough'd,
And on the neck of crowned fortune proud
Hast rear'd God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darwen stream with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar-field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laurest wreath. Yet much remains

To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
 To less renown'd than war : new foes arise
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

The most spirited and impassioned of them all, and the most inspired with a sort of prophetic fury, is the one entitled, *On the late Massacre in Piedmont*.

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold ;
 Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
 When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
 Forget not : in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piedmontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
 To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple Tyrant ; that from these may grow
 A hundred fold, who having learn'd thy way
 Early may fly the Babylonian wo."

In the Nineteenth Sonnet, which is also *On his Blindness*, we see the jealous watchfulness of his mind over the use of his high gifts, and the beautiful manner in which he satisfies himself that virtuous thoughts and intentions are not the least acceptable offering to the Almighty.

"When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide ;
 Doth God exact day-labour, light denied,
 I fondly ask ? But patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts ; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best ; his state
 Is kingly ; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest ;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

Those to Mr. Henry Lawes *on his Airs*, and to Mr. Lawrence, can never be enough admired. They breathe the very soul of music and friendship. Both have a tender, thoughtful grace ; and for their lightness, with a certain melancholy complaining intermixed, might be stolen from the harp of Æolus. The last is the picture of a day spent in social retirement and elegant relaxation from severer studies. We sit with the poet at table, and hear his familiar sentiments from his own lips afterwards.

"Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
 Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
 Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
 Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
 From the hard season gaining ? Time will run
 On smoother, till Favonius reinspire
 The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
 The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun."

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
 Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
 To hear the lute well-touch'd, or artful voice
 Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
 He who of those delights can judge, and spare
 To interpose them oft, is not unwise."

In the last, *On his deceased Wife*, the allusion to Alcestis is beautiful, and shows how the poet's mind raised and refined his thoughts by exquisite classical conceptions, and how these again were enriched by a passionate reference to actual feelings and images. It is this rare union that gives such voluptuous dignity and touching purity to Milton's delineation of the female character.

"Methought I saw my late espoused saint
 Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
 Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
 Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
 Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
 Purification in the old law did save,
 And such, as yet once more I trust to have
 Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
 Came vested all in white, pure as her mind:
 Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight
 Love, sweetness, goodness in her person shined
 So clear, as in no face with more delight:
 But O as to embrace me she inclined,
 I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night."

There could not have been a greater mistake or a more unjust piece of criticism than to suppose that Milton only shone on great subjects; and that on ordinary occasions and in familiar life, his mind was unwieldily, averse to the cultivation of grace and elegance, and unsusceptible of harmless pleasures. The whole tenor of his smaller compositions contradicts this opinion, which however they have been cited to confirm. The notion first got abroad from the bitterness (or vehemence) of his controversial writings, and has been kept up since with little meaning and with less truth. His Letters to Donatus and others are not more remarkable for the display of a scholastic enthusiasm, than for that of the most amiable dispositions. They are "severe in youthful virtue unreprieved." There is a passage in his prose-works (the Treatise on Education) which shows, I think, his extreme openness and proneness to pleasing outward impressions in a striking point of view. "But to return to our own institute," he says, "besides these constant exercises at home, there is another opportunity of gaining experience to be won from pleasure itself abroad. *In those vernal seasons of the year, when the air is calm and pleasant, it were an injury and sullenness against nature, not to go out and see her riches, and partake in her rejoicing with heaven and earth.* I should not therefore be a persuader to them of studying much then, but to ride out in companies with prudent and well staid guides, to all quarters of the land," &c. Many other passages might be quoted, in which the poet breaks through the ground-work of prose, as it were, by natural fecundity and a genial, unrestrained sense of delight. To suppose that a poet is not easily accessible to pleasure, or that he does not take an interest in individual objects and feelings, is to suppose that he is no poet; and

proceeds on the false theory, which has been so often applied to poetry and the Fine Arts, that the whole is not made up of the particulars. If our author, according to Dr. Johnson's account of him, could only have treated epic, high-sounding subjects, he would not have been what he was, but another Sir Richard Blackmore.—I may conclude with observing, that I have often wished that Milton had lived to see the Revolution of 1688. This would have been a triumph worthy of him, and which he would have earned by faith and hope. He would then have been old, but would not have lived in vain to see it, and might have celebrated the event in one more undying strain!

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER VI.

MISS SABRINA BARROW to MISS FANNY FADE.

CONTENTS.

Reminiscences of Ring-dropping.—"Parcius junctas quatiant fenestras."—*Lady Harriot Butler and Miss Ponsonby.*—*Emperor Charles.*—*Invocations to American Independence.*—*Bohea and Souchong.*—*Generals Washington and Burgoyne.*—*Niagara.*—*Lord Cornwallis.*—*Colossus at Rhodes.*—*American Authors.*—*Mr. Southey's Fingers.*—*Belzoni in a Boat.*—*The Bonassus.*—*Titans in Type.*—*Eastbourne and Kirk, booksellers.*—*Parr's Wig.*—*Liberty Hall.*—*Literature neat as imported.*—*London Booksellers.*—*Poets at Wapping.*

My gentle co-partner, astride on a Muse,
To charge Phœbus' heights, at the head of the Blues;
Who, with thy Sabrina, the beaten church path,
A summer at Brighton, a winter at Bath,
An autumn at Tunbridge, ring-tilting, hast trod,
By the will-o'-wisp light of the torch-bearing god:
Since suitors more sparingly tap at our windows,
And Cupid cares for us no more than a pin does,
And man, fickle man, is as false as Iscariot:
Let me be Miss Ponsonby, thee Lady Harriot:
Like them, fly from Paphos, its scandals and snarls,
Abjuring two crowns, like the Emperor Charles,
And smile, like two mariners tost upon dry land—
But first read this letter; it comes from York Island.
The first thing I did, at New York, was to stop
At the door of a well-looking bookseller's shop.
"Oh realm," I exclaim'd to myself, "proudly free,
Who, in seventy-five, spurn'd the tax on bohea,
Who, led on by Washington, sounded the gong
Of Mars, with the war cry of 'Death or souchong';
Who *plus* in adversity, *minus* in coin,
Yet caught in a trap the redoubted Burgoyne,
Bade loud Niagara repeat war's alarms,
And forced Lord Cornwallis to lay down his arms.
Now striding o'er seas, like the giant of Rhodes,
Of whom there's a very good likeness at Coade's,
In arts, as in arms, thou art doubtless full grown,
And happy in verse and in prose of thine own.
Some females are thine, who, with quill fleet as Gurney's,
Out-publish our Edgeworths, and Opies, and Burneys;
Some western Sir Walters, some quakers in drab,
Who write home-heroics much better than Crabbe;

Some Southey's whose fingers no blisters environ,
 Not having yet handled a red-hot Lord Byron;
 Some Anna Marias, like her of Thames Ditton:
 I wonder their names never reach'd us in Britain.
 Ye bards, who stalk over these mountainous glebes,
 With heads twice as big as young Memnon's at Thebes,
 (Which cost brave Belzoni, who went in a boat,
 Such trouble and money to set it afloat:)
 Ye poets, whose Pegasi galloping pass us,
 As big and as bluff as the London Bonassus;
 Ye Brobdignags, trampling our Lilliput tribes,
 Atlantic sky-proppers, Leviathan scribes,
 Goliaths in print; how I long for your works"—
 So saying, I stept into *Eastbourne and Kirk's*.

The man of the shop, in a buzz wig like Parr's,

Sat kicking the counter and smoking cigars:

He saw us approach, with a gape and a stare,

But never once offer'd to reach me a chair.

Papa, as, astonish'd, I drew on my shawl,

Said, "Never mind, child, this is Liberty-hall."

To all my objections this hint put a stop:

But, *Fanny*, the next time I go to a shop,

With *Liberty parlour* I mean to make bold,

For Liberty-hall is uncommonly cold.

I civilly said, "If you please, Mr. Kirk,

I want some good *native American* work."

"Good native!" he cried with a grin, "yonder rows,

I guess, show you all I have got; look at those."

I felt as amazed, when I look'd at their backs,

As if you had chopp'd off my head with an axe!

Ye Colburns, ye Murrays, whose wares glide so fleet

From your counters in Conduit and Albemarle Street;

Ye Rivington brothers, ye Longmans, whose Co.

Would reach, if pull'd out, half the length of "the Row,"

Suspend for a while, what ye part with at high rates,

Your Sardanapuli, your Cains and your Pirates,

And list, while my Muse is obliged to confess

What springs from this *native American* press.

The Shipwreck by Falconer, Poems by Tickell,

Swift's Lemuel Gulliver, Peregrine Pickle,

Tom Brown, The Old Bachelor, Brodum on Chyle,

Moll Flanders, Charles Phillips's Emerald Isle,

Hugh Trevor, Theatrical Album, Tighe's Psyche,

The Bruiser, or Memoirs of Pig, christen'd Ei Key,

Little Jack, George Ann Bellamy, Fielding's Tom Jones,

The Family Shakspeare cut down from Malone's;

Hunt's Radical Coffee, or Dregs at the Top,

Webbe Hall's hint to Farmers to look to their crop,

John Bunyan, Wat Tyler, and Hone's Slap at Slop!

"What!" cried I amazed, "have you no bards who court

The Muse?"—"No, not one; what we want we import.

At present we think of pounds, shillings, and pence,

Time enough for Belles Lettres a hundred years hence:

Our people, I guess, have employment enough

In cocoa, rum, cotton, tobacco and snuff,

In digging, land-clearing, board-sawing, log-chopping—

Pray how many poets have you got at *Wapping*?"

But papa is come home from the city hotel,

And asks for Sabrina; so Fanny farewell!

S. B.

LETTER VII.

MR. RICHARD BARROW TO MR. ROBERT BRIGGS.

CONTENTS.

Farther Specimens of FANCY Rhetoric.—America, angry, and why.—Affecting Memoir of Major André.—Tom Pipes and Peregrine Pickle.—Disinterment of Paine by Cobbet.—Quotation from King Lear.—By-standers in dudgeon.—Cobbet's Reasons satisfactory.—The Tyrant Mezentius.—Fashion spreads.—London Radicals disuade each other.—American Tax upon Grave-digging.—Its financial Effects.

Bob, Jonathan's queer: he is mizzled a ration,
He does not half stomach a late ex-humation;
Some culls, here, have taken to grubbing the clay
That tucks up the body of Major André:
With your resurrectionists, that is not very
Unusual, who dig up as fast as you bury,
And charge iron coffins the devil's own fee—
(Lord Stowel there buried the poor Patentee.)
But here, Bob, the gabies have not come to that.
Would you fancy it? Jonathan's yet such a flat
As to think, when a corpse has been waked by a train
Of mourners, 'tis wicked to wake it again.
Methink's you're for asking me who André was?
(Book-learning and you, Bob, ar'n't cronies, that's pos.)
I'll tell you. André, urged by arguments weighty,
Went out to New York, Anno Domini 80.
He quitted the land of his fathers to bleed
In war, all along of his love for Miss Sneyd;
But, finding his name not enrolled in a high line
Of rank for promotion, he took to the *Spy-line*.
He sewed in his stocking a letter from Arnold:
A sentinel *nabbd* it—why didn't the darn hold?
Or why, when he stitch'd it up, did not he put
The letter between his sole-leather and foot?
By mashing it, then, he had 'scaped all disaster,
As Pipes mash'd the letter of Pickle his master.
Within the lines taken, a prisoner brought off,
They troubled him with a line more than he thought of;
For, finding the young man's despatches not *trim*,
To shorten my story, Bob, they despatched him.
He long might have slept—with the *ci-devant* crew,
As soundly as *here* other buried men do;
But fashion, as somebody says on the stage,
In words and in periwigs will have her rage.
The notion of bringing dead people away
Began upon Paine, and went on to André:
The Yankees thought Cobbet was digging for *dibs*,
But when out he trundled a thigh-bone and ribs,
They did not half like it: and cried with a groan,
"Since poor Tom's a-cold, why not leave him alone?"—
"I mean, Sirs," said Cobbet, who stood on the bank,
"To take Mister Paine, in a box, to Sir Frank;
'Twill show that I'm not quite unworthy of trust,
For this way, at least, I can down with the dust.
I next mean to ask of 'The Powers that be,'
To let Tom *hot* *be* *and* *duuv-free*.
| *and* *Rul*

Sonnet—*Celio Magno*.

This argument told: cheek-by-jowl off they sped,
Like the *friends* of Mezentius, one living, one dead.

The fashion's afloat: and, now, stop it who can!
Your Liberty bucks will be *boned* to a man.
Already young Watson's for digging up Priestley,—
Which Sabby and Lyddy denominate beastly.
Sir Bob, of the Borough, has learnt the spade's art right,
To dig up, at Midsommer, old Major Cartwright.
How sharp after Waithman looks Alderman Wood!
And Waithman, I know, would have Wood if he could.
Sir Francis, at Putney, will scratch like a rook,
In the field where he *doubled-up* Johnny Horne Tooke.
Gale Jones has an eye to Hone's carcase, and Hone's
Quite on the *qui vive* for a dig at Gale Jones,
Who's "not by no means" in a hurry to rise,
Remembering the adage—"Lie still if you're wise."
And Wooller, with pick-axes, cracking his shell-wall,
Will nab the *quid restat* of Lecturer Thelwall.
Church-yards will be 'tatoe-fields—two-pence a pound:
They won't leave a radical plant under ground.
For my part, I don't like the scheme, Mr. Briggs,
I'll tell it to Congress: I will, *please the pigs*.
To men of my *gumption*, you can't think how sad's
The thought of this grand resurrection of Rads;
For if *all* the great dead-wigs thus bolt from below,
Who knows what may happen, when you and I go!
I'll prove that a tax upon bones will atone
For the tax on new rum, at a dollar a bone.
Nay, I hope they'll extend it to mattock and spade,
And make resurrection a contraband trade.
The Act, when once past, by Dick Barrow's assistance,
Will make you *rum customers* "keep your yard's distance."
From live or dead nuisances keep the coast clear,
And dub it "not lawful to shoot rubbish here."

R. B.

SONNET.—CELIO MAGNO.

"*Perche con sì sottile acuto raggio.*"

W^HY com'st thou, Cynthia, with thine eyes of light
To pry into the darkness of the grove,
Where, placed with me beneath the beech, my love
Sits in the welcome shadow of the night?
Perhaps offended at thy shepherd's alight,
Whose loitering steps for thee too slowly move,
Here dost thou seek him from thy realms above,
And hovering in the heaven suspend'st thy flight.
If thus thou fear'st this stolen embrace of mine,
Vain is the foolish terror that alarms,
Deeming me him who fired that breast divine—
Not for Endymion from these circling arms
Would Phillis move, nor I my love resign
For thee, with all thy more than mortal charms.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

"The waies through which my weary steps I guide,

Are sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to eare or eye,
That I, nigh ravisht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travell doe forget thereby;
And when I 'gin to feeble decay of might,
It strength to me supplies, and cheers my dullied spright."

FAERY QUEENE.

No one feels a keener enjoyment than I do in a rich and beautiful country, of corn-fields, woods, meadows, and gentle rivers, where every tree and every blade of grass attains its full luxuriant growth; but to wander among bleak and barren mountains is, "all the world to nothing," to me a greater pleasure. Here my feet are seldom weary, my knapsack never heavy. He must be dull indeed who cannot acknowledge the influence of these gigantic scenes. With such a man, an Epic would be but a tedious waste of words;—let him sit, with a ballad of his own rhyming, under a peacock-shaped box-tree, and go sleep.

My visits have hitherto been paid to the British mountains only; but those I thoroughly know. The best months in three summers have been devoted to them, and I have walked among them as many thousand miles. Switzerland is to come next; but Switzerland, I fear, will not be to my taste so much as Norway. North Wales, with its uniformity of outline and monotony of colour, rather disappointed me. The vales and the lakes of Cumberland, and the Highland glens and lochs, are my favourites. Were I asked to which I owed a preference, I would say, without hesitation, to the latter. The Highlands are on a mightier scale: they excel in wildness and sublimity. There a traveller is the worse for a companion: he wants to commune with none but his own soul; the awful wonders occupy his mind to fullness; his thoughts are solemn, and must not be distracted. On the other hand, our English lakes surpass them in brilliancy and beauty. While strolling on their banks, I have wished for a friend at my side to join in my pleasures, to point out new charms in the scene, and observe on every thing to which I directed his attention. A man may read Spenser aloud to a party, and perhaps understand him the better; but if he would enjoy Milton, he must ponder over him in silence and solitude. I regretted there was cultivation about Loch Tay, for the wild suits best with the sublime. But at Ulleswater the farmer's work is welcome; without it, the beauty of some points in the view would be lessened. Yet both the Lakes and the Highlands afford me the highest enjoyment, though in a different way: with the former I am captivated, and full of wonder; with the latter I am astonished, and full of contemplation. This is speaking of them generally; for they sometimes exchange characters, each reminding me of the other, and creating a corresponding sentiment.

It is in vain for those who are unacquainted with mountain scenery to doubt its influence. I have been told that magnitude is nothing, beauty every thing. This is not my creed; besides, may they not meet together? One of these misbelievers (but he will not long be so) once said to me—"Show me a mountain of any height you please

and I will imagine it ten times higher; then what becomes of your tithe of a hill?" This is a mistake. Allowing that he could so far stretch his imagination, the object would be utterly changed. He may spread his canvass larger, but how is he to fill up the picture? As well it might be said,—“Show me the most beautiful rose, and I will make it poor, by imagining a flower far more beautiful.” The flower, then, cannot be a rose. But is magnitude nothing? Had the colossal Jupiter of Phidias been diminished to a pigmy's stature; would it have been considered one of the wonders of the world? Suppose you had a model of St. Paul's, complete in all its parts, but small enough to lie within the palm of your hand, and would you compare it to its massive prototype? The model, indeed, may exhibit the same architectural skill, but it will want majesty; and cannot be, like all stupendous works of art, an evidence of power. In the same manner do these mighty works of Nature speak aloud of omnipotence. Nor is it one mountain's height alone, but where they “each on others throng,” together with their grand accompaniments, which affect the mind so intensely: the fearful precipice, the overhanging rocks, now dimly seen through a passing vapour, or hidden for a while behind some sweeping cloud; the roar of many waters, contrasted with the quiet silvery lake below: then the variety, the harmony of form and colour, from the valley to the topmost crag, where you may chance to see “Jove's harness-bearing bird,” between two parted clouds, returning to his native citadel. The beauty of gently-sloping meadows, of “tall trees with leaves apparelled,” of every flower that blooms, is as evanescent as it is fresh, vivid, and luxuriant: they are more mortal than ourselves, the modern fair ones of the day, and decay and death await them on the morrow. But the unchanged, the everlasting rocks, the ruins, they may be, of a former world, these are God's antiquities, the emblems of eternity! The soul is bowed down before them, and our imaginations are carried back, aye, even to a date before the creation of man!

The defective vision and the advanced age of Dr. Johnson are, in my mind, ample apologies for the want of enthusiasm in his “Tour to the Hebrides;” notwithstanding he happened to say, that the finest prospect in the world was the one up Fleet-street. Even had he been younger, and with every sense complete, he might have felt the inefficiency of language, and forborne to make the effort, as beyond his grasp. Here the Poet himself is baffled. Such grandeur will form, will elevate his genius, but must not be the subject of his Muse. The worst poems Burns ever wrote are those in which he attempts, as an eye-witness, to describe certain situations in the Highlands. Gray knew better; his letters show how true a feeling he had for these scenes, and that was enough for the world, while the remembrance of them was enough for himself, without vainly daring to do more. ‘Terror, according to Burke, is “the ruling principle,” “the common stock of every thing that is sublime;” and the natural timidity of Gray enhanced his enjoyment of it. “In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse,” he writes to his friend West, “I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining.” And again—“You have death perpetually before your eyes; only so far removed, as to compose the mind without frightening it.” When in the North of England, speaking of a cataract, he says: “I stayed there,

not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly paid; for the impression will last for life." Indeed that thrilling emotion, felt in the midst of awful and appalling objects, while, at the same time, we are undisturbed by fears of a personal nature, is the highest mental pleasure, received immediately through the senses, of which we are capable.

In these mysterious and romantic regions there are no insensible beings, except mercantile travellers. They, unhappy men! jog on doggedly with horse and gig, intent upon "red-lined accounts," their serious thoughts employed on nothing but perilous bills at six months after date, out of humour at the steepness of the roads, and despising a country with so few green fields, because it makes the article of hay too chargeable. These are "people with one idea," and the attempt to foist another upon them is vain. Yet that it should be so, is (as *Candide* says) all for the best; for, were they once to taste of the enchanted cup, business would be at an end, the shops unprovided, and their employers in despair.

It is remarked, that mountaineers are not unimpassioned and selfish. If we believe that an equal proportion is born among them of dull and cold perceptions, then we may likewise believe that, owing to their imaginations being so powerfully assailed, they are changed into better men. How many among the inhabitants of our pleasant plains are found to be incapable of looking on the beauties of nature, otherwise than with filmed eyes. These are creatures of sensation, not of sentiment; and require a stronger excitement, a contemplation of the sublime, in order to release the mind from the trammels of the body, and to give life to their existence. This is effected, I contend, by mountain scenery. An appeal to the passions, by aid of the imagination, is the cure of selfishness. Besides, a man gazing about him in this solitary world, where his way is trackless, and his eyes unblessed by the sight of a fellow being, ceases to think only of himself, and becomes kindly towards his kind. At such a time his bitterest enemy is regarded with love, for even he wears a human form. We can love nobody in a crowd, because every body jostles us. In solitude, and surrounded by the majestic works of the Creator, we cannot but be affectionate towards all mankind. Unfortunately, there is no atrocity which man has not committed, or I should doubt the tale of those cold, premeditated, treacherous murders at Glencoe.

Of our summer tourists in the North I know little. What I have learnt has tended to confirm my faith. A young Collegian, one of those beings of dull and cold perceptions, had made his hasty way into the heart of the Highlands, and told me he never saw so wretched a country, with nothing to repay him for his toil. This was true, insomuch as he had come by a dreary road, and through clouds and rain. However, I was piqued, and resolved to try if he was "made of penetrable stuff." In the mean time I discovered that his memory had been laboriously tutored, while his intellect had not been taught to beget an idea of its own, according to our remorseless system of education. Had you plucked a wild flower, and spoken of it with feeling, he would have understood your words, but not their sense, for as yet he was incapable of sympathy with the creation. On the following morning I led him, without preparation, into the midst of a wild romantic glen; and as I walked by his side, I affected

indifference that I might not provoke affectation. After a short silence, he stopped. I saw his eyes brighten, his lips quiver, and striking his foot on the ground, he stammered out, "How grand! how beautiful! how great is God!" From this moment his mental education began. His heart was opened to Nature's pure religion; and for evermore will he speak of her works with feeling as well as language, nor will the simplest wild-flower need a prompter. To study the effect of these scenes, upon different minds, would produce some curious metaphysical speculations. I know a gentleman, who, unable to express in words his wonder and delight, all at once burst forth into loud and uncontrollable song; and I heard of a young lady, while riding through a narrow pass, with the sight of a precipice from one carriage window, and a steep and rugged mountain's side from the other, who could not, for a long time, be roused from a state of apparent stupefaction; and afterwards, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, she told her alarmed companions, she was never so delighted in her life. But of all travellers none astonished me so much as a boy. I heard of him at two distant spots in the Highlands. I envy the dreams of that boy more than the realities of an emperor. At each time I had hopes of falling in with him, but was disappointed. They described him as a very fair-faced creature, walking alone, with a bundle under his arm, his shoes worn away to mere nothings, husbanding his little purse, his eyes exulting in all he saw, and when he took refreshment at an inn, he stood with untired feet, upon the threshold, still gazing at the mighty hills. He said he was thirteen, that he had never seen the mountains in all his life before, and had set out to walk among them during his holidays. My child! where was your skipping-rope, your game at cricket, your knuckle-down at taw? What! all forgotten, all your pastimes left behind, as they were nothing worth, that you might take your solitary wanderings, banqueting like an angel, amidst such scenes as these? And was there no little friend, no loving playfellow, to bear you company? Or did you rather choose to hold a lonely converse with Nature, and that in her severest moods? Alas! my bright child, the world may be cruel to you, pity you as an idiot, or start from you as a madman; or they may be, in their way, kind, as the humour of the day may suit, and bow down their heads, and call you glorious, wonderful!

Let a father bring his son hither, while he is yet young, before his pure nature is adulterated by his passions, or rather by the grosser passions of the world. Here will the intellect be nourished into strength, and the heart be touched to kindliness. Sometimes let him be left solitary in a wild spot, where no habitation, no trace of man is seen, as if the world were young as himself, and that a region where mortal foot had never before trod. There he will meditate on his being, in wisdom far beyond his years. The feelings of childhood are without alloy: they are neither mistrusted, confused, nor analyzed, and maintain as free a sway as they are freely welcomed. Let nothing disturb them; they are sacred. I would have them wrought upon almost to pain, that they may endure for ever. The fear that an early acquaintance with such scenes may divert the mind from industrious habits is founded in error. It is more likely to produce a contrary effect. A youthful and warm imagination must have something to build upon: the safer course is to content it at once with realities; where these are denied, the chances are that it will rove in the ideal world, never satisfied, and

therefore always on the spring. Those idle visionaries, who continually brood over delightful impossibilities, and daily weave their romances for to-morrow, will be found, for the most part, among the tenants of a pent-up town. Whereas a mountaineer, never cursed with these distracting illusions, is remarkable for energy and perseverance. A father need not apprehend any danger from the most romantic valley in the world, even surpassing that of the Arabian Sinbad, only wanting the diamonds and the serpents.

It would be unfair to bring forward the names of celebrated men, either in confirmation of what is said, or in opposition to it. Genius is extraordinary, and can only be judged by its peers, or, as is frequently the case, it is "itself alone." No one felt the magic of mountain-scenery more than Rousseau, and his beloved Pays de Vaud was, perhaps, the foster-mother of his genius; but though he is called a visionary, he was not an idle one. He says,—“Never did a level country, however beautiful it might be, seem beautiful in my eyes. I must have cataracts, rocks, fir-trees, dark forests, steep and rugged pathways, with precipices at my feet which make me shudder.” There is a passage in his “Confessions” upon this subject, written with such enthusiasm, that the greatest enemies of the man must, as they read it, admire and delight in the boy Rousseau. Start not!—here is none of his philosophy.

“Never did I possess such activity of thought, never was I so sensible of my being, so full of the enjoyment of life, so much myself, if I may dare use the expression, as when I have travelled alone and on foot. There is something in walking which animates and enlightens my ideas: while I remain still, I am scarce capable of thought; my body must be set in motion if I would rouse my intellect. My gaze upon the country, the succession of pleasing views, the open air, my keen appetite, the flow of health which walking earns for me, the ease of a country-inn, my distance from all that can make me feel my dependance, from all that reminds me of my situation, all this disentangles my soul, gives me a daring grasp of thought, throws me, as it were, into the immensity of created things, where I combine, select, appropriate them to myself, without restraint and without fear. The whole of Nature is at my control; my heart, wandering from object to object, unites, identifies itself to those which are congenial to it, is surrounded by enchanting illusions, is intoxicated with delicious sentiments. If, to fix them for awhile, I take pleasure in describing them to myself, what boldness of pencil, what freshness of colour, what energy of expression do I give them! This is all to be found, they tell me, in my works, though written towards the decline of life. Oh! if they had seen those of my early youth, those which I made during my walks, those which I composed, but which I never wrote! Why, you will ask, why not write them? And why, I answer, should I write them? Why deprive me of the actual charm of enjoyment, in order to let others know that I have been happy? What were your readers to me, your public, what the whole world, whilst I was soaring in the Heavens? Besides, was I to carry a supply of pens and paper? Had I considered these matters, nothing would have entered my mind. I foresaw not that I should have ideas; they came at their will, not at mine. They came not, or they came in crowds; they overwhelmed

me with their number and their strength. Ten volumes a day would not have contained them! Where was the time to write them? On my arrival I thought of nothing but a good dinner; and at my departure, of nothing but a good walk. I felt that a new paradise awaited me at the door, and I hastened to enjoy it."

The eloquent Rousseau! And this is not mere eloquence; it is truth, a matter of fact,—I know it. I! And who am I? Not one indeed who can share the transports of his imagination, but an humble plodding man, a common-place fellow, who had the foresight to carry with him pens and paper, and the wilful industry to write a sketch of all he saw and all he felt. Ah! how unlike Rousseau!

The poet Keats walked in the Highlands, not with the joyousness, the rapture of the young Rousseau, but in that hallowed pleasure of the soul, which, in its fulness, is akin to pain. The following extract of a poem, not published in his works, proves his intensity of feeling, even to the dread of madness. It was written while on his journey, soon after his pilgrimage to the birth-place of Burns, not for the gaze of the world, but as a record for himself of the temper of his mind at the time. It is a sure index to the more serious traits in his character: but Keats, neither in writing nor in speaking, could affect a sentiment,—his gentle spirit knew not how to counterfeit. I leave it, without comment on its beauties, to the reader,—and to his melancholy, as he thinks upon so young a poet dying of a broken heart.

There is a charm in footing slow
 Across a silent plain,
 Where patriot battle has been fought,
 Where glory had the gain:
 There is a pleasure on the heath,
 Where Druids old have been,
 Where mantles gray have rustled by,
 And swept the nettles green:
 There is a joy in every spot,
 Made known in days of old,
 New to the feet, although each tale
 A hundred times be told.

Ay, if a madman could have leave
 To pass a healthful day,
 To tell his forehead's swoon and faint,
 When first began decay.

One hour half idiot he stands
 By mossy water-fall,
 But in the very next he reads
 His soul's memorial.
 He reads it on the mountain's height,
 Where chance he may sit down
 Upon rough marble diadem—
 That hill's eternal crown!
 Yet be his anchor e'er so fast,
 Room is there for a prayer,
 That man may never lose his mind
 On mountains black and bare:
 That he may stray, league after league,
 Some great birth-place to find,
 And keep his vision clear from speck,
 His inward sight unblind!

SOUTH AMERICAN PATRIOT'S SONG.*

Translated from the original Spanish, printed at Buenos Ayres, 1818.

'Tis the voice of a Nation waking
From her long, long sleep, to be free—
'Tis the sound of the fetters breaking
At the watchword "Liberty!"
The laurel-leaves hang o'er her,
The gallant victor's prize:
And see how low before her,
In the dust, the lion lies!

Chorus.—Eternal glory crown us!
Eternal laurels bloom,
To deck our heads with honour,
Or flourish o'er our tomb.

On the steps of the heroes treading
See the god of the fight at hand!
The light of his glory shedding
On his own devoted band.
Our Incas tombs before ye
Upheave to meet your tread,
As if that tramp of glory
Had roused the sleeping dead.

Chorus.—Eternal, &c.

Saw ye the Tyrant shedding
The blood of the pure and free?
Heard ye his footstep treading
On thy golden sands, Potosé?
Saw ye his red eye watching
As the ravenous beast his prey?
And the strong arm fiercely snatching
The flower of our land away?

Chorus.—Eternal, &c.

Argentines! by the pride of our nation,
By the hopes and joys of the free,
We will hurl the proud from his station,
And bring down the haughty knee.
Even now our banners streaming
Where fell the conquer'd foe,
In the summer sun, bright gleaming,
Your march of glory show.

Chorus.—Eternal, &c.

Hark! o'er the wide waves sounding,
Columbia! Columbia! thy name,
While from pole to pole rebounding,
"Columbia!" the nations proclaim.
Thy glorious throne is planting
Over oppression's grave;
And a thousand tongues are chanting
"Health to the free and the brave."

Chorus.—Eternal, &c.

E. T.

* Several of the original stanzas of the above song are omitted, as containing chiefly a bare enumeration of towns and provinces in any way signalized in the contest. The music adapted to it is extremely beautiful and animated, as the translator regrets it has never yet been published in England.

ALL HALLOW EVE IN IRELAND.

In the hinder end of harvest upon All Hallow ene
 Quhen our **gude nighbours* rydis (now gif I reid richt)
 Some bucklit on a benwood and some on a bene,
 Ay trotand into troupes fra the twilight.

KING JAMES VI.

SOME years ago, I had the pleasure of passing an All Hallow Eve at the house of a substantial farmer in the vicinity of the town of Sligo. I had been wandering the whole day about the beautiful and romantic glen of Knock-na-ree, and entered the hospitable abode of my worthy Milesian friend just as the dim twilight was melting into the dark gloom of an autumnal evening.

A sparkling turf-fire enlivened the hearth, and a number of the neighbouring young rustics were mingled with the ruddy children of mine host about the room; while the elder folks encircled the glittering blaze, or crouched beneath the immense chimney that jutted far out into the room. Large pieces of hung beef and rusty bacon adorned the walls, a turning-wheel was turned up under the ladder which ascended to the loft, the white wooden piggins and well-soured trenchers were placed in neat array on the well-filled shelves, and the huge dresser proudly exhibited its store of shining pewter to the admiring eyes of the youthful peasants. A door, which stood ajar in one corner, purposely betrayed the treasures of "the best room;" a double chest of drawers, a polished oaken table, and several antique and quaintly-figured chairs reflected the beams of the burning turf, and faintly illumined the sacred apartment.

The buxom good wife, arrayed in a striped linsey-wolsey gown, was regaling her friends with merry lamb's-wool, while her lively children and their young guests indulged in the usual superstitions and quaint customs of All Hallow Eve. Three of the eldest lasses were lurking in a dark corner busily employed in kneading a cake with their left thumbs. Not a sound escaped from their clenched lips; the work proceeded in mute solemnity; a single word would have broken the charm, and destroyed their ardent hopes of beholding their future husbands in their dreams after having partaken of the mystic *dumb-cake*.

While this work was going on silently in the corner, a group of sturdy boys in the centre of the floor were indulging in all the uproar of boisterous merriment at the glorious game of *snap-apple*. A burning candle was affixed to one end of a short skewer, and a ripe ruddy-cheeked apple stuck at the other. The skewer was suspended by its middle with a piece of strong cord from the dusky ceiling, and being gently put in motion, the eager boys thronged tumultuously forward to catch the delicious apple in their mouths as it performed its swinging evolutions. Many a furzy head was set in a blaze, and many loud laughs and chirruping exclamations emanated from the merry group before the prize was carried off. Several young girls were roasting pairs of matrimonial apples on the hearth. One they dignified with the lordly title of "The Baron," and the other was supposed to be his lady-wife. And truly it was a bitter satire on the married state.

* The fairies.

The scorching apples resembled many a foolish couple in the land. Such sputtering and foaming—such angry fuming at each other—such prodigious perspirations—such vindictive tones and contemptuous hissings on both sides, and then such melting quietness for a moment, interrupted by a sudden swelling-up, or a burly look, that renewed the sputtering and fuming, until both were utterly exhausted! The married folks looked on and laughed prodigiously, ever and anon exchanging those most eloquent and volume-speaking looks, which often pass between man and wife.

Some of the younger children were wandering about in the cold moonlight, zealously seeking for protecting "angry weed," to charm them against the fearful displeasure of their parents, for the ensuing year. The revered and grey-tressed patriarch of the family, with fearful inquisitive looks and quivering lips, silently tottered about on his crutches, to inspect the lusty "livelongs" which each of his beloved grandchildren had suspended from the roof on Midsummer Eve. If the plant still looked green and healthy, his countenance lighted up into a faint smile, and a pious ejaculation escaped from his thin lips; but if he met with one which showed the sickly symptoms of decay, how woefully would the fond old man look round for the child who had hung it up, impressed with the heart-sickening certainty, that the sunk eye and pale cheek of his little darling were sorrowful foretokens of the untimely death predicted by the fatal livelong.

A troop of the youngest boys were kneeling round a bucket of ice-cold water, into which the old people, from time to time, threw small pieces of coin, for the shivering younglings to pick up from the bottom with their freezing lips. Some of the maidens were pouring molten lead through the bow of a rusty key into a bowl of pure fountain-water, and tracing indistinct semblances to different objects in the various shapes which the lead assumed. If any of them happened to cast the likeness of a ship, her future lord was doomed to be a hardy sailor. If fancy could warp a misshapen lump of the cooled metal into the similitude of a horse, a helmet, or a sword, the happy lass tempted her fate no farther, but merrily danced away, rich in the dear hope of being wedded to a gallant soldier. If the dim resemblance accorded not with her sympathies or inclinations, the dissatisfied and pouting girl would try her luck again, again to be defeated in her hopes: until at length, wearied and disgusted, she rose from the mystic well with a sad heart and a heavy brow, to seek for consolation, and promises of better fortune in a different rite.

During one of those moments of universal silence which often happen in the most roystering assemblages, a loud and rather melodious voice was heard at a little distance gaily chanting an old beggarman's song, to one of the merriest tunes that ever flowed from the lips of mirth and happiness.

In a few moments the children came tumbling in, and joyfully announced the unexpected arrival of Larry Donovan. The welcome information was received with an unanimous burst of enthusiastic rapture, which had hardly subsided when Larry Donovan, the ancient *buckaugh*, mounted on a grey drowsy-looking, lop-eared ass, made his appearance at the open door-way. Men, women, and children were all collected about the threshold to greet the arrival of the white-

bearded, jovial beggarman, who continued to troll his old song amid the hearty *kead-mille-a-faltha's*,* that were showered upon him from every quarter. He vigorously raised himself from his pad, and reaching over the heads of the delighted youngsters, warmly grasped the trembling, out-stretched hand of the old patriarch. This action betrayed a pair of thin misshapen legs that dangled impotently behind Larry's muscular calves, under whose efficient covert they had hitherto been concealed. "Who have you there, Larry?" cried twenty voices at once. "Och! boys, boys," replied the happy mendicant. "I'll engage my fellow traveller and kinsman here, will make every one of your young hearts dance with joy this merry night:—who did you think, boys, I'd mount upon my Rory and bring along with me to the house of revelry and feasting, but honest Dennis O'Neil, the old piper of Innismury." Dennis now showed his grizzled face, over the broad shoulder of his companion, and struck into the heart of the tune of Larry Donovan's much loved song, pealing forth such cheering notes from his pipes, as he entered the house, that every eye beamed with transport and every toe was set in merry motion.

The floor was quickly cleared for dancing, and after Larry and the piper had quaffed a piggins of pure Potthien between them, the latter gave the signal for the lads and lasses to take their places. Every brow was beaming with joy and expectation, the young men were looking lovingly into the blue eyes of their maiden partners, when, after a moment's pause, the top couple started off to the galloping measures of "Kiss in the Furze."

I had now an opportunity of more particularly surveying the figure and appearance of the buchaugh. He was a tall handsome looking old fellow, with a bright eagle glance, a high unfurrowed forehead, a full cheek and a profusion of long white locks floating carelessly down his back and bosom. He was wrapped up in a coarse blue cloak, fastened at his breast with a wooden skewer. A broad leathern belt was buckled round his middle, to which his little meal-can, and flat whiskey bottle were carefully fastened, and a nut-brown doothien or stunted tobacco pipe, was twisted in the band of his old slouched hat. He was engaged in deep *confab* with the aged grandsire of the family, but his ear was still attentive to the rapid flow of the tune, and he regularly beat time with the iron point of his oaken pike.

As soon as the dance was ended, preparations for the supper were set about with infinite vigour and alacrity. A neighbour's son disappeared for a few seconds, and returned with a colossal "cobler's nob,"† which, Meleager like, he presented on bended knee to our host's eldest daughter, the blooming little Alice, and gave the signal for every youth to salute his willing partner by imprinting a warm kiss on the ripe luscious cheek of the blushing damsel.

The young man's gift was immediately ushered into an iron pot, a kish of turf and a fresh log were brought in—the good wife spitted a fine turkey, and a quarter of fat kid (which, when drest, tasted as delicious as fawn's flesh), and little Nicodemus, our host's youngest boy, with a mortified and reluctant air, took his allotted station in the chim-

* *Kead-mille-a-faltha*, a hundred thousand welcomes.

† Potthien, very strong whiskey.

‡ Pig's head.

ney corner, and sullenly and slowly turned round the richly-fraught spit with a heavy old-fashioned iron hand-dog.

The simmering waters soon began to send forth the most delicious of sounds to the ears of the hungry; the blue flames curled and twined round the black crocks in snake-like coils; the moaning wind sang a melancholy foretoken of the death of the waning year; the burning turf, and the bright embers of the crumbling log, assumed strange images in the eyes of superstition and fancy; and the whole party drew closely round the glimmering hearth, drinking with greedy ears the honeyed words of the old Buchaugh. He was rich in the legendary histories of all the great families in the kingdom; explained the origin of such bitter maledictions as "the curse of Cromwell," and "the screech of the morning;" sang ancient ditties, and told affecting love-stories, and superstitious tales of midnight goblins, ladies clad in white garments tinged with crimson blood, and gaunt warriors galloping through dark glens in sable armour and plumes of waving fire; fearful visions of dying men; and rich descriptions of fairy-revels among old ruins, or on the bright green sward, in the chill moonlight beam.

He had travelled from a village on the other side of Sligo, with the ancient piper behind him, alternately playing boisterous tunes and singing roaring catches, to scare away the mischievous elves and fearful goblins that flit about in the dark, and play lawless pranks upon sober travellers with impunity, on All Hallowmas Eve. "Wicked flesh and blood too," quoth he, "is often abroad on such a night as this. I remember, this time seven years, a poor sinful soul of a footpad formed a plan to waylay me, as I passed from father Fitzpatrick's snug little cabin, on the bog's side, to old Biddy Maguire's merry-making on the hill. The simple fool thought, perhaps, that my old cloak, like Thady Aroon's, was lined with rich gold; but no such thing, boys: Larry Donovan never takes more from charitable Christians, than just enough to make his heart glad, and his tongue chirrup for the night, living like the happy birds in the forest, without a single thought of the morrow. Well, boys, the footpad not having a distinct recollection of my figure, attire, and *phiznomy*, or perhaps being hoodwinked by the thoughts of the ugly business he was going about, instead of my own poor old body, actually fell upon little Jack Delany, that keeps the *shebeen*-house in the valley. It's an old saying and a true one, that a bad cause makes a weak heart; and by this pike in my grasp, little Delany overcame the cowardly cur of a footpad, (who was no Irishman, do you mark,) knocked the dirty poltroon down, and resolutely robbed him. Now, whether Delany was justified in going so far, Larry Donovan won't pretend to decide; for I'm told it was a poser for the rosy, good-humoured priest himself. But when Jack lies on his low death-bed, with the clammy dews standing on his brow, the moaning *bibe* combing her yellow locks, and singing the death-wail at his casement, then will this, and all poor Delany's other actions, appear to his darkening eye in their true colours."

The supper-table was now prepared. The bright holiday pewter-plates and dishes gleamed upon the board, to the utter exclusion of the wooden bowl and rude trencher. The cobbler's nob grinned ghastly in the centre, surrounded by huge piles of laughing potatoes,

while the light brown kid and frothy turkey harmoniously mingled their tempting odours. *Caulcannon* and apple-pies were smoking on all sides; piggins of pure Pothien shone brightly on different parts of the loaded table; and we took our seats as old Dennis played a festal flourish on his sonorous pipe.

After the repast, dancing was resumed, and the old mendicant cheerily accompanied the music with several verses of the old song,

" 'Twas on a day,
When play was passing free
With great pleasantry,
Mirth and jollity,
Och! Ro!
And dancing also."

The diversion was kept up for many hours, when the exhausted young men and maidens again flocked round the entertaining Buchaugh. I had wound myself into the very inmost recesses of his affectionate old breast, by a lucky assertion that there were wandering mendicants in Fairy-land, as well as among the Milesians. A blended expression of surprise and pleasure sat on his happy countenance, and he listened with dumb attention to my recital of part of the *The Beggar's* petition to Mab the Fairy Queen.

As I concluded my quotation from the alms-begging prayer of the pigmy mendicant to her fairy grace, when she was rioting perhaps on "a moon-parched grain of purest wheat," or

"The broke heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music,"

the old Buchaugh cordially grasped my hand, and drawing his tattered cloak closer about him, requited me with a narration of his "travels into foreign parts."

After a preliminary draught, and the usual guttural "notes of preparation," he thus began:—"Many, many long years ago, when the good wife in the bee-hive chair was as blooming a lass as any of the young blossoms that gather around her, I was slowly pacing along the sea-shore, near the little village of Stradbally, when a bare-footed little fellow ran up to me, ready to explode, with a message from old Thady Aroon, the great Buchaugh, who lay at the last extremity of life in one of the little cabins in the village. I found the old man at holy devotion with a venerable priest: and as soon as his prayers were ended he motioned me to approach, and, convulsively pressing my hand to his weakly-throbbing heart, in a tremulous and broken voice spoke to me as follows;—'Donovan,' said he, 'you're my own cousin-german, and I'm sure you've as honest a heart as ever beat in the bosom of man. You know well enough how long I've been wandering over the land, curing the sick, amusing the lusty, carrying love-tokens over mountains and rivers, and bearing fond requests to young maidens from their lovers, to look up to the bright moon at midnight, and think that those who dearly loved them, although far, far away, were at that moment lifting their eyes to the same place, and fondly musing upon them. In the course of a long life I have contrived to glean a mighty sum of money, which you will find carefully sewed up in my old patched cloak, with many valuable bonds and

good notes from some of the great ones of the land. These I deliver up to thee, in the presence of this good and holy man, solemnly enjoining thee to act faithfully, and do the bidding of thy dying kinsman. By the side of the Blackwater you will find my only and beloved daughter, in a white little cottage, which was lately inhabited by my pious sister Bridget, whose death-lament was sung a few weeks ago—and my sweet bud is now left desolate and unprotected. She is married; but her husband breathes the air of a foreign and far-distant land. He is a young East Indian, whom his parents sent over to a relation in Dublin, for the purpose of receiving a liberal education. He saw my mild and beautiful child, loved her, and was beloved, ardently beloved, in return. Although springing from a proud and ancient family, he disdained not to wed with the humble blood of a wandering Buchaugh. True love levels all distinctions and degrees. The youth was suddenly called to the Indies by his father, and he left my daughter with her aunt, until he should have somewhat smoothed the severity of his proud father's displeasure, which he expected would at first rage most vehemently, on hearing that the child of his hopes had married without his consent, and to the daughter of a beggar too—a wandering Buchaugh on the mountains of Erin. He knows not that Peggy's old father can give her the dowry of a Duchess, neither does the girl herself. I have confided the secret of my wealth to none on earth before this day. I fear, from the young man's silence, that his father has roughly thrust him from his roof for his indiscretion; and my dying wish is, that you, my young friend, should accompany my Peggy to Calcutta, seek out her beloved husband, and place them above the frowns and scorns of the cold world, and his cruel haughty relatives, by endowing them with this my tattered cloak.

"The old man died a few hours after, and I sought out the young bride's cottage at the place mentioned by the old Buchaugh.

'There I heard the thrushes warbling,
The dove and partridge I there descried,
And the lambkins sporting every morning
Down by the banks of Blackwater side.'

After a long search, I at length discovered the jewel; and truly, never did the warm eye of youth gaze on a more lovely object. The deep melancholy in which I found her absorbed, her pale countenance and mourning raiment, interested me beyond measure. I was then young and warm-hearted, and looked upon her with feelings little short of pure devotion.

'Her head hung down on her white, white breast,
A true lover's knot to her heart she press'd,
And the tear-drop gleam'd on her cold pale cheek,
Like frozen dew on the lily meek.'

I showed her the antique silver ring, richly studded with diamonds, of old Aroon, and she resigned herself wholly to my direction, bitterly bewailing the death of the old Buchaugh. We courageously set sail for the Indies, braving the fearful dangers of the great ocean, and arrived in safety at the doorga father-in-law. He bore the honoured name of a proud Irish family, but unluckily springing from a younger branch, which his ancestors had impoverished by lavishing the whole of their possessions on the elder sons, he was driven to truck and barter

for his support. He went on prosperously for many years, but meeting with a sudden reverse of fortune in some great speculations, had sent for his son to marry a rich heiress, in order to prop up his falling fortunes, the tottering state of which he had much ado to conceal. What a flood of agony did these dreadful tidings pour upon the heart of young Hector O'Hara, on his arrival at Calcutta! He often rallied his sinking spirits, and resolved to impart the secret of his marriage to his father; but the moment the old man appeared with his stern eye and care-worn brow, his resolution vanished. How could he hurry him into the grave, by saying he had wedded with the daughter of a beggar? How blast all those budding hopes, from the blossoming of which he anticipated such pleasure and advantages?

"The father alternately endeavoured to threaten and cajole him into a consent to the marriage with the heiress—his mother on her bended knees besought him to save her from poverty and ruin; and his sisters turned with eyes full of tears and imploring looks upon him. Oppressed with their unrelenting persecution for many weeks, he had passed the night in dreaming agony. The whole family were gathered round him in the breakfast-room, assailing him with tears, threats, and bitter reproaches—his fevered blood rushed wildly through his veins; his heart beat convulsively in his breast; his sight grew dim; his brain whirled, and I fear the fatal consent was just quivering on his white lip when the folding doors of the apartment suddenly burst open, and the pale face and slender figure of his Peggy appeared before him. "My wife! my dear wife!" was all that he could utter, and he bounded into her encircling arms. The father stood aghast, the women shrieked, and the young wife and her husband were still locked to each other's breast when I entered the room, and with a low obeisance introduced myself as a relation of the bride. The amazement of all instantly increased: and the face of old Hector assumed an expression of unfeigned horror and deep disgust, as I threw the old patched cloak of the Buchaugh at his feet, loudly proclaiming it to be the marriage portion of his son's wife. The sudden jerk loosened some of the stitches, and a shower of bright gold covered the floor. In a few words I explained every thing. The winning ways of Peggy soon moved the hearts of the family in her favour; her husband was happy in her love; and the old gold and great money-bonds of the wandering Buchaugh effectually saved the sinking fortunes of the proud old Hector O'Hara.

"The grateful young couple implored me to pass the remainder of my days under their roof; but my heart yearned for the land of my forefathers. How could I die happy in a foreign country, with only one of my own dear kinsfolk to close my eyes and wail over my cold corpse? How could I rest under any turf but that of old Erin? The sun seemed to look upon me with a strange aspect—the moon had not half the sweet quietness in her white face, the stars did not shed the same soft light as in my own native land. There were no smiling maidens to look out upon me as I passed—no bright-eyed children to listen to my tales—no hoary grandsires to drop the tear at my pathetic ditties—no festal merry-meetings on All Hallow Eve—no willing voice to join with me in loudly chanting the soul-stirring anthem of *Erin-go-bragh*. My heart was in Ireland, all my affections were cen-



Lines written on the Field of Crecy.

21

tered in my own country; and I quickly bade adieu to my kind friends, and cheerily set sail again for my own little Isle of the Ocean."

The old Buchaugh and the merry piper continued to amuse us for the greatest part of the night; nor did the rustic party break up before many of the youngsters were dosing in their seats, the piper's eyes twinkling with the effects of the strong Pothien, the merry cock crowing out his matinal salutation, and the grey dawn glimmering over the summit of the lofty Knock-na-ree.

A.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE FIELD OF CRECY, 1820.

EVENING'S warm hues are on the hill,
The foliage on the bough is still,
The sun's last rays appear—
Nor shock of arms, nor havock's rout,
Nor the steel'd warrior's battle-shout,
Break on the listening ear.

It was not thus when England's might
Met here in arms, and dared the fight
With Gallia's chivalry;
When here the white and waving crest
That the Bohemian helmet prest,
Was bathed in slaughter's dye.—

There at yon cross,* aged, feeble, blind,
Yet bearing still th' heroic mind
That scorns at destiny,
Died 'midst his foes the hoary king,
And the young victor triumphing
Tore his tall plumes away.

Yet lives the tower† where Edward stood
And gazed upon that scene of blood—
A tottering monument,
A silent solitary thing,
Witness of Crecy's combating
And Gaul's pale standards rent:

And those that saw without dismay
Her legions form their wide display,
High, confident, and brave,
But little deeming that an hour
Would strew in dust their mail-clad power,
Like wreck upon the wave.

Boast of my Country—storied field!
Where now are they who once could wield
Her sword so mightily?—
Where are my fathers?—they are gone;
And by the record only known
Of what thy glories say.

Crecy, farewell! I've trod thy plain
With thoughts that thrill'd through every vein,
And high romantic pride,
That England gave to thee thy fame,
And bore the sons of deathless name
Who in thy combat died.

Ω.

* A stone cross still marks the place where the king of Bohemia fell.

† A building resembling a ruined windmill, is still shown as the tower Edward III. overlooked the battle.

ON ARABIC AND PERSIAN LITERATURE. NO. II.

THE earliest accounts we have received of the Persian nation, contain very few tokens of their having cultivated the composition of language. However accomplished, and accomplished they were, according to the testimony of the most interesting historian* among the most polished as well as the most extraordinary people that the world has ever seen, the Persians studied rather such arts as give grace to the person, than bestow elegance on the mind. Riding, wrestling, and throwing the javelin, are the pursuits assigned to the youth of Persia by the biographer of Cyrus; and Herodotus informs us that their young men were exercised chiefly in three things—in hurling the dart, in riding, and in the practice of virtue.

The warrior-philosopher Xenophon, although, from his acquaintance with the younger Cyrus, he must have conversed in Persian with ease and fluency, has not transmitted to us any composition on that idiom. There is not even an historian of Alexander, although these are sufficiently numerous, who has left us the desired information: we must look therefore to a later date, to the era of Mahomet and Anushirvan, for the first accounts which can be received as genuine.

At the birth of Mahomet, Nushirvan or Anushirvan, the Choeroes of the Byzantine writers, reigned over the vast empire of Iran or Persia. The Oriental historians designate this monarch by the title of Just; but in a nation of slaves such a title is obtained without many sacrifices on the part of the sovereign, and no extraordinary efforts of clemency and humanity may be expected to have decorated his career. At this period, however, long before that which is termed the golden age of Persian literature, and which was adorned by so great a brilliancy of philosophers and poets, we begin to receive some accounts respecting the state of that language. There had been founded at Ghandisapor, a city of Khorasan, a school of physic; and as the study of this useful science advanced, the arts of literature began to assume the rank they merit in the scale of human pursuits. But unfortunately, as is common in the early growth of reason, scholastic disputes and the jargon of metaphysic subtleties usurped the place of a pure and enlightened philosophy. It happened, notwithstanding, that although these studies did not enlarge the boundaries of science, nor extend the limits of human knowledge,—that although mankind has not been indebted to Ghandisapor for any useful inventions to adorn or to improve life, yet they produced a remarkable influence on the purity and correctness of its dialect. Contrary, if it does not add to the grasp of an understanding, at least sharpens and gives nerve to a language. Hence the idiom of polished life became distinguished from that of the vulgar, and the name of the “Deri” was given to the former, while the latter was distinguished by that of “Pehlevi.”

It would be a fitting subject of investigation among antiquaries and philologists, to ascertain the etymology of these names. The more probable account of them appears to be, that the Deri was a perfect specimen of the “Parsi,” so called from the country of which Shiraz is the capital; and that the Pehlevi had its name from the “Pehlu,” or heroes who spoke it in its earlier ages.

* Xenophon.

Perhaps there will be danger of assuming too much the air of the verbal critic, if we remark that there still exist traces of another Persian dialect, called the "Zend." This was the language of the priests and sages, and exhibited those more solemn religious truths, on which only a commentary was offered to the vulgar in the Pehlevi tongue. The Zend, however, may be fairly considered as extinct, for although the writings of Zeratusht or Zoroaster were composed in this character, yet there are few, even among the priests, who can be said to understand it. The Pehlevi bears an obvious similarity to the Chaldee and Hebrew, and may possibly have been derived from it.* But the Deri, or the Parsi, formed the foundation of that modern dialect which survived the shock of Mahomet's career, and was afterwards dignified by the poems of Hafiz and Sadi, of Ferdousi and Nouredin Jami.†

For the present we will quit the vast empire of Iran or Persia, and turn to the sister nation of Arabia. It is a singular fact that the Arabs have never been entirely subdued; no impression on them has ever extended beyond their borders. As a nation they have ever continued independent. If portions of their vast tracts have yielded to the torrent of vehement irruptions: if Mecca and Medina have been vanquished by the Scythian, and the grasping sway of Rome could establish for herself a province within their districts;‡ if the Othmans have attempted to exercise over them a faint semblance of sovereignty,§ yet as a distinct class of mankind they have ever remained free and unrestrained.

We have endeavoured to sketch in a former paper the general manners of the Arabs: it may be amusing to examine whether climate could have produced any influence on them. The natives of Arabia are divided into those of Hejaz and of Yemen. Desolate beyond the wildest wastes of European land are the tracts of Arabia Petræa. The green and luxuriant herbage which sheds its lustre over the dreary levels of Tartary, and offers some relief at least to the weary traveller, never cheers the eye which wanders over the Eastern Desert. Boundless masses of conglomerated sand obstruct his path; except where the wide expanse is broken by a chain of bleak and barren mountains. The oppressive rays of the midday sun descend directly on the plain. The heat is fanned by no cooling breezes, for the winds of Arabia breathe only pestilence and noisome vapour, or serve to increase the desolation, by the billows of rolling sand which they raise or scatter, and which have been known to bury whole caravans and whole armies in their turbulence.

The letters of the Arabic resemble those of the Persian; the latter only comprising four additional to the number.¶ In spirit and expression the two idioms mainly differ. The Persian has the superior soft-

* Familiar nouns, as those of *water*, *fire*, &c. are common to these languages.

† This subject has been admirably treated by Sir William Jones in his Discourses.

‡ The Romans maintained the residence of a centurion and a place of tribute on the coast of the territory of Medina; and the Emperor Trajan considered this a sufficient reason to designate Arabia as a Roman province. These facts rest on the authority of Arrian.

§ Soliman I. conquered Yemen, or Happy Arabia, A. D. 1538, but no revenue was ever transmitted to the Ottoman Porte; and the Turks were finally expelled A. D. 1630.

¶ There are thirty-two Persian, twenty-eight Arabic letters.

ness; it has more delicacy, more elegance, more beauty. Even the English reader who is acquainted with the translations of Sir William Jones, will confess that the Gazels or Odes of Hafiz and Sadi will scarcely yield in competition with some of the better order of our poets. The Persian is besides remarkable for a variety of the most copious combinations,* and may probably have been among the sources of the Greek—the language which the world has confessed to have surpassed all others in energy, comprehensiveness, and vigour.

With the Sanscrit, the Arabic appears to have no connexion: among other reasons for this conclusion may be mentioned, that it is altogether unacquainted with that matchless power of the combination of words, which gives such inexpressible force to the Persian, and to languages of a similar original.

We disclaim at the present having as yet acquired any knowledge of the Sanscrit. But to those who are accustomed to trace a language to its roots, (the only method, according to the polite Earl of Chesterfield, of thoroughly understanding it,) another difference is presented between the Arabic and Sanscrit, together with those derived from a corresponding origin—that in the former, as in the Hebrew, Chaldee, and others, the roots are formed of three letters; in the latter they are almost universally biliteral. This circumstance would alone teach the etymologist to infer their having owed their several inventions to different races of men.†

We hope in a future paper to give some account as well of the literature of the golden age of Persia, as of the productions of Arabia, antecedently, as well as at times immediately succeeding to the era of Mahomet. But we have promised some account of the career of that extraordinary man, and of the effect which we think it might have had on the language and the manners of his subjects.

The influence of the spirit of warfare upon a nation varies, according as that nation is composed of freemen or of slaves. When the subjects of a despot make conquests, their exertions serve only to extend the power and the dominion of their lords. When freemen are victors, they vanquish for themselves; for their own advantage or their own glory.‡ If the spirit of just legislation do not pervade a nation, we cannot expect any rapid advances in the amelioration of the species. The dictates of a lord are readily obeyed; the generous intercourse of free thought is absent; the place of pure religion is usurped by ceremony and superstition; and the people are the easy machines of some grasping mind, which can direct their hopes and employments at its own discretion. Thus the Arab race, wild and disjointed, was peculiarly fitted to display the talents of Mahomet. Their

* The combinations with "Gul" a rose, "Peri" a fairy, are sufficient to indicate the power and flexibility of the language. (See Sir William Jones's *Persian Grammar*.) We are afraid we ought to apologise for these dry etymologies; but the reader of taste must recollect that these names have been familiarized to every ear by the delicious poem "Lalla Rookh" and by "The Bride of Abydos."

† Both languages have, however, a wonderful extent of derivatives. The scholar may smile at the enthusiasm of the Oriental remark, but he will allow its ingenuity, "That if the deity Indra of the Hindus were to descend, he would scarcely comprehend the full power and versatility of their language."

‡ Herodotus, l. 5.

country had never been subdued, and no impression on it had extended beyond its borders; but internal feud had wasted the vigour and stayed the advancement of its power; and the character of Mahomet by nature fitted him to influence the jarring tribes, and to combine their interests in the pursuit of one great and important end.

Mahomet has often been represented as of low and vulgar origin; but the assertion is groundless and illusory.* He was the grandson of an opulent merchant, whose liberality preserved the citizens of Mecca from famine. A genius enterprising, a judgment sound and mature, features engaging, general habits and demeanour conciliatory, marked a mind destined to soar, whatever might have been its path of exertion.

The first exploit of Mahomet, in the display of his pretended mission, was the conversion of his own family. His wife Cadijah, his nephew Ali, and his servant Zeid, were the first who embraced his cause. The bold and romantic Ali, fired with the enthusiasm of youth, offered himself as the companion of his relative through all his perils. But the citizens of Mecca were his foes: they sought to destroy the bold innovator, who threatened to abolish the worship of their idols; and it was only the unshaken attachment of his kinsman Abu Taleb which protected the son of Abdallah.

The death of this aged and respected chieftain left him open to the vengeance of his enemies. The chief of the hostile tribe collected his adherents, and proposed to them, as the only method for the extermination of the new sect, the destruction of their leader. Imprisonment, he said, would exasperate him; banishment would only serve to propagate his tenets. The conspirators decided that he should die, and resolved that a sword from each hand should transfix his body, in order to conceal the immediate authors of the bloody deed.

But it was not destined that the talents of Mahomet should thus perish. He was reserved for higher and more hazardous achievements. The scheme of the assassins was disclosed, and the intended victim of their malevolence sought security in flight. The youthful Ali arrayed himself in the vest of his friend and patron, undertook to assume his character, and reposed on the couch in his place. A conduct so noble and disinterested, his adversaries viewed with admiration and astonishment: they respected his piety, and spared his devoted valour; and by this signal act of generous enthusiasm, the young hero preserved his own life, in addition to that of his celebrated associate.

The vicissitudes of fortune are singular and mysterious. It was little within the conjectures of the adverse faction, that the measures adopted for their security should terminate in their utter ruin. In a pilgrimage to the temple at Mecca, some of the principal citizens had learned the doctrines of Mahomet, and had already become converts to his system. These received the new fugitive with rapture. They convened a solemn assembly of their fellow citizens: they exhibited before the people the tenets and the promises of Mahomet, and invited them with earnestness to embrace the sacred cause. Five hun-

* See the eloquent and interesting narrative of Gibbon.

dred warriors assembled round his standard, and bound themselves by the strongest engagements to follow his banner. After the custom of the eastern nations, he was chosen to the double office of priest and sovereign: he was invested with the royal purple, and the air was rent with the piercing acclamations of his infatuated adherents.

To recover authority in his native city, Mecca, was now the leading object of the chieftain. For this purpose the Arabs, already sufficiently bent on warlike exploits, received a new incitement by the hope of future reward. The sword, proclaimed the champion, shall conduct you to happiness; and he that shall shed his blood in the sacred cause, shall sup that night in Paradise. Death, which had been contemned before, now became an object of warm desire; and soldiers elevated with such expectations, as well as careless of danger, would stand the shock of the fiercest attacks. The events of three successive engagements decided the fate of Mecca, and the capitulation of that important city was soon followed by the reduction of all Arabia.

The years of the warrior-prince were now advancing towards their close. A fever, which was to terminate his existence, had commenced to prey upon his vitals. A few days before his death, with affected condescension and humility, he proclaimed to the people, that if any man should conceive himself to have suffered wrongfully, ample reparation should be now offered. One voice amidst the crowd was heard to complain; and the dying chieftain called him into his presence, heard his request, and satisfied his demand.

It was now his office, previously to his departure, to consummate the supposed evidences of his mission. He called accordingly for the Koran, and dictated a few sentences to be added to the volume. This done, he sank on the bosom of Ayesha, the best-beloved of his wives, raised his eyes to heaven, and uttering a few tremulous words, expired.

P. W. R.

SONNET.

ANGELO DI COSTANZO.

"Qualor l'eta che si veloce arriva."

When the cold touch of withering Time comes on,
To shake the frame and dull the cheek's pure dye—
And reason, arm'd with thoughts sublimely high,
Expels the vanquish'd senses from their throne—
When strength, the nurse of vain desire, is gone,
In every breast love's fading fire must die,
And those who dearly loved must deeply sigh
O'er erring hopes and years untimely flown.
Then all amidst this stormy sea must strain
To gain the welcome port, ere evening close
And heaven grow darker in the coming night.
My love alone must even in death remain:
The flame divine that in my spirit glows,
Is one where reason may with sense unite.

SKETCHES OF ITALY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

No. 1.—*Passage of the Alps.*

HAIL, lovely land! from cliffs where Winter reigns
 Stern midst his snows, I seek thy sunny plains,
 And gazing, breathless with the new delight,
 Far, far beneath me bend mine eager sight,
 To watch the radiance of thy beauty break
 Through vapours frowning round each rugged peak.
 One spot appears, one line of tender blue—
 Are those the hills I loved, the vales I knew
 E'en from my childhood, in the Poet's strain?
 Behind yon beetling crag they're lost again;
 And Desolation reassumes her sway,
 And forms of terror close around my way:
 Once more the clouds dispart; yon gorge between
 A line of brighter, clearer light is seen,
 Wide and more wide its spreading circles swell,
 Pale tints of saffron glance o'er tower and fell,
 And rays of purple mingling with the shade
 Stream o'er the plain, and in the horizon fade;—
 Here, weary pilgrim, rest thine anxious eye,
 That is the land you seek; there, there lies Italy.
 And yet I linger—Yes, thou power sublime,
 That dwell'st exulting 'mid the wrecks of Time,
 I pause e'en at the portal of thy fane,
 And feel that even Beauty woos in vain,
 Whilst thou, encircled by majestic forms,
 Stalk'st wildly by, and through the deep-toned storms
 Speak'st to the elements. Thy word is past;
 The icy mountain quivers to the blast,
 The overhanging avalanche impends,
 It crashes, toppling downward, it descends
 With repulsive echoes, sweeping wide
 Forest and hamlet in its furious tide;
 Now in broad cataracts of splendour tost,
 Now shattered into sparkling gems of frost,
 Now thund'ring o'er the precipice's verge
 Through the black glen, and bursting into surge.
 Dread symbols of omnipotence Divine,
 Works of the Eternal Intellect, whose shrine
 Is universal Nature, in this hour
 Of solitude I feel, I own your power
 With keener sense: ye mountains, tempest-riven,
 From peak to base; ye torrents, madly driven
 With wreck of crag and forest to the night
 Of fathomless gulfs; ye snowy floods of light,
 Ridged like the billows of a shoreless main
 Behind the pathway of the hurricane—
 There is a spirit in you, which comes o'er
 The mind's lone contemplations—let me pour
 Its feeling in my breast, and as I gaze adore.
 Eternity speaks from your heights, around
 Your icy brows sweeps the awakening sound
 That hails us as immortal: this vile earth,
 This body, prison of our heavenly birth,
 Holds not communion with you; 'tis the soul
 That mingles with your terrors, in the roll
 Of your deep thunders, in the distant voice
 Of cataracts, commanding to rejoice

Its heaven-aspiring faculties. Power, might,
 And majesty, the vast, the infinite,
 Are shadow'd in those giant forms, and raise
 To them our aspirations whilst we gaze,
 Till all the bitterills of life, which tear
 Our mortal part, the stripes of grief which bare
 Our bleeding bosoms to the scoffs of those
 Whose morbid dulness feels not Fancy's woes,
 Glance harmless from us :—here at length we're free ;
 Nature, these mental spectres haunt not thee.

THE road over Mont Cenis first conducted me into Italy. What I saw and felt on the occasion suggested the foregoing lines. I will detail in prose, from the memoranda I made on the spot, more accurately, the observations which occurred to me, and the emotions which I experienced.

April 5. We left the small town of St. Michael at break of day, and at the first post arrived at Modene, situated very romantically at the entrance of a deep defile of precipitous mountains. From Modene we began very perceptibly to ascend, although the commencement of the passage of Mont Cenis is not reckoned from this place, but from Lans-le-bourg, a stage farther. The scenery, upon our leaving Modene, assumed the wildest and most magnificent character: the precipices were sudden and deep, the valleys below hollowed out into a variety of savage forms, and their natural gloom increased, by the thick woods of pine which overhung them; the mountains peaked and covered with snow, and projecting their bleak and barren sides and straight unbroken lines into the glens beneath. At Lans-le-bourg we had attained an elevation above the sea of more than 4000 feet. From this place the ascent became more rapid: we were forced to put on an additional pair of horses to the carriage, and to take with us some peasants, to assist in supporting its weight on the edge of the precipices, which, by the accumulation of snow, were rendered more than usually dangerous. We proceeded on foot, in order to have a more perfect view of the scenery. The road ascended by long traverses, six of which, each a mile in length, led from Lans-le-bourg to the highest point of Mont Cenis which it was necessary to pass. Our prospect was dreary in the extreme: on every side we saw wide-expanded snows, interrupted only by dark woods of pine, which stretched up the mountains. The snows were in some parts so deep, that the posts which are placed at the edge of the road to mark its direction, and which must be at least sixteen feet high, were almost covered. The snowy masses impended over our heads from the verge of perpendicular cliffs, and threatened to descend and overwhelm us as we passed; or they had fallen across the road, and had been cut through by the workmen constantly employed on Mont Cenis, in order to afford a passage. Whether Hannibal passed over Mont Cenis or not has been a subject of debate and inquiry. It is, however, impossible to cross it without perpetually recurring to the adventures of the Punic chief, and the admirable narrative of his historian. "*Ex propinquo visa montium altitudo, nivesque cœlo prope immixtæ, tecta informia imposita rupibus, pecora jumentaue torrida frigore, homines intonsi et inculti, animalia inanimaue omnia rigentia gelu, cœtera visu quàm dictu fœdiora terrorem renovarunt.*" The day was very cold, and the wind

rushing down the deep gorges of the mountain, and bringing with it particles of snow, beat directly in our faces, and added much to the difficulty of the ascent. We however reached the highest part of the road in about two hours and a half. We then traversed a dreary plain, completely buried under the snow, from one part of which we had a fine view of the highest peak of Mont Cenis, which, as we passed, burst for a few moments from the clouds that surrounded it, and then retired again into obscurity. On this plain is situated a convent, the monks of which are especially charged with the care and protection of the distressed traveller. Near the convent is a lake which I conclude to be the one which Strabo notices as the sources of the rivers Druentias and Durias. At a short distance beyond, near a single house called the *Grande Croix*, we found sledges waiting for us. We placed ourselves in them, and began to descend very rapidly. Each sledge was drawn by a mule, and guided by an athletic weather-beaten mountaineer. In one place the descent was so rapid, that my guide dismissed the mule, and directed the sledge down a shelving bank of snow, so steep that my own weight was sufficient to impel it with considerable velocity. Nothing could be wilder than the whole scene. The mountaineers with their sledges bounding from rock to rock, or sliding with their burden down the ridges of congealed snow; the bare broad cliffs hung with icicles, or the torrent suspended in its course by the frost; the road winding above our heads in short traverses, down which was seen at a distance the carriage slowly descending; a rude bridge thrown across a chasm or mountain-stream; the deep black valley below, in which appeared the small solitary village half buried beneath the impending rocks; and the vast amphitheatre of Mont Cenis, with its attendant mountains closing in every direction around us, covered with snow and veiled in clouds—all together formed a scene of impressive magnificence and desolation. We left our sledges at a small place called San Nicolo, and descended in our carriage the rest of the way to Susa, along an excellent road. We soon perceived that we were approaching a warmer climate; the snow disappeared altogether from the edges of the roads, although at the corresponding elevation on the side of Savoy it was several feet deep; the air was much milder, and breathed upon us the balmy softness of Italy. About an hour before we reached the foot of the mountain, Susa was visible, deeply sunk amidst the cliffs of great elevation. As we descended, and as the mountains by which we had been so long surrounded gradually opened, we caught a glimpse of the distant Italian plains and hills, seen through the vista of the termination of the range of Cenis. At one point the view was extremely beautiful: vineyards and majestic woods of chesnut formed the foreground; the small village of Novalese, with the spire of its church, appeared a little beyond; Susa still farther; and the river Duria, winding amidst the dark cliffs of the Alps, seemed to steal along with delight to the purple hills and green plains of Italy, which were seen faintly in the distance.

ON THE ORIGIN AND CELEBRATION OF EASTER.

THERE are but few, even in the number of those who have oftenest participated in the commemoration of Easter, that are acquainted with the origin and early observances of that festival. We will therefore cast a glance backwards at the ways of our Christian ancestors; rather with a view to satisfy the cravings of human inquisitiveness, than with any intent to point out those to obloquy, whose zeal, perseverance, and constancy, have bequeathed to us the rich legacy of a faith, the practices and promises of which enhance human happiness, and afford us a sublunary foretaste of "the bliss immortal."

The festival of Easter took its birth from the Paschal feast of the Jews: for the first Christians retained many of the Mosaic customs and celebrations, and in the sequel, either abolished them altogether, or rendered them typical of some remarkable occurrence in the annals of their religion. In this way they came to adopt the Paschal feast of the Jews, in the first instance, with all its customary observances, little careful of observing it as a commemoration of the resurrection of their Saviour. The Jews held this feast on the 14th day of the month "Nisan:" and the Eastern Christians began by celebrating it, conjointly with their rivals, on the same day. The Western church, however, did not follow their example in the day of its appointment; but kept this festival on the Sunday immediately succeeding the full moon of the Vernal Equinox, using a tradition of the apostles Peter and Paul as their authority for this variation. These two churches, therefore, observed the Easter feast at two different periods; but neither entered the lists against the other until Pius, Bishop of Rome, took occasion to ordain that it should be kept on a Sunday throughout Christendom. Anticetas, his successor, rigidly enforced this ordinance: and Victor, the Roman Bishop, afterwards held a synod at Rome, which decreed, that the Paschal feast should never be kept in correspondence with the Jewish observance, but should always be celebrated on a Sunday. The Bishops of the Western churches, however, having refused to conform with the synodical ordinance, were denounced in excommunication by Victor; but the papistical ban was subsequently recalled, and the Eastern Christians continued in the practice of siding with the Jews in the keeping of this festival. The general assembly of the church at Nice, in 325, ultimately decreed, that Easter should be held on the first Sunday after the full moon of the spring by the whole of Christendom. And its celebration now received another character. The Paschal feast of the Jews, in commemoration of the departure of the people of Israel from Egypt, was henceforward to be converted into a memorial of Christ's resurrection, as that event was known to have taken place on a Sunday; and it was to be observed also in the spring, as at this season the resurrection had taken place, though the precise day of its occurrence had not been handed down. From these circumstances we are naturally led to infer, that the early Christians little concerned themselves about the resurrection itself in their paschal festival; otherwise, the recollection of the exact day in the year of that memorable event would scarcely have been lost.

The decree of the council was generally recognised throughout the *Christian world*; and the few who persisted in adhering to the Jewish

custom, were called the "Quartodecimani." With a view to prevent any mistake in the future celebration of Easter, the Vernal Equinox was fixed for the 21st of March, although it does not always fall on this day according to astronomical computation.

The derivation of our English name of "Easter," we are warranted in tracing back to our Saxon ancestors, who called this feast the "Oster fest:"—the word "Ost," of old, signifying the East, in which quarter the sun rises; and being the more suitable a designation, since scripture acquaints us, that our Saviour "very early in the morning, when it was yet dark, had risen from the grave." Hence it became a common custom on Easter-day to rise before the sun, which an old tradition made our ancestors believe was used to *dance* on that morning. The early Christians, indeed, were accustomed to devote the night preceding it to prayers and thanksgivings until the time of cock-crow, which they conceived to be the moment of Christ's resurrection. And when these nocturnal observances fell into disuse, it became the custom to rise early and spend the morning in pious devotions, and walking in the fields; and the usual salutation, which even now prevails in the Greek church, was "*Jesus Christ is risen*;" to which the person accosted, replied, "*The Lord is risen indeed*." This was accompanied by the interchange of "Paschal eggs," stained with various colours, and devices emblematic of the resurrection; they are referred to in the following form of benediction, contained in the Ritual of Pope Paul the Fifth, "made for the use of England, Ireland, and Scotland." It runs in these words: "Bless, O Lord, we beseech thee, this thy creature of *eggs*, that it may become a wholesome sustenance to thy faithful servants, eating it in thankfulness to thee, on account of the *Resurrection* of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, with thee," &c. Dr. Chandler, in his Eastern travels, received from the Greeks "presents of coloured eggs, and cakes of Easter bread:" from which last our custom of cross-buns on Good Friday probably arose.

The usage of interchanging eggs at this season has been referred for its origin to the egg games of the Romans, which they celebrated at the time of our Easter, when they ran races in an oval, egg-shaped ring, and the victor received eggs as his prize. These games were instituted in honour of Castor and Pollux, whom fabulists relate to have come forth from an *egg*, deposited by Leda after Jupiter had visited her in the shape of a swan. Others allege that the custom was borrowed from the Jews, who, at their passover, set on the table two unleavened cakes, and two pieces of the lamb; to this they added some small fishes, because of the Leviathan; a *hard* egg, because of the bird Ziz; and some meal, because of the Behemoth. We will only add in reference to this custom, that Ray has recorded an old proverb, running—"I'll warrant you for an egg at Easter:" which points at the descent of this custom to later times.

Amongst the other symbols of the Easter season, it was formerly customary for work to cease and servants to be at liberty; and this resembled the practice of the early Christians, who set apart the whole week after Easter, in order that they might praise and glorify God for the Redeemer's resurrection. But without detaining the reader farther, we must refer him at once to a popular work,* for some curious

* Brand's Antiquities of the Common People.

memorials of the public shows, games, &c. by which this season was distinguished by our forefathers.

It is well known that *fire* has in the infancy of most nations been held in high esteem; and, among some of them, even accounted worthy of veneration. Religion, having ever been used as the vehicle and coverlid to superstition, and fire and water having been looked upon as the most efficient means of purification, we shall not feel at a loss to account for the origin and design of the *Easter fire*. The "*Lustrationes per ignem*," were, with the Romans, a sort of expiatory sacrifice offered, in deprecation and atonement, to an offended Deity, and resting upon the maxim that "*fire purifies*." Moses himself prohibited the Jews (Deuteronomy xviii. 10.) from making their sons or daughters pass through the fire as a means of purification;* and Pliny tells us the reverence for this element was carried so far among the Romans, that the *Hirpii*, in consideration of their skill in passing over ignited piles of wood, were absolved by the senate from military service, and endowed with other exclusive immunities.† And again, if by any neglect the fire sacred to Vesta became extinguished, we are told by Festus and Plutarch that the bowl, or *κραφίς*, being filled with tinder, sulphur, and other combustible materials, was exposed in a certain direction before the sun, until its concentrated rays ignited the contents. It would be curious to trace in how far the holy lamp used in Catholic churches is the offspring of "*Vestal fire*;" however, this at least appears evident, that the igneous superstitions common to *Paganism*, imperceptibly crept into *Christian* observance. And these superstitions must have made a violent inroad among our Christian predecessors, since it became necessary for the Sixth General Assembly of the church, which was held in the year 680, under Constantine Pogonatus, to prohibit "the practice of lighting fires in front of the houses or shops, and leaping over them at the time of the new moon."

The *Easter fire* in particular, which has not fallen into disuse even in our own times in some parts of the south of Germany, is probably of Pagan origin: and its institution, like that of so many other of the corruptions which disfigured the primitive churches, seems not to have been altogether foreign to sound policy: for "the most respectable bishops had persuaded themselves, that the ignorant rustics would more cheerfully renounce the superstitions of Paganism, if they found some resemblance, some compensation, in the bosom of Christianity."‡ The old chronicles record a twofold celebration of the *Easter fire*: the one held within, and the other outside of, the sacred edifice. Some particulars of the first may be gleaned from a letter written by Pope Zachary to Boniface, archbishop of Mentz: wherein the pontiff says, in allusion to this ceremony, "As to your inquiry about the Easter fire, let it serve for answer, that this thing has been ordained by the Holy Fathers ever since the time when, by the grace of God and our Lord Jesus Christ, and with his dear blood, the fifth Easter day was instituted, on which the holy ointment is consecrated. Three large lamps,

* Some idea of the cruel observance of this rite may be gathered from Sonnerat's account of the "*Feast of Fire*" in honour of Darma Rajah.

† *Hist. Nat.* vii. 2.

‡ *Gibbon's Decl and Fall*, vol. v. c. xxviii.

in which the oil shall be collected from others in the church, shall unfailingly burn in a secret spot, as well as in the sanctuary, and oil be poured into them, such as shall suffice until the third day. From these lights shall the fire required for baptism on the Holy Sunday be renewed.* Leo the Fourth left this ordinance unaltered; merely adding in his *Curâ Pastoralis*, that on Easter day the old fire should be extinguished, a new one consecrated, and distributed among the people. This usage seems unquestionably to be derived from a Roman prototype: for the everlasting Vestal fire (as it was called) was annually put out in the month of March, and a fresh one kindled by means of the solar rays. The fire was distributed to the Christian congregation through the medium of what were denominated "Easter Tapers," to which a label was attached, designating the number of the new year then celebrated, as computed from the period of the sufferings and death of Christ. The new year, it should be observed, commenced at the feast of Easter among the earlier Christians: in the same way as it began the holy year with the Israelites.

The great exterior fire was subsequently instituted in commemoration of the resurrection of our Saviour, as the light of the world: and this ceremony consists in the lighting of a bonfire upon an adjoining eminence or mountain, on the first day of Easter. The people are encamped around the fire; the younger classes jump over it, and as it burns out, every one carries a stake from it home with him, as a certain talisman against the effects of lightning.† It was the custom of the Western church, under an ordinance of Constantine the Great, to celebrate the chanting of the vigils of Easter Eve, accompanied by the splendour of immense wax tapers, which Eusebius‡ calls "waxen pillars:" and the whole city of Constantinople was illuminated by thousands of lamps throughout the night.

On Easter Eve it was usual for the Jews also to make a bonfire in the open air, into which all leavened bread was cast, with the following formula: "All leaven, which I have either seen or not seen, and which I have wholly expelled or not expelled from under my roof, shall henceforth be scattered out, destroyed, and be as nought but dust of the earth." And they grounded this custom on Exodus xii. v. 10. though this text has reference only to the paschal lamb.

In respect to the origin of the *Easter Fire*, we may still be permitted to add that Timeus, a Lutheran clergyman, would derive it from the Old Testament, 2 Kings, c. xxiii. where Josiah orders all the idols, altars, groves, &c. which the Jews had used in worshipping Baal and other false gods, to be destroyed; and thereupon celebrates the Passover. Josiah's example was followed by Charlemagne in his extirpation of the Saxon idols, which was succeeded by the celebration of Easter; when the people assembled round an immense fire, made in commemoration of the destruction of Pagan worship, sang hymns in remembrance of our Saviour's resurrection, and then bent their steps homewards in Christian soberness and peace.

* Serrarii Reb. Moguntiac.

† Thomas Naogeorgus has thus besung this superstition:—
Cujus quisque capit torrem molinæ summo
Fertque domum, ut quando tempestas ingruit atra
Succensa cæli plagæ sit tutus ab omni.

‡ Vita Const. iv. c. 22.

VOL. III. No. 15.—1822.

THE SILESIAN TRAVELLERS.*

"Miseris succurrere disco."

WHEN I was returning from Russia into France, I found myself, on entering the post-coach which runs between Riga and Breslaw, in company with a considerable number of travellers of different nations. We were arranged, two and two, upon wooden benches, with our port-manteaus at our feet, and without any covering but the heavens. We travelled night and day, exposed to the inclemency of the weather, and finding nothing in the inns on the route but black bread, malt brandy, and coffee. This is the common mode of travelling in Russia, Prussia, Poland, and the greater part of the northern states.

After having traversed enormous forests of pines and birch trees, alternating with extensive plains of sand, we entered upon the mountains clothed with beech and oak, which separate Poland from Silesia. Although my companions understood French well (for it has now become almost the universal language of Europe), they had hitherto spoken but little. One morning at break of day, we arrived at a hill, which overlooked a castle, remarkable for the beauty of its situation. Several small streams wound through its long avenues of limes, and formed a number of islands, which were laid out in orchards and in meadows. In the distance, as far as the eye could reach, the rich plains of Silesia extended themselves, covered with harvests, villages, and country-houses, and watered by the Oder; which, as it crossed the country, sparkled in the distance like a bandeau of silver and blue.

"What an enchanting view!" cried an Italian painter, who was on his road to Dresden. "I could fancy myself in the Milanese."

An astronomer of the Berlin Academy replied, "Yes, those are fine plains! What a base might be traced on them! while the steeples would serve to form a magnificent series of triangles."

An Austrian baron, smiling contemptuously on the geometrician, observed, "Know, Sir, that this is the most noble district in all Germany; all the steeples you see are its dependencies."

"Then, Sir," said a Swiss, "the people must be serfs; what an unfortunate land!"

A Prussian officer of hussars, who was smoking his pipe, took it with great gravity from his mouth, and in a tone of decision replied, "Not a man here depends upon any one, except on the King of Prussia. He has delivered the Silesians from the yoke of Austria and of its nobles. I remember when he encamped us on this spot four years ago. They are famous plains for giving a battle upon. I would fix my magazines in the castle, and plant my artillery on its terraces; I would line the river with my infantry, place my cavalry on its wings; and

* This ingenious trifle was originally written by Bernardin de St. Pierre, when the author was professor of morality in the *écoles normales*, as a lesson of tolerance, but by the premature dissolution of those establishments was not employed in their service. It was, however, read before the Institute with considerable applause; and was afterwards printed by the author, rather, I believe, for private distribution, than for publication. At all events, being but little known in England, it cannot but prove agreeable to the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine*, as an additional trait of the amiable disposition and philosophic turn of mind of the author of the *Chamisso Indienne*.

thus posted, I would take my stand with thirty thousand men against all the forces of the Empire. Frederick for ever! say I."

This gentleman had scarcely resumed his pipe, when a Russian officer took possession of the conversation. "I should be very sorry," said he, "to inhabit such a country as Silesia, which is open to all sorts of attacks. Our Cossacks ravaged it in the last war; and but for the interference of our regular troops, they would not have left a cabin standing. Now, however, things are still worse; for the peasants have acquired the right of pleading against their masters, and the citizens in their municipalities enjoy still greater privileges. For my part, give me the environs of Moscow."

A young student of Leipsic followed the two officers, inquiring, "How can you gentlemen bear to talk of war, amidst such lovely scenery? How much wiser to exclaim with Virgil, *Oh Lycoris, hic tecum consumerer ævo*—Oh Lycoris, how willingly would I here wear away my life in your company." At these words, which were spoken with great animation, a pretty little milliner from Paris, who had fallen asleep with the fatigue of travelling, awoke; and at the sight of the fine landscape, cried out in her turn, "Oh, the lovely country! it wants nothing but Frenchmen to inhabit it." "What are you sighing for?" said she to a young Rabbín who was seated beside her.

"Look," replied the Jewish Doctor, "Do you not see a mountain there with a peaked top? that is the very picture of Mount Sinai."

All the company burst into a loud and long laugh. But an old Lutheran minister, of Erfurt, in Saxony, contracting his forehead into a furious frown, exclaimed in a voice of great rage, "Silesia is an accursed country; truth is banished from it. It is under the heavy yoke of Papacy. You will see, on entering Breslaw, the palace of the ancient Dukes of Silesia, which serves now for a college of Jesuits, although that race is driven out of every other country of Europe."

A fat Dutch merchant, a purveyor of the Prussian army during the last war, replied to him, by asking, "How can you, Sir, call that country accursed, which is covered with such immense riches? The King of Prussia has done very wisely in conquering Silesia. It is the brightest jewel in his crown. I would rather have an acre of good garden-ground in it, than a square mile of the sandy marsh of Brandenburg."

Amidst these disputes we arrived at Breslaw, and alighted at a very comfortable inn. While the dinner was in preparation, the conversation turned upon the Lord of the Castle which we had passed in the morning. The Saxon minister declared that "he was the rascal who commanded the Prussian artillery at the siege of Dresden; and had battered with poisoned bombs that unfortunate city, the half of the houses of which are still in ruins;" and he added, that "the man had paid for his castle with the contributions he had levied in Saxony."

"You mistake," said the Baron. "He acquired the estate by marriage with an Austrian Countess, who degraded herself by marrying him. Poor lady! she is much to be pitied! None of her children can ever enter into the noble chapters of Germany; for their father is but a soldier of fortune."

"What you say of him," rejoined the Prussian hussar, "does him the greatest honour; and he would still be held in the highest esteem in Prussia, if he had not forfeited his reputation, by quitting the

King's service at the peace. He cannot, however, now show his face there."

The innkeeper, who was serving the dinner, observed, "It is very clear, gentlemen, that you do not know the person you are talking of. He is just the most beloved and highly esteemed man in the world. He has not a single beggar on his estate. Though himself a Catholic, he relieves the poor of all nations and creeds, that pass through his estates. If they be Saxons, he lodges and feeds them for three days, in compensation for the evil he was obliged to do their country during the war. He is adored too by his wife and children."

"Learn, Sir, to know," cried the Lutheran minister, "that there can be neither charity nor any other virtue within the pale of his communion. All he does is pure hypocrisy, like all the virtues of Pagans and Papists."—We had several Catholics among our number, who were upon the point of commencing a terrible dispute; when the landlord, taking his place at the head of the table, as is customary in Germany, began to help the dinner. A profound silence ensued. Each one applied himself to eat and drink, with a traveller's appetite. The dinner was excellent; a dessert of peaches, grapes, and melons, followed it. The host, while coffee was in preparation, desired his wife to bring some bottles of Champagne, with which he expressed his determination of regaling the company, in honour of the Lord of the Castle, to whom he was under particular obligations. The bottles being arrived, he placed them before the Frenchwoman, begging of her to do the honours by them. Joy displayed itself in every face; and the conversation became once more animated. My countrywoman presented our host with the first glass, and informed him "that the fare was as good as in the very best inns in Paris, and that she knew no Frenchman who exceeded himself in gallantry."

The Russian officer agreed, that fruit was more plentiful at Breslaw than at Moscow. He compared Silesia with Livonia for fertility; and added, that the liberty of the peasants caused the ground to be better tilled, and the landlord to be much happier.

The Astronomer remarked, that Moscow is in the same latitude nearly as Breslaw, and consequently susceptible of the same productions. The Hussar said, that "in truth, the Lord of the Castle, whose estate we had passed, did not do ill in quitting the service; since even the great Frederick himself, having gloriously finished the war, passed a part of his time in gardening, and cultivating with his own hands his melons, at Sans Souci."

All the party was of the Hussar's opinion; and even the Saxon minister allowed that Silesia was a fine and a good province. "It is a thousand pities," he said, "that it should be plunged in error, but, liberty of conscience having been established in all the states of the King of Prussia, I have little doubt that all its inhabitants, and especially the Lord of the Castle, will yield to the truth, and embrace the confession of Augaburg. For God will not leave a good action without recompense; and certainly it is a good action, which cannot sufficiently be praised, in a soldier who has injured my country during the war, to do it all the good he can in time of peace."

The host then proposed to drink the health of the worthy Lord of the Castle, which was done amidst the applauses of all the company. Not even the young Rabbin refused the toast. He had dined misera-

bly enough by himself in a corner of the room, on his own provisions, as is usual with the Jews, when on a journey; but he rose to present his great leather cup to the Frenchwoman, who filled it to the brim; and he drank the contents at a draught.

"What think you of that, Doctor?" said the lady. "The land which produces wine like this, is it not well worth the Land of Promise?"—"Certainly, Madam," he replied with a smile; "and especially where such wine is poured out by such handsome arms and hands."

"Wish, then, that your Messiah may be born in France, that he may gather your tribes there from all parts of the world."

"Would to Heaven he might!" said the Jew; "but first he must make the entire conquest of Europe, where we are now almost universally so sadly persecuted. It would require nothing less than another Cyrus, to make the different nations live at peace with each other, and with all mankind."

"May God hear your prayer!" replied the greater part of the guests.

I could not but admire the variety of opinions maintained by such a number of disputants before going to dinner, who were now, on leaving the table, so very nearly of one mind; and I drew from the circumstance this inference, that man is rendered ill-natured by misfortune (for such, to most persons, is the state of fasting), and that he becomes well disposed when happy. For when he has dined plentifully, like the savage of Rousseau, he is at peace with all the world.

Another reflection not less important is, that all these opinions, which in their turn had almost shaken my own, proceeded solely from the difference of education of my travelling companions: I doubt not, therefore, that each man, on recovering his usual temper, returned to his own. Desirous of still farther fixing my judgment on the subjects of this conversation, I addressed myself to a neighbour, who had hitherto maintained a profound silence, appearing to have preserved throughout a perfect equality of temper. "What do you think, Sir," said I, "of Silesia, and of the lord of the castle?"

"Silesia," he replied, "is a very fine country, because it produces abundant crops; and the lord of the castle is an excellent man, because he relieves the unfortunate. As to our manner of judging them, it differs in each individual according to his religion, his nature, his trade, his temperament, his sex, his age, the season of the year, even the time of day, and above all, the education which gives the first colouring to our opinions. If, however, we turn all these to human happiness, we are sure of judging as God acts. It is according to the great reason which governs the universe, that we should regulate our own particular judgments, as we set our watches by the sun." After this conversation, I tried to model my judgments by the rule which this philosopher had laid down. I found that the world and its inhabitants, like Silesia, are judged by all according to each man's own light. The Astronomer sees in it nothing but a ball, like a Dutch cheese, turning round the sun, with the Newtonians. Soldiers see in it only fields of battle and promotions. Nobles behold only feudalities and serfs. Priests look for communicants and the excommunicated. Merchants regard only its branches of commerce and its gold. Painters see pictures, epicures feasts; but the philosopher considers it in its relations with human wants, and views its inhabitants in their mutual relations with each other.

LETTERS ON ENGLAND. BY M. DE ST. FOIX.

LETTER VI.

London, Thursday, Oct. 2, 1817.

WE left Brighton on the 30th; slept that night at a town called Dorking, and arrived in London yesterday afternoon. This is not the shortest road; but we chose it because we were told the country through which it lies is the more beautiful of the two. We were indeed delighted with it the whole way. It is in one respect different from what we had been led to expect by the flatness of the view from the Devil's Dyke, being a succession of hill and dale throughout; but for the rest, it in every thing resembles that.

In travelling here, you need never be reminded of towns and cities, till you come to them. The roads are mostly inclosed by thick hedges on either side, with lofty trees growing out of them at intervals; and they wind about so, that you can scarcely ever see along them for two hundred yards; but from the elevations and openings in the trees, you catch, every now and then, beautiful views, which are perpetually varying in extent and character, but which never become strikingly grand. Every thing, indeed, is on a smaller scale than what I have been accustomed to see. I feel as if I had got upon the surface of a smaller globe than that on which France is situated. Even the houses are in keeping with this feeling. The country seats of the nobility and gentry are, in point of size, like baby-houses, compared with those of France. Indeed I can in no way bring to my own mind so striking a feeling of the contrast in this respect, as by fancying a French chateau placed on any one spot in the road between Brighton and London.

As far as I have seen, the characteristic of English scenery is exactly this:—that the unity of feeling connected with what is called *the country* is never broken. The hand of man may be detected every where, but it no where obtrudes itself, for the work is done in the very spirit of Nature. There are no endless avenues of trees, no boundless fields of corn, no straight, wide, paved roads, no woods planted in lines and sections, with the branches of the trees stripped off to the top. These have certainly a grand and imposing effect, but, like most other grand and imposing things, they talk of what one does not desire to hear. Such an avenue of trees must be the approach to some grand house; such an immense tract of corn must belong to some wealthy proprietor; such a broad road must lead to some great city; such a wood must have been planted for some use. Now grand houses, and wealthy proprietors, and large cities, and utility, are the most unrural things in the world—they are precisely what one goes into the country to forget.

I have constantly had feelings allied to these when I have been travelling in France; but they were never very definite ones. I knew there was something I disliked in the scenery, but I could not tell exactly what. I now at once perceive the cause of this; and if I had learned nothing else, that alone would have been worth coming for.

You know I am not one of those querulous persons who want every *thing* just as it cannot be had; though I used to lament that, where,

cultivation was necessary, the hand of the cultivator must necessarily be so visible; but I now find here that it need be visible only in strict keeping with the scene of it.

Unity of effect is the great source of beauty in all nature and in all art. To speak of French and English scenery as matters of taste, and leaving particular associations out of the question, the difference between them seems to be, that, in the French, this unity of effect is perpetually broken by the evident desire to blend, in the mind of the spectator, admiration of art with that of nature; in the English it is perpetually preserved, by keeping art out of sight. An Englishman seems content to love Nature for herself. A Frenchman can love Nature too; but his admiration of her increases in proportion as she calls up feelings connected with *himself*: just as he loves his wife or his mistress best when she happens to have on a dress that *he* chose for her.

Would it be too fanciful, to trace the character of national scenery to that of the people to whom it belongs? The crying fault of the French character is egotism, arising from open self-satisfaction; that of the English is gloom, arising from secret self-discontent. A Frenchman cannot have too much of himself; an Englishman cannot have too little. A Frenchman constantly feels himself to be a part of his country, and his country to be a part of himself; so that he never cares to quit it. An Englishman feels that he *has* a country only from the particular ties that bind him to it; so that when *they* are broken, the world becomes his country, and he wanders from one part of it to another, without end or aim. It cannot be denied that both these are very faulty extremes in character; but I think, of the two, the English one is likely to produce, upon the whole, the least pernicious effects: indeed it may lead to good ones; but the other cannot. That which makes us content with the thing we are, and with all that is about us, binds us to earthly and tangible reality with a chain that is the more strong from its being invisible, and from our having no desire to break it. It keeps the mind in perpetual subjection; checks the growth of all its faculties except the very worst, and in the end inevitably destroys the very best. But that which induces us to fly from ourselves, though it often leads to more fatal consequences than the other, may have a contrary effect. The human mind cannot exist without love and admiration: they are its daily food, food that is scattered about for it every where. It is true, that when the mental appetite becomes vitiated and it cannot relish what it finds strewn about its feet, it *may* starve: but on the other hand it may be driven to seek its food at a distance. Hatred of itself and of humanity may force it to seek refuge in other worlds: in the world of books—the world of thought—the world of nature. And let it but once gain a true insight of these, and all its finer faculties must expand. Its fancy and imagination, which are always progressive and yet always young, will then travel through all the regions of possible or impossible existence; and if they return without finding a dwelling-place, they will yet bring back with them stores from which they may, for ever after, create worlds of their own. The affections, too, will then recognise their kindred with humanity; they will learn the true objects on which they were made to rest; and will find, that, if they can for a while ex-

patiate in external nature as in their *country*, they can, after all, have no *home* but in the human heart. The mind's vitiated appetite will then be corrected; its taste for the simple and the true will revive; and all will be right again.

I have been led a long way from where I intended to have gone. I merely meant to ask whether the different characters of which I have spoken, in the scenery of the two countries, may not be traced to these different *traits* in those of the people? Whether the Frenchman, being always contented with himself, and wherever he may wander, desiring every where to find hints that may bring him back to himself, may not therefore have endeavoured to put upon every thing external an impress of himself? And whether the Englishman, being never really contented with himself, and always desiring to take refuge in something else, finding external nature the best strong hold to which he can retreat from himself, may not, therefore, have endeavoured to leave or to keep it as he found it?

After all, however, the approach to the metropolis, and the view of it just before entering, if not the most pleasing, is by far the most remarkable part of the journey. For more than two leagues before entering London, the road is lined on each side, almost without intermission, with houses; all of which, for cleanness and finish, may be described by what I told you of those at Brighton. But the view of the metropolis itself, at about half a league distance, or rather the spot which it occupies, is the most singular sight I ever beheld. I really at the first view of it, felt quite a shock at the idea of living in such a place. All that can be seen of the city itself is the immense dome of its cathedral: the rest, apparently for leagues on every side, is one dead, immoveable mass of thick dun-yellow smoke, not hanging over, but rising out of it, and more and more dense as it approaches the earth; so that the thickest part must be that which the inhabitants breathe.

However, on coming a little closer, it did not seem quite so bad—so we ventured into it;—and here we are, very well accommodated at the hotel C——'s friend recommended to us. C—— wrote to tell him of our arrival, and he came to us directly. I thought there was, at first, a little hardness and reserve of manner about him, but this soon wore off, and I think I shall be pleased with him. We intend stopping here a few days, and shall then, perhaps, accept the invitation he has given us to pass some time at his house.

In two or three days I will tell you something of this very strange place; more than commonly strange to me, perhaps, from my having had so little to do with great cities of late.

LETTER VII.

London, Saturday, Oct. 4th, 1817.

We do not intend going to any of the sights of London till we have M—— with us; so I have been wandering about for the last two days without any distinct object. In one word, I hate London already! The filth of the streets, and the eternal din of the carts and coaches in them, is execrable; the general aspect of the people you meet there—hard, heavy, coarse, vulgar, awkward, the antithesis of every thing *spirituel*—is execrable; their ungraceful and tasteless costume is exe-

erable; the endless succession of plain brown dirty-looking bricks piled up for houses, with plain square holes for windows and doors, are execrable; to me, who loathe commerce in its beginning and its end, its objects and its effects, the shops, superb as some of them are, are execrable; and above all, the atmosphere (for London has one of its own) is execrable.

Let me again warn you that these are only first impressions, not deliberate opinions; not what I think, but what I feel. I can at once perceive, however, that London contains all the horrors of Paris, without any of its general character of external grandeur. It remains for me to learn whether any thing like the particular splendours of Paris are to be found here:—its magnificent public monuments,—its admirable museums of art and nature,—its truly royal library,—its palaces and temples,—its lyceums and academies,—its theatres and gardens and fountains,—and the rest of those virtues of that first of cities, which half contrive, even among the wise and good, to keep its vices in countenance.

Monday, October 6.

I continue this from the house of M——. You may be sure I satisfied myself of the sincerity of his wish that we should make his house our home while we remain in London, before I consented to accept the invitation.

There is something peculiar about this young Englishman. Over his countenance there is a hue of deep, settled thoughtfulness, which is very remarkable in so young a man; and something about his manner, which at the same time represses confidence and encourages it: a reserve which forbids a quick intimacy, or sudden interchange of thoughts and feelings, and yet a sincerity of expression which cannot be mistaken, which at once satisfies you that he must mean what he says: a sincerity that will not even permit itself those allowable exaggerations upon which all conventional politeness is founded. I am certain, for example, that nothing would induce him to offer his hand, or subscribe himself “sincerely yours,” to a man he despised. He has a tinge of the melancholy which is said to be so prevalent among the English; but instead of settling, as it usually does, into a coarse and careless indifference, it seems in him to have assumed a directly opposite feature. It seems to have elevated his character instead of depressing it, to have strengthened his mind instead of weakening it, to have softened his heart instead of indurating it. This melancholy may be detected in every thing—in his countenance, his voice, his manner of speaking, and thinking, and feeling—but it never becomes obtrusive in any thing. Perhaps, indeed, it may require something of a kindred feeling to detect it at all; for C—— scarcely observed it, though he had opportunities, when M—— was in France last year, of seeing a good deal of him. But C—— saw enough then to make him sure that M—— and I should like each other very much; and I think we shall.

I can perceive that M—— dislikes talking, except on a few particular subjects; but on them he speaks with that fine and somewhat exaggerating earnestness, which always springs from real and intense feeling, and *can* spring from nothing else. The favourite of these subjects seem to be poetry, the fine arts, and elegant literature in general. In the two last of these we seem to agree in almost every thing; but

with respect to poetry, I do not think we exactly understand each other yet.

To-morrow we go to see the fragments of ancient architectural sculpture that were brought from Greece some years ago. They are chiefly from the Parthenon; so that you will readily guess I have chosen to see them before any thing else.

LETTER VIII.

London, Tuesday, Oct. 7, 1821.

I HAVE seen the sculptures from the Parthenon; and though I intended that my account of every thing connected with the arts in this country should be reserved till I had qualified myself to form a judgment as to their general condition, yet I cannot resist the impulse of writing you a few words about these glorious works, now that the feelings they have excited in me are at their height. I shall be able to give you a more detailed account of them hereafter, when I come to speak of the National Museum of which they form so distinguished a part. You may thank your stars, as I do mine, that I am not a critic—that I cannot talk about these things technically. If I could, I should never have done. But then I should *only* talk about, not admire them; as it is, I can *only* admire, not talk about them.

It is not possible for me to convey to you what I think, or rather what I feel about them, because I have nothing but words to send you; and they, unaccompanied by expression of voice and look, are comparatively powerless. In a word, these exquisite fragments, for they are mere fragments, are worthy to stand beside the Venus itself. Like that statue, they are pure imitations of select nature; and so far perhaps they rank above the Apollo, as it respects the artists who formed them. I mean that more intense study, a profounder knowledge of art, and a deeper feeling for beauty as it exists in Nature, were probably required to produce these works than the Apollo. But I think that, without reference to the skill that produced them, and viewed only as things calculated to induce certain permanent effects on the mind and heart of the spectator, that sublime statue ranks above them. One, capable of appreciating them justly, may pass a day among these sculptures from the Parthenon, and leave them with no other feelings than those of present and immediate delight and admiration: but he cannot stand for an hour before the Apollo, without becoming wiser, better, and happier, for the rest of his life; I do not mean that the Apollo has more of what is called ideal beauty; but that it has something superior to beauty at all: something loftier, more imaginative, more unearthly.

This term "ideal beauty" is perpetually in the mouths of the critics here and every where else; and yet they are all puzzled themselves, and they puzzle every body else, in determining what it means. Well they may! for in fact it means nothing at all. It is a contradiction in terms. It is intended to mark a distinction, which they fancy is to be discovered, between the beauty of art, and the beauty of nature. But there is no such distinction. There can be none. Every thing that is beautiful in art is to be found somewhere in nature, in at least an equal, I think a superior degree. I am persuaded, for example, that

there is nothing in art equal to some human faces which I myself have seen. But then there is, perhaps, nothing in nature equal to some works of art, as combinations of beauty; and this is all that can be, or at least that ought to be meant by ideal beauty. It is *select* beauty, and nothing more. It must have its various prototypes somewhere in nature, or it is not beauty at all.

I do not think the Greeks had any notion of ideal beauty, as distinguished from real or natural. They selected from nature, and then created from their selections. Witness the Helen of Zeuxis. But they did not attempt to engender an artificial beauty in their own minds; because they knew that the imagination itself, with all its wondrous powers, cannot create any thing permanently affecting to the human mind, the rudiments of which did not previously exist somewhere in nature. The Venus is the most perfect statue in existence, not because it possesses a beauty superior to, or different from that of nature; but because it combines the largest portion of select natural beauty. And this beauty can be considered as ideal, only so far as it is not a *portrait*—not a *copy* from, but an *imitation* of, nature. A portrait can perhaps never be perfect, except as a portrait. It may be said that nothing which is a copy, or is not an imitation of nature, can be perfect. And admitting the first part of this axiom to be true, the works of nature are not therefore imperfect; for all the rudiments of perfection exist in her; and she has given to man the mechanical power to combine them, and the mental power to appreciate them when they are combined.

I have been led to make these remarks, by reading the opinions of the professional critics here, on the marbles from Athens.* They all seem to agree, that the fragments possess less of what they call ideal beauty, than the Apollo does. But some rank them exactly as much below that statue, as others do above it; and (what is very singular) precisely for the same reason,—namely, *because* they possess less ideal beauty. This incongruity arises from neither party having distinct notions of what they themselves mean by ideal beauty. One party has right feelings on the subject; but both have wrong principles.

It is remarkable, too, that these critics seem to have forgotten that the Venus de Medici exists at all. Not one of them, in making comparisons between these sculptures and other fine things of the kind, has mentioned that divine statue—to which, of all others, these bear the nearest resemblance in style and character.

By the bye, one of these persons (and one whose works as an artist have acquired him a very just celebrity, on the Continent as well as here) has made the notable discovery, that the Apollo is only a copy! The arrangement of the hair, he says, and the folds of the mantle, are more adapted to bronze than to marble! Indeed! and could this person really dare to stand in that awful presence, and instead of bowing down before the visible God, suffer his eyes to go peeping and prying about among the plaits of the hair and the folds of the mantle? But this it is to be a professional critic—to look technically at things!

* The writer seems to refer to the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on the subject of purchasing the Elgin marbles for the National Museum.

He reminded me of two of his countrywomen whom I once saw standing before the Transfiguration. I found that the whole of their attention had been fixed by the plaiting of the hair of one of the female figures. It was "so natural," they said. You see the extremes of knowledge and of ignorance exactly meet.—I dare say this gentleman is one of those who occasionally employ themselves in pulling a rose to pieces scientifically, in order to see how it is made.

I have no great affection for the "*triste métier de critique*" at any time; but least of all when it is employed about the highest productions of the fine arts—such as the sculptures in question.—They are, in fact, not subjects for criticism at all: they are above its sphere.—It is the general feeling of mankind—the light that is within us that must appreciate them. That which contains no beauty but what it requires the eye of a critic to find out, contains none at all. All the criticism in the world never made a single real lover of the fine arts. It has made hosts of amateurs and connoisseurs—worshippers of a name—stringers of phrases—chatterers about *gusto*, *chiaro-scuro*, the *beau idéal*, and so forth. But these have no real love for the fine arts. They can have none,—because real love, whatever may be the object of it, springs from the depths of the heart;—and these people have no hearts: they have talked theirs away; or bartered them for a vocabulary of technical phrases.

When once the few fundamental principles of truth are known, then the taste that is got by reading books of criticism, is like the morality that is acquired by reading books of casuistry—that is, something worse than none at all:—for criticism is to beauty in art, just what metaphysics is to truth in morals—it makes "no light, but rather darkness visible."

Criticism, like every thing else, is very well in its place; but like every thing else, it does not exactly know where that is.—The sublimities of M. Angelo are beyond its reach;—the divine forms of Raphael were not made to be meddled with by its unhallowed fingers;—the ineffable expressions of Corregio must not be sullied by its earthy breath.—They were given to the world for something better; and they have done their bidding hitherto, and will do it to the end of time. They have opened a perpetual spring of lofty thoughts and pure meditations; they have blended themselves with the very existence, and become a living principle in the heart of mankind;—and they are now no more fit to be touched and tampered with than the stars of heaven—for like them "*levan di terra al cielo nostr' intelletto*."

When I recollect that all the choicest of these treasures were lately ours, and that now they are gone from us for ever, I cannot help, for a moment, turning my thoughts to where, of all other places, they are least at ease—among cabinets and statesmen. I cannot help asking, after all that we had suffered, was this necessary? was it just? But my melancholy feelings are doubled at these questions; for I dare not answer them in the negative.

I must indulge myself, for a moment, in following these holy relics (the only things which deserve that title) to what, after all, seems to be their destined home—in fancying the pure and solemn delight of some noble spirit,—for there are still a few who dignify that deservedly unhappy country,—on hearing of their return. He would at first, per-

haps—like Petrarch when he thought he discovered a gleam of hope dawning on the liberties of his country—fancy he heard the united spirit of the mighty dead

“Si faccia lieto, udendo la novella!
E dice, Roma mia sarà ancor bella.”

But, if he appreciate these things justly, his joy will not be unmixed with melancholy; for he will feel that Italy is not now a worthy sanctuary for them: though he may still hope that by and through them she may become so. He will not dare to think upon the present; for if he did, it could only be to ask, with one of her own children,

“Italia; che suoi guai non par che senta;
Vecchia, oziosa e lenta;
Dormirà sempre?”

or to exclaim with another, still more indignantly,

“Or va: repudia il valor prisco, e sposa
L'ozio, e fra il sangue, i gemiti, e le strida,
Nel periglio maggior dormi, e riposa:
Dormi, adultera vil.”

In short, in whatever way he may connect his thoughts with these deathless memorials of the glory of his country and of human nature, all his conscious elevation at the sight of them must spring from the past,—all his hopes and aspirations must rest upon the future.

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER VIII.

My letter before the last exhibited Captain Augustus Thackeray, in all his embroidery, preparing to partake of Mr. Culpepper's repast, at the residence of the latter in Savage Gardens. “Been to the Opera lately?” inquired the elegant stranger of Mrs. Culpepper, in a tone of such decided recitative, that I would lay an even wager upon its having been modelled upon part of the dialogue of *Il Turco in Italia*. Luckily the tremulous lady of the mansion was prevented from answering the question, by an exclamation of “Dinner, Jack, directly!” from the hungry lips of her impatient spouse, which gave the Captain time to forget that he had propounded it. The slayer of men now conducted himself according to the laws of Ton, in that case made and provided. He first planted himself with his back to the fire, with either leg sprawled out, like a pair of animated compasses: he next drew from his sabretash a snuff-box, which he deposed to having purchased in the Palais Royal. To drive away the particles of Prince's mixture, which had impertinently planted themselves upon his mustachios, producing a prolonged sneeze, he drew from the same receptacle a pocket-handkerchief of crimson silk: he then fixed his eyes upon a paper trap, which hung from the ceiling, to catch flies, and partly whistled and partly sung “Sul Aria:” he, finally, strolled toward the window, the edge of his sword-sheath, like the rattle of the American reptile, giving due notice of his locomotion: and, after surveying the White Tower of Julius Cæsar and the foliage of Trinity square in momentary apathy, “my pretty page looked out afar” no longer; but, turning to Mr. Culpepper, said,

"Are these trees?" wondering, as well he might, that the natives of these Hyper-Borean regions should have acquired the art of aborization. "Trees! yes," answered the vender of slops, "what should they be? Oh, but I suppose you don't approve of railing in and planting that part of Tower-hill." The elegant stranger gently inclined his head, which the interrogator mistook for acquiescence, and thus went on: "You are quite right; I never liked it: I held up my two hands against it in the vestry, but I was out-voted. Ah, sir, in my time—when I was apprentice to old Frank Fit-out, the slop-seller in the Tenter-ground, that was all Tower-hill; smack-smooth, as the palm of your hand: then there was something like going on. I've seen Doctor Bossy, the quack, there, upon a stage with a blue and white check curtain; and I've seen a matter of ten boys at a time playing chuck-farthing; ay, and a matter of five sailors abreast singing ballads and playing fiddles. Ah! that was something like!" "Something like *what?*" inquired he of the sabre-tash, with eyelids dropping until their lashes almost met his mustachios. Old Culpepper found it difficult to establish a simile, that should accord with so many discordant articles, and held his peace. There was something in the above harangue, short as it was, that was rather nauseous than otherwise to every one present: Mrs. Culpepper, who boasted her second-cousinship to a Serjeant, (whether at law or in the guards I have never been able to ascertain,) disliked the mention of old Frank Fit-out and the Tenter-ground; Miss Clara thought the objection to turning the hill into an inclosed square was meant as a *fling* at her rotatory flirtations with young Dixon in that hallowed sanctuary; and George, whose determination to *sink the shop* probably originated in an honest aversion to *shop-lifting*, heard the word "slop-seller" from his father's lips with that heart-sinking sensation which came across Blifil, when his uncle Alworthy asked him what he had done with his mother's letter. Then it was that the boy Jack opened the drawing-room door; and then it was that old Culpepper, concluding that he appeared to announce happiness, bawled out "Dinner, dinner!" and hunting every body before him, even as a Hampshire driver urges pigs, drove the whole herd down a steep staircase into the dining-room. If Nature had ordained man to feed upon napkins and horn-handled knives, the motion would have been most reasonable; for of aught else the table exhibited not the shadow. "What the devil's this?" cried the master of the house to the footboy with a look in which authority and dismay were mingled. "I went up stairs, Sir," answered the latter, "to tell you that dinner would be ready presently." "Presently!" cried Culpepper, "psha! what signifies presently? however, since we are here, let us take our places; it will save time. Captain Thackeray, sit up by Madam; Clara, sit you on this side of the Captain; I don't ask you, Sir, whether you mind the fire—it's your business, you know, to stand it: ha, ha, ha! I beg pardon, but hunger sharpens wit; George, take your seat opposite. Well, now we look not a little like fools. This reminds me of a most extraordinary circumstance which I would not miss telling for all the world. When I was apprentice to—But here comes dinner!" The "hold, break we off" of Hamlet was never delivered in so awful a tone. The aforesaid Jack, tottering under a tureen, now made his appearance, followed by the housemaid Jane, in a white cap and apron, and a spotted calico gown,

bearing the roast beef of the whole of Old England, if I might judge from its magnitude. To place these and other articles upon the table, over the shoulders of the sitters, required great delicacy of eye, united to great vigour of muscle. These opposite talents are seldom found united in one person. The consequence was, that in steering the beef over the shoulder of the shrinking dragoon, a slight dribble of gravy trickled down his right ear and cheek, and finally rested upon that portion of his shirt collar, which, like the blinker of a coach-horse, effectually prevented him from starting at the beauty who had seated herself beside him. Hot anger mantled in the offended cheek, and for some minutes kept the liquid from coagulation. He, however, said nothing, and was helped to vermicelli soup. If men with glass windows should not throw stones, by parity of reasoning, men with mustachios should not swallow vermicelli soup. The valiant Captain made the attempt, and only in part succeeded; the liquor indeed went down his throat, but the rosy ingredients refused so to do, and wound themselves around his mustachios, his nostrils, and his chin-tuft, to the no small glee of the master of the mansion. "Captain," cried the latter, "I don't dabble much in poetry, but I have read Monk Lewis's *Alonzo and Imogene*: I could swear I saw the spectre before me—

"The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his nose and his whiskers about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene."

"Jack! do run to Seething Lane and bring back Bill Brim, the barber, with you. If the Captain is not *shaved*, my dinner will be *saved*, ha, ha, ha! I beg pardon, Captain, but I have not swallowed a mouthful yet; and hunger sharpens wit."

FOR THE TOMB OF THOSE WHO FELL AT WATERLOO.

ΤΩΝ ΕΝ ΘΕΡΜΟΠΥΛΑΙΣ ΘΑΝΟΝΤΩΝ Κ. Τ. Δ.

SIMONIDES.

SPIRITS of the heroic dead,
Who of old in triumph bore
England's banner floating red
O'er the plains of Azincour.
Shades of those whose dauntless might
Raised the leopards of your shield
High o'er Gallia's lilies white,
Flying swift from Crecy's field.
Fathers of our warlike name,
View the pile which now we rear
To the children of your fame,
Mouldering on their bloody bier.
They, like you, a countless host
Vaunting loud its might defied,—
Smiling at the empty boast,
They, like you, victorious died.
Never bending back the head,
Never crouching low the knee,
Where they struggled, there they bled
Free, amidst the unconquer'd free.

Song.

They, when clash'd the ringing blade,
 Sang the war-song shrill and deep,
 Call'd your spirits to their aid
 From the mansions of your sleep.
 Then, amid the sulphurous gloom
 O'er their heads in anger wreath'd,
 Pour'd the volley's parch'd simoom,
 From their fiery engines breath'd.
 Forms of glory met their eye,
 Sounds of triumph fill'd their ear,
 Sable Edward hover'd nigh,
 Henry whirl'd the unerring spear.
 Gallia's sons the helmet clasp'd,
 Twined the cuirass round the breast,
 Fierce the gleaming lances grasp'd,
 To the charge the courser press'd.
 Slaves! nor spear, nor twisted mail,
 Ridged in battle's grim array,
 Aught against the free avail
 When they urge their deadly way.
 Britons—they no armour wore;
 They the furious onset met
 With the edge of the claymore
 And the point of bayonet.
 Freemen—they o'er glory's field
 Bore the breast-plate of the brave;
 Every bosom was a shield,
 Every arm a winged glaive.
 Raise, then, high the sculptured pile
 To the heroes of your fame;
 Britain midst her tears shall smile,
 Whilst she points to every name—
 Traced in monumental stone,
 On the tablets of her power,
 Meteors of the battle shown
 Through futurity's dark hour!

H. h.

SONG.

I CAN never believe that a Soldier brave
 Would slight Woman, and yet do his duty;
 For flowers would not bloom on a Soldier's grave
 If unhallow'd by tears from Beauty.
 And what could reward him for all his toils,
 When the perils of war are over,
 But the laurels he gathets in Woman's smiles
 When she welcomes him home as a lover?
 Nor ribbons nor stars would Soldiers prize,
 Such baubles could never inspire them,
 Were the ribbons not loved for the hand that ties,
 And the stars for the eyes that admire them.

GERMAN POPULAR AND TRADITIONARY LITERATURE.

NO. IV.

"Now you must imagine me to sit by a good fire, amongst a company of good fellows, over a well-spiced wassel-bowle of Christmas ale, telling of these merry tales which hereafter follow."—Preface to "the History of Tom Thumbe the Little." Lond. 1621. *Black letter.*

IN spite of the benumbing influence of this age of reason, when (as the successor to the immortal Mr. Newbery informs us) even sober "History is introduced into the Nursery in the form of a Baby-tale," when even the cradle is to "keep pace with the improvement of time, and the rising generation is to reap every advantage from the progress of scientific research,"—experience tells us that the youthful breast yet beats high at the delights of fairy fiction, and warms at the adventures of Owl Glass and the Giant-killer, of Cinderella and the Sleeping Beauty. Like the Christmas pantomimes too, we suspect that these dainties not only tickle the palates of the young, but may safely be relied upon to rekindle joyous recollections and bright associations in the hearts of their elders. Be it so! we shall think the better of this plodding age, this "ignorant present time," as some of our friends like to style it, and shall at all times be disposed to pardon the truancy of those little wights whom we catch deserting "Marmaduke Multiply's merry method of making minor mathematicians" (as we see one of these products of "scientific research" is styled) to steal a peep at more engaging studies. We agree with them, that they may just as well now and then

—"Through mire and bush
Be lanthorn-led by Friar Rush,"

if indeed his memory still lives and retains its savour.

We can at any rate safely recommend many of our old acquaintances as fast friends and jolly company; they (as our motto, if we had continued it, would have told us) "have been the only revivers of drowsy age at midnight. Old and young have with [such] tales chimed mat-tens till the cocks crew in the morning; batchelors and maids have compassed the Christmas fire-block till the curfew-bell rings candle out; the old shepherd and the young plow-boy, after their day's labor, have caroled out the same to make them merry with; and who but they have made long nights seem short, and heavy toyles easie?"

We have before lamented the manifest corruption and neglect of those popular tales to which Hearne, Le Neve, Spelman, and many other worthies did not disdain to turn the light of their carefully-trimmed lamp, scanty and ill-furnished in many important particulars as it was; and we do hope, that before it is too late, some effort will be made to preserve the last wreck from perdition, or from that equally deplorable state of debasement in which it is our grief sometimes to see our old favourites. For such a work every facility is now afforded, particularly by the abundant acquisitions lately made to the stock of collateral information by our northern neighbours. We need only point to the very interesting disquisition on the subject which lately appeared in the *Quarterly Review* (No. 41), to show how much has been done elsewhere, and how much might be effected here in the

elucidated one of the most curious as well as entertaining departments of our history of fiction.*

In a review of German Popular Literature, the labours of M. M. Grimm, brothers united in spirit as well as kindred, cannot but be honourably acknowledged, though the abundance of materials which their volumes of "*Kinder und Haus Märchen*" present appals us with the difficulty of fixing any choice amidst such a profusion of dainties. Their tales, many of which possess great simplicity and beauty, have been chiefly collected in different parts of the country from the mouths of aged peasantry. In the rich collection thus formed, almost every story in Europe may recognise some of its oldest favourites, and consolation in the increased renown of the heroes of their affection for the mortification which their patriotic feelings may experience, as being deprived of the honour of giving them birth. None regard themselves more secure than the Londoners of their Whittington and his Cat, none than the citizens of Lincoln of the monumental honours of Thomas Thumb; no one seemed more entitled than Friar Bacon to the services of his man Miles; yet the peasants of Saxony, the worthy inhabitants of Munster and Paderborn, lay rival claims, and the contest for the honour of giving birth or burial to some of these citizens of the world seems more likely to be a continental war than a scramble, as in the days of Hearne, between rival parishes. Our imaginations, indeed, are stretched to fix upon a period for the origin of these tales sufficiently remote to account for their extensive diffusion.

The field which they open for discussion is a wide one, and some parts of it may, perhaps, puzzle a few of those supporters of exclusive systems of fairy and fiction, who love to trace the pedigree, and time and place of importation, of every product of the imagination. Heathen and Christian traditions and superstitions are most curiously intertwined, and stories which bear all the usual characteristics of Eastern fiction appear involved in legends of the highest Teutonic origin, and domiciled on the shores of the Baltic, ages before we can fix the "how and when" of the introduction of Oriental materials.

We will take as an instance in point the tale of "The King of the Golden Mountain." The story tells that "there was once upon a time" a merchant who had an only son, and was reduced by unexpected misfortunes to the possession of one small plot of land. While walking there musing on his hard fate, a little black dwarf appears, and asks him the cause of his sorrows. On hearing the tale, the "Brownie" tells him not to be cast down, and promises as much gold as he can desire, on condition of dedicating to his service the object which would first meet his eye on returning home, and delivering it up on that spot in twelve years. The promised wealth is sent, but the first object that meets the merchant's sight is his only son. At the end of the twelve years the son is informed of his father's rash promise, but is desired not to make himself uneasy, for the dwarf had no power over him. Certain prudent antimagical precautions are resorted to, under the protection of which the conference commences:

* We are happy to find by the announcement of the "*Popular Tales illustrative of the Traditional Literature of various Nations*," that our deficiencies in this respect will at length be fully made up.

and at length the imp, by way of compromise, relinquishes his claim, on condition that the son shall be put into a boat, and pushed off by the father's own hand upon the wide ocean. The vessel is accordingly despatched, apparently in a most forlorn condition. However, it is safely borne by some invisible guardian to an unknown shore, where the son enters a palace, brilliantly adorned, but desolate and silent, under the power of enchantment. At last he meets a fair maiden (of course a princess) under the form of a serpent, who hails him as her deliverer from the power of the twelve hostile giants that held her thus bound, and instructs him in the mode of her disenchantment. He has only in silent patience to endure all their injuries, even to the sacrifice of his life; but finally his forbearance achieves the release of the damsel; he himself is restored by virtue of "the water of life;" joy is again kindled in the courts of the palace, and the merchant's son weds, and is hailed "King of the Golden Mountain."

Eight years the king and queen live happily together, till, contrary to her advice and forebodings of ill-luck, he determines to revisit his father the merchant, and receives as a parting gift the *wishing ring*, which transports from place to place at the will of its bearer, with the single stipulation that he shall not use it to bring his wife to his father's home. At his visit to the town where the merchant dwells, the guards at the gate, wondering at his strange garb, refuse admittance; but he borrows an old cloak, and passes unobserved. He makes himself known to his father, who disbelieves the story of his marriage, and to convince him of the fact, unguardedly makes use of the magic ring to bring over his queen and the prince their son.

The queen is greatly displeased; and as she and her husband are walking on the sea-shore, viewing the spot where his crazy bark had been launched, he sits down tired and falls asleep. She avails herself of the opportunity, takes the ring from his finger, and transports herself and son back to the Golden Mountain. On awakening, the king in despair sets off in pursuit, and encounters three giants, who are quarrelling about the division of their inheritance, the treasures of which were, a sword which accomplishes its work at the mere wish of the possessor, a cloak which gives invisibility, and boots which transport the wearer in a moment wheresoever he wishes. The king, on being asked to arbitrate between them, is suffered to try the virtue of these different articles, and ends the dispute by quietly making off with them all. On arriving at his palace he finds his queen celebrating a second marriage, and frightens her conscience by taking his viewless station behind her chair, and removing the viands as she offers to carry them to her lips. The story ends with the punishment of the faithless court.

Now surely this tale would be fixed upon by many as displaying the most unequivocal proofs of an Oriental origin; and yet M. M. Grimm, with very substantial reason, claim it as most strikingly coincident with traditions of the highest northern antiquity. The golden glittering palace at the extreme of the earth, with its twelve guardians, is no stranger; and in the whole fable they point out a strong resemblance to the adventures of the renowned Siegfried. The turning upon the waters—the rescue of his bride—her connexion with the dragon or serpent—the overcoming the enchanters by silence—the dis-

guise of the old cloak, which is afterwards still more explicitly identified with the Tarnkap—the encountering the contending guardians of the treasure, which he is called in to divide—the articles forming that treasure—the wonderful sword Balmung—the boots which, as the Quarterly Reviewer observes, “were once worn by Loke when he escaped from Valhalla”—the wishing ring (or rod)—are all points agreeing (and many of them with striking exactness) with the tale to be made out partly from the Wilkina Saga and other Scandinavian sources, and partly from the Niebelungen Lied. M. M. Grimm find considerable resemblance too in the king’s matrimonial infelicities to those of the ancient hero.

The learned editors speak with the utmost confidence of the pure German original of the tales collected by them from oral tradition. Indeed their opinion is strongly supported by their circulation, not among classes of society likely to have received the gay tales of southern minstrels or crusaders, but among the peaceful peasantry of the North and the remote shores of the Baltic, and by their striking coincidence with the most undoubted northern traditions, and with the stories popular among the parallel classes of Danish, Scotch, and English society. Yet what shall we think of the Paderborn tale of the “Geist im Glas,” “The Spirit in the Bottle,” which so minutely agrees in many respects with the Arabian tale of the Genius confined by Solomon’s seal in the casket and drawn up by the fisherman? Even here, however, M. M. Grimm point out a connexion with another tale of very northern aspect, exhibiting something which is at any rate exceedingly like Thor’s Hammer.

Not the least interesting in the collection are the *beast* stories, those in which animals support the principal characters. These are equally, perhaps more, venerable in their origin than the fairy and heroic tales, and certainly there is full as much difficulty in accounting for so wide and early a diffusion. None of the channels by which the *Æsopian* fables or those of purer Eastern, whether Persian or Indian, origin, found their way into Europe during the middle ages, can be pointed out as at all probable sources of such stories as those before us.

Are not all these fables remnants of some great mass of amusing moral instruction, which has at the remotest periods and in all countries found its way for the edification of man, flowing from some fountain-head of wisdom, whence Calmuck, Russian, Celt, Scandinavian and German, in their various ramifications, have imbibed their earliest and simplest lessons of improvement? To confine their origin or introduction to modern times or particular countries, may be as unprofitable as the labours of old Hearne to fix the birth and burial of Hickathrif or Tom Thumb. If we are for an Oriental hypothesis of the origin of such fairy fictions, it would be on a broader scale, and we should fancy we saw them after a pilgrimage from the Caucasus and a long sojourn in the wintry climes of the North, meeting in their progress to the South a new arrival, by another channel, of similar materials, whose fortune it had been to make a longer residence in the land of their birth, and to be perhaps more ripened in the luxuriance of Asia.

M. M. Grimm’s idea of the utility of these tales in explaining or preserving some supposed “pure and primitive Mythology of the

'Teutons, which had been thought to be for ever lost,' seems, however, rather a questionable position. They quote Sir Walter Scott's remarks in his notes to the *Lady of the Lake*: "A work of great interest might be compiled upon the origin of popular fiction, and the transmission of similar tales from age to age, and from country to country. The mythology of one period would then appear to pass into the romance of the next century, and that into the nursery-tales of the subsequent ages." With all deference, every new light on Northern romance (or mythology, if we are so to call it) seems to give a different order to the process. If there once were "a pure and primitive mythology" of the German tribes, it seems to us to have been most probably one far above the poetic vagaries to which these stories have relation. In them, and in the other members of the Northern Cycle of Scandinavian or Teutonic romance, the process seems every where to begin with the poetic elevation of popular heroes, and thence in due course to their mythological enrolment. How far the ancient Germans went in building up a system like that which was erected out of the same materials by Scandinavian fancy seems very doubtful. But even if it should be true that the same process took place in both countries, we very much hesitate in believing that this poetic creation was ever a popular mythology, or any thing approaching to a system of current belief. Almost all the striking coincidences pointed out by M. M. Grimm in their tales, are, with the heroes of the Teutonic Cycle of romance, the adventures of Siegfried, Brynhild, &c.; but all this will hardly be said to throw light, except negatively, on the "pure and primitive mythology" of the German tribes. As far as any thing like religious principles are concerned, the only great and leading ones that we perceive, are those of a constant recognition of a city of Glory, the reward of the virtuous and brave, and the conflict of good and evil spirits perpetually warring, but always with superiority to the former; and these point to a sufficiently remote and primitive origin.

Independently, however, of any testimony of this sort, M. M. Grimm's tales are certainly of great literary curiosity and value, and furnish strong additional evidence that the tales of northern enterprise, which the poets of the Minnesinger age put into a new dress, were no new inventions, but of ancient popular currency.

In corroboration of the Editor's belief in the antiquity and Teutonic origin of most of their stories, it may be observed that though strongly resembling many of those which are to be found even in southern countries, they generally bear a deeper and more religious character, a more antique cast, than is to be seen under the gayer dress which has been elsewhere thrown around them. The story of Cinderella, or, as the Germans call her, "Aschen-püttel," is an instance of this. The introduction of the spirit of a deceased friend or parent watching over a destitute survivor, and hovering around in the form of a bird, is common to many of the stories.

The northern tale opens with Aschen-püttel's receiving the blessing of her dying mother, and her promise to look down from heaven upon, and watch over her, if she continue to deserve it. The child goes every day to weep over her mother's grave. The snow falls and covers it; but the sun comes again; and when the green sod once more appears, her father takes another wife. Two other daughters are born

who put their sister to the most menial offices, from which, of course, she has her name.

The father sets out upon a journey, and asks his daughters what gifts he shall bring them on his return. The younger daughters ask for fine clothes and jewels, while Aschen-püttel desires only the first twig that crosses him on his return. The several presents are duly brought, and Aschen-püttel takes her's with her while performing her daily task of mourning at her mother's grave. There she plants her twig, and waters it with her tears, till it grows to a beautiful tree. Two white doves take up their abode in its branches, and become her friends and protectors.

The king's feast comes. The two younger sisters prepare for it, and when Aschen-püttel also desires to go, her step-mother sets her an apparently endless task of picking up a measure of scattered seeds. The maiden goes to the garden, and cries to her favourite birds, who bring assistance that quickly completes the task. The same friendly aid provides her splendid apparel. The ball-scene follows, and after it the escape of Aschen-püttel. The visit is repeated, and the prince is opposed in his pursuit by a tree, which suddenly rises (like Jack's bean-stalk), and waves its lofty branches to impede his progress. At the third night the golden slipper is left behind, and the prince determines to make the wearer his bride.

The two younger sisters, by rather a barbarous contrivance of their mother, successively manage to get the slipper on, but are discovered by the warning song of the doves from their tree. At length the true owner is discovered. The doves congratulate the royal pair with a passing song, and accompany their protégée to the palace, the one seated on her right, the other on her left shoulder.

Bluebeard is a story well known in almost every country: the confiding of the keys under injunctions against the use of some one in particular, frequently occurs in the German tales. The cry of the lady to her brothers has here a supernatural power, and is heard by them as they sit afar off "drinking the cool wine." A similar plot occurs in the fine old German ballad of "Ulrich and Annie," translated by Mr. Jamieson, in the "Illustrations of Northern Antiquities."

"It's out rade Ulrich to tak the air,
And he to dear Annie's bower can fare,
'Dear Annie, wi' me to the greenwood gang,
And I'll lear you the sma birds' sang.'

The tane wi' the tither they out are gane,
The copse o' hazel they've reekit alane;
And bit and bit they gaed farther on,
Till they a green meadow cam upon."

She finds she is to be sacrificed to the same fate as several predecessors had suffered, and only craves leave to "cry three cries."

"And the thirdden cry she cried sae shrill,
Her youngest brither she cried until.

Her brither sat at the cule red wine,
The cry it cam thro' his window hyne;
"Oh hear ye, hear ye, my brethren a',
How my sister comes thereout i' the shaw?"

But poor Annie suffers, though justice overtakes her faithless lover ;

It's deep in the greaf dear Annie was laid ;
Fause Ulrich was high on the wheel display'd ;
O'er Annie the cherubim sweetly sung,
O'er Ulrich croak'd the ravens young.

In another story, "The Jew in the bush," the connexion is with the old English ballad of "The Frere and the Boy," which was first "imprynted by Wynkyn de Worde," and republished by Ritson. It turns upon the ancient legend of the dance-inspiring pipe, horn, or fiddle.

A youth having bestowed all he had upon a dwarfish imp in charity, receives from him in return a wonderful bow, and a fiddle, that inspires a dancing mania in all who hear it. He tries the bow by shooting a bird, and selects an old Jew on whom to try the fiddle, by sending him to pick the bird out of the bush into which it had fallen, and then commencing his tune. The poor Jew's dancing faculties are thus put in requisition in a most inconvenient position for their exercise, and the unfortunate wretch is almost torn to pieces by the pence, from which he is only released on payment of a heavy price. The judge is complained to, the urchin brought for trial, and sentence pronounced. As a last request he begs for leave to play a jig on his way to execution ; which, being thought reasonable, is granted, under protest from the Jew, who takes care to have himself tied to a post. The consequences are easily foreseen : Judge, Court, audience, and finally the whole crowd, join in the dance. The Jew breaks his precautionary bonds, and all are finally glad to release a troublesome prisoner.

The English ballad sends forth the hero, "a sturdy ladde," to tend his father's cattle, where he relieves an old man's hunger, and receives in return, first,

A Bowe
Byrdes for to shute ;

Secondly, a pipe of such power that

All that may the pype here,
Shall not themselfe sterc,
But laugh and lepe aboute.

The third gift (which it is not meet we should here detail) was for the special annoyance of the lad's stepmother. The Frere undertakes the urchin's discipline, but is, like the Jew, inveigled into the bush ;

He hopped wondrous hye,
At the last he held up his honde,
And sayd, I have danc'd so longe,
That I am like to dye.

For his pranks Jack is taken before the "Offycyall," who is incredulous, and requires evidence of his powers. He soon, however, hears enough, and

Cryd unto the chylde
To pype no more within this place.

The introductory essays of M. M. Grimm show many coincidences in the traditions, songs, and diversions of German children, with those which still keep their ground among us. We were pleased to see Robin Readbreast preserve his friendly relations towards man. His

German Popular and Traditionary Literature.

offices towards "the Babes in the Wood," is explained by the German tradition that this little bird cannot endure the sight of a corpse, but immediately hastens to provide it with the simple covering within its reach. Many coincidences in the songs of the two countries might be pointed out: we will merely give as a specimen the pretty address to the Lady-bird (*Marien-wurmchen*), of which we have and preserved only the second versé. The whole ditty may be unslated.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! pretty one, stay,
Come sit on my finger, so happy and gay,
With me shall no mischief betide thee;
No harm would I do thee, no foeman is here,
I only would gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Those beautiful winglets beside thee.

Lady-bird! Lady-bird! fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children will roam,
List! list! to their cry and bewailing!
The pitiless spider is weaving their doom,
Then Lady-bird, Lady-bird, fly away home,
Hark! hark! to thy children's bewailing!

Fly back again, back again, Lady-bird dear;
Thy neighbours will merrily welcome thee here,
With them shall no peril attend thee;
They'll guard thee so safely from danger or care,
They'll gaze on thy beautiful winglets so fair,
They'll love thee and ever befriend thee.

As we must deny ourselves the gratification of giving one of the beautiful beast stories, which, with their good-natured frolic honesty, are in the highest degree entertaining and edifying, we can only assure our young readers that they lose a great treat, many choice "passages" in the careers of their friends the wolf and the fox; and that the loss of such recreation is no way compensated by the substitute offered, we observe, at the corner of St. Paul's Church-yard, in "The Adventures of Cato, a *Dog of sentiment*."

TO A LADY WHO SAID SHE WAS UNHAPPY.

"Inter spem, curamque, timores inter et iras,
Omnem crede diem tibi diluxisse supremum,
Grata superveniet, quæ non sperabitur hora.

A SPIRIT, Lady, pure as thine,
Must ne'er like sinful souls be sad:
Delight was meant for things divine,
And wo should only wound the bad.

Ah! who would dream that care had prest
Her seal upon so sweet a brow?
Who would not weep to see distress,
So bright, so pure a saint as thou?

The path is not a path of sweets,
That leads us onward to the tomb;
Full many a brier the traveller meets,
Where only roses seem'd to bloom.

Yet Hope will whisper, mortal sorrow
Is but the darkness of a day;
What joys, what grieves us now—to-morrow
Rolls with the tide of time away.

ON TALKERS.

THERE are as many varieties of talkers as there are of tulips; to classify them would require the nice discernment and patient perseverance of an ethical Linnæus; and when done, it would be an useless classification, unless, indeed, Taste could be brought to have a love for the cultivation of them, with an ulterior view to the improvement of the several classes, by marrying a common female scold of the last class, with a refined male babbler of the first; and thus effect, by artificial methods, what wisdom, with all her old endeavours, could never work by any means—an improvement of talkers generally.

There is, however, a pleasure in holding up a few of the first classes of talkers to attentive notice, somewhat similar to that which a Dutch tulip-fancier feels, when he displays to the curious, wondering eyes of one not in the fancy, (who had perceived, on being shown a bed of them, that they were all tulips, but did not discern the nicer streaks of difference between them,)

“Some faultless tulip which the Dutch ne’er saw.”

The first, and most common class of talkers, is composed of common babblers. There are several varieties of these; but the most disagreeable is the long-tongued babbler. One of them is sufficient to set a whole village at war, or disturb the peace and sacredness of virtuous privacy. Rather than be silent, he will wound his dearest friend, with a tongue, which, like Laertes’ foil, poisons wherever it touches; and sometimes even him who first used it. From this sort of talker you learn the origin of Miss Jones’s finery, and Miss Jenkins’s *faux pas*; the state of Mr. Tomkin’s embarrassment, &c. &c. Or if you fear what the world thinks of your own character for virtue or folly, you may have your misgivings confirmed to your entire dissatisfaction. He publishes a pernicious piece of truth or scandal in the morning, and follows the sound of his own rumour, as a wether-mutton follows his own bell. Another variety is the dull, or harmless babbler. He talks in his turn and out of his turn, in season and out of season, and yet has nothing to say. You may, perhaps, learn from him that it rained yesterday; and backed by the boldness of his fears, you may get some credit for weather wisdom, if you doubt whether it will not rain to-morrow. He is Francis Moore’s counterpart.

The second class are the small talkers. These are tea-table appendages, and sometimes hang by the dexter bend of ladies’ elbows; and are usually “prim, puss-gentlemen,” all prettiness and pettiness. Ceaseless tonguers of “words of no tone,” they lisp, or cultivate some delicate mispronunciation of one of the four-and-twenty letters, or of a few well-selected syllables. They have a chicken’s perseverance in picking up the smallest grain or chaff of tea-table intelligence, yet are not greedy in the possession of it: you may have their second-hand nothings at less than the cost trouble. Their wit is as an island in a vast sea of three months’ sail; you may steer round it, and by it, and never make it: or if you think you descry it in the offing, you may tack for it, and hope to drift to its shore; but when you really see it under your bow, you may coast round it, and cast out your grapple-anchor to hold by it: but you might as soon tie your hose or your

On Talkers.

rise up with a sunbeam, or get a will o' the wisp to light you like a well-bred watchman to your lodgings, as make ground there. The light of their minds need not be hidden under a bushel: a one-pill box would be a dome of "ample space and verge enough" for it. Like one deed in a naughty world," it might shine far and wide therein, yet not gild its confines. Their most delicate, prim mouths are a perfumer's shop, for they breathe nothing but *sweets*. "Miss A. is the sweetest pug-puppy from Paris that is in the world:" and Mr. B. a sweet cat in her establishment." Their talk only breathes essence of Tyre, bloom of Ninon, violet washes, and a thousand ices that are advertised in the newspapers. They "die of a rose in aromatic" anguish, and are recovered by lavender-water, and other "soft appliances," fifty times an hour, in their "over-exquisite" moods. I would sooner sit at an opera with five Jews in the same box, or be in a small room with three Frenchman, than talk with one of these.

The third are those of the objective class. Be your opinions what they may, however undeniable, correct, settled, or well-digested, they will chew them over, and object to them. They will find flaws in diamond-wit of the first water, motes in the brightest rays of the mind, and beams in the eyes of Truth. I know such an one. If you would take an advantage which he is gaining in argument, out of his mouth, throw down a bad pun, as burglars toss a bribe of meat to a house-dog who is getting the vantage ground of them, and he instantly drops the argument, (as that fabulous dog dropped his substantial meat in the river for the duplicate shadow of it,) to tear the poor pun to pieces, analyzing nothing, till he proves that it is no more than nothing; and when he has satisfied himself to conviction, that a bad pun is not a good one, he is obliged, after all, from politeness, to laugh reluctantly at the joke.

The fourth is the contradictory class. Let your opinions to-day be to the letter what theirs were yesterday, and they will instantly run an opposition-coach against yours, upset you on the mud-bank of their own opinions, and leave you, sprawling and bespattered, to get up as you can. When you have run them to a stand on one point, and they find you are fixed on agreeing with them, and they cannot object to the matter of your opinions, they have still a resource left, in objecting to your manner of uttering them. You speak unaffectedly, and they censure you for mediocrity, a bald plainness, and want of spirit and imagination.

The fifth class consists of the talkers in admirations. I heard one of these, the other day. His conversation, if such it might be called, was all exclamation, like a German drama; and was made up of a due jargon of Good-Gods! God-bless-mes! Is-it-possibles! Who'd-have-thought-its! You-astonish-mes! &c.

The sixth are the interrogative class. Their talk is all questions: I should think their tongues were shaped like a note of interrogation. I know one of this genus. You feel, in conversing with him, as a catechized charity-boy does, when he is asked what his godfather promised *not* to do for him. Talk an hour dead with one of this class, and you will only hear from him such interrogatory affirmations as these following: "And so Jones is well?—and Johnson's married?—and you really now prefer Pope to Pomfret?—and you seriously deny that alderman

Curtis is the author of Junius?—and affirm that Dr. Watts did not write "*The Frisky Songster?*"

The seventh, and most insufferable class, are the exclusive talkers. One of these will undertake to talk for all the company present. If you impatiently throw in but one little word, it is like flinging a large stone into a quick current—it disturbs, but cannot impede it, and rather impels it still faster onward:—or like striking a spark into a barrel of gunpowder—a fresh explosion of words spreads a hubbub and confusion all around it. Though he tells you every thing you already know, you cannot tell him any thing that he does not know. He can tell you what a new book contains that is to come out next Tuesday, as well as if he was himself Wednesday; or anticipate the merits of a great picture on the easel. If you mean to see the new tragedy, he has seen it, and he destroys all the delight you would have in its newness, by repeating the best points of it, and by unravelling its plot. If you set out with an anecdote, he snatches it out of your mouth, as a covetous dog would a desired bone from his best boon companion and dearest puppy-friend, and tells it for you. You object that yours was a different version of the same story, and gently persist in telling it your own way:—he knows the other version as well as you do, and re-relates it for you, but thinks his own the best. If you persist, after all, in telling it for yourself, he will insinuate to-morrow that you are in your *anecdote*, and declare that you are the worst teller of a good thing since Goldsmith. You could not have done a worse thing than start an anecdote in his hearing, for that one is too sure of reminding him of a hundred others; and the last one of that first century of good things is so nearly related to the first of the second century, that he cannot choose but relate it, and you dare not choose but hear it. If you commence a favourite quotation, he takes up the second line, goes on with it, and ends by quoting twice as much as you intended. This invariably leads him to recollect another poem by the same author, which no doubt you have heard, but Mrs. Jones, who is present, would perhaps, like to hear; and then he begins it without further prelude, and you can, if you please, go to sleep *ad interim*, if you have no fear of his reproach for want of taste, &c. before your eyes, to keep them open. You have been to Paris, and he informs you of your expenses on the road:—or you are going to Scotland, and he narrates most pathetically the miseries of a German inn. Of all talkers these are the worst.

The eighth class are the exaggerators, not the professional, but amateur fibbers. These are a pleasant set of talkers: you must not, to be sure, take them literally. It is a humour that even witty persons cannot always appreciate; to your thoroughly sensible and one-and-one-make-two sort of minds, "it is a stumbling-block and a reproach." It is, perhaps, as to its conversational value, mere nonsense: it is what an ingenious punster (fracturing a French word in pieces) considers *bad-in-age*, and not very good in youth. But, most sensible reader, shut not thine ears against it: if thou wouldst enjoy Sense at any time, listen sometimes to his less capable brother, Nonsense. After the mind has been wearied by abstruse studies, or worldly carkings, or imaginary ills, or positive griefs, is not nonsense like letting a long-strained bow relax; or giving slackness to a lute-string? Nonsense is

to sense like shade unto light, making, by strong contrast, what is beautiful, still more beautiful:—it is like an intended discord in a delicious melody, making the next concord the sweeter; or like silent sleep after sorrowful wakefulness; or like that calm which succeeds a storm; or like cheerfulness after care; or like condescension after hauteur; or like the freedom of a night-gown or slippers to the cramping of tight boots and bursting buttons; or like a night's dancing after a month's gout; or like that delicious giggle some schoolboy uncorks when the grim hush-compelling usher turns his back; or like the laugh politeness has suppressed till one has got rid of some troublesome puppy or pedantic blockhead; or like an olive to the palate of a winebibber, sickly in itself, but giving a *gusto* to the old port of the mind, or to the brisk, bubbling champagne-wine of wit. I was companied with an exaggerator but yesterday, who was very seriously remonstrated with by a sage old maiden lady for a short indulgence in this lighter sort of nonsense. "Madam," he replied, "any man arrived at the door of discretion, who would talk sense and seriousness during the gloomy month of November, would show his entire want of it; and I should either suspect him to be suicidally inclined, or as insane as my friend Phipps, who went into Drury-lane theatre last night, expecting to be rationally amused. Such a man would light home his mother with a dark lantern, or read metaphysics to a man-milliner, or sing Mozart's requiem to a milestone. Amateur nonsense-talkers are your only sensible men." There could be no serious replication to such diverting lightness as this; so my gentleman had his way, and on he went "like a falconer."

There are several other classes, which I shall notice in brief. There are the slow talkers, as tedious as the music of *Te Deum*; the quick talkers, as hasty as a postman's knock, and perhaps not so full of information; the loud talkers, to a nervous man as agreeable as the ding-dong din of a dustman's bell, or a death-knell in November; and the talkers of taste, whose language is of no country, but is a jargon of all countries, and consists of parrot-like repetitions of *virtu*, *gusto*, *tout-ensemble*, *contour*, *chiaro oscuro*, *Titianesque* bits of colour, *Turnerian* crispness and clearness, *Claudean* mellowness, *Tintoretto* touches, &c. &c. affecting term on term to the degrading of taste into a chaotic cant of words.

W.

FROM ANACREON.

THEY say, fair Niobe of yore
Became a rock on Phrygia's shore;
And Pandion's hapless daughter flies,
In form a swallow, through the skies.
—Had I the power to change, like they,
Heaven knows I'd change without delay;—
I envy all that marks the place
Which Rosabella deigns to grace;—
The shawl, that keeps her shoulders warm;
The stream, that bathes her angel form;
The gems, that on her bosom blaze;
The mirror, where she's wont to gaze;
The perfumes, on her hair she sheds;
The very dust, on which she treads.

D. S.

PORTRAIT OF A SEPTUAGENARY.*

ABOUT the latter end of this period, I began to be gratified with the notion that I was rapidly advancing towards that epoch which may be termed the prime and flower of human life, when the animal and intellectual faculties attain their most perfect maturity and development: an idea which was fortified by the recollection that the law itself had fixed twenty-one for man's arrival at years of discretion. I cannot help smiling when I look back and reflect how many times, as I came near it, I postponed this happy æra of compound perfection, complimenting myself at each new removal on my own more enlarged views, and speaking with some contempt of my own juvenile miscalculations. Nay, when I could no longer conceal, even from myself, that my corporeal powers were on the wane, I consoled myself with the belief that my mental ones were daily waxing more vigorous and manly, and once entertained thoughts of writing an Essay, to prove that the grand climacteric of the frame is the period of rational perfection. There is a pleasure even in recalling one's own inconsistencies, for they illustrate a beautiful and benignant provision of nature, a perpetual system of equivalents balancing the pleasures of every age by replacing the present with the future, and weaving around the mind a smiling horizon of hope, which, though it recedes as we advance, illuminates our path, and tempts and cheers us on until the sunset of life. But I am anticipating. I had made many more extracts from my early Journals, but I find I am ever encroaching too much on your columns; and that I may keep within some modesty of limit I shall proceed at once to the second division of of my life.

From Twenty to Forty.

In the early portion of this period, I became sensible of a decided alteration in my literary taste; for I not only lost all admiration of the old romances of Gomberville, Calprenède, Mad. Scuderi, and even Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, which I had devoured ten years before with a keen relish, but I found myself incapable of taking the trouble to unravel the contrived intricacies and managed embarrassments of the more modern novels and romances: I no longer hung with breathless interest over the "Midnight Apparition," or "Mysterious Skeleton," and my stubborn tears refused any more to blister the pages of the "Victim of Sentiment," or the "Agonies of an Orphan." I am losing all sensibility, said I to myself, and getting obdurate and stony; but I found that any magnanimous act of virtue, any description of generous feeling, any trait of simple heart-felt emotion, still struck upon a sympathizing cord in my bosom, and occasioned that suffusion of face and tingling of the blood which all probably have felt, though few have attempted to describe it. My heart was not so rocky but that when it was struck with a wand of inspiration like this, the waters would gush forth; my sensibility, methought, had only taken a loftier and more noble range, and I felicitated myself upon the decided improvement in my taste. So have I done ever since through a pretty numerous succession of similar changes; and I was, perhaps, right in pronouncing each a melioration, for in the exquisite system of adaptation to which I

* Continued from page 215.

have alluded, each was probably the best for the existing time, as it was the most conformable to the alternations of my physical and mental organization. At first it was somewhat startling to find such a mass of literature withdrawn from my enjoyment: but not only were new stores opened as the old ones were closed up, but I found a fresh source of gratification in attending to the style and composition as well as the matter: I began to relish the author as well as the book. A similar substitution is perceptible in the sensual appetite, which, when it loses the unfailing elasticity of youth, derives a new pleasure from selection and refinement; and thus it will invariably be found, that if new enjoyments be not provided for mind and body as we advance in life, the old ones are rendered more piquant and intense. Diminution of quantity is atoned by increase of quality, the maternal hand of Nature spreading her blessings over the surface of life, so that every age may have a pretty equal share of happiness.

My literary inclinations now turned decidedly to the useful and real rather than the ornamental and imaginary. My taste for poetry diminished. Shakspeare I have idolized at all ages, and I therefore still read him, but the historical plays rather than the poetical ones; Pope became a favourite, and Milton was occasionally taken down from my book-shelves, but I no longer troubled my head about the poetical publications of the day, unless they fell in my way in the reviews and magazines. History and biography were my principal studies; I could even look into scientific works and political economy, once my abomination; and in metaphysics and criticism I found much delight. I no longer read so much in bed, but I reflected more on what I had been perusing in the day. When I speak of my studies, the reader is not to imagine that I was at this time a scholar, or man of literature;—I refer only to the bias of my mind in the few hours dedicated to such pursuits, and alas! they were but few, for these years were the dark age of my life, blighted by the turmoil and anxieties of commercial pursuits, and agitated by their stormy vicissitudes. Alluding to events only so far as they may illustrate and influence mental impressions, I may state that I was now a merchant, and at a season of wide-spreading calamity in that class found myself suddenly thrown prostrate without present means of support, or the prospect of it in future. With all its sufferings, what a blessing was that calamity! Under certain limitations I am a confirmed Optimist; Parnell's Hermit, elegantly bound, is generally lying on my table; and it is not the farcical exaggeration of *Candide*, nor the sneering wit of Voltaire, that can stagger my belief in a great and consoling principle. It depends, to a certain extent, upon ourselves, whether or not every thing shall be for the best:—misfortunes improved are converted into blessings; advantages abused become our greatest curses, of which the reader will discover abundant confirmation if he will look round among his acquaintance. To believe in Optimism is to realize its truth: it is the summary of all religion and all philosophy, as it is the dispenser of all happiness. I wanted not Pliny's nor Cicero's eulogy to throw myself upon literature for consolation under the afflicting reverse which I had experienced: my mind welcomed it as a friend from whom it had too long been separated; and not only did it lose the sense of the blankness and desolation that surrounded it, by

plunging into composition: but the fortunate issue of my first effort, by none less respected than by myself, furnished me a handsome and most seasonable pecuniary supply. Education, however, and all the wise laws and modern instances of money-getting sages, had inspired me with such a horror of professional authorship, that I seized the first opportunity of again embarking upon the perilous sea of speculation and adventure. My cargo was necessarily of little worth, but past experience had made me cautious, the fear of loss was more powerful than the hope of gain; I extended, however, my operations with the increase of my profits, and fortune, constant in nothing but her inconstancy, made such rapid atonement for her former unkindness, that at the close of this second period I was enabled to perform three of the wisest, because they have been the happiest actions of my life. I married; I left off business; I retired into the country.

"*Amarus est mundus et diligitur; puta, si dulcis esset, qualiter amaretur,*" is an observation of the golden-mouthed Saint; numerous other teachers and moralists have inveighed against too great a love of the world, and accounted for its bitterness by the fear of our too intense attachment, were the taste of life more sweet and palatable; but none of them seem to have warned us against a contrary danger—too great a detachment from the earth, and indifference to existence in the ardent and insatiable curiosity for penetrating into the mysteries beyond the grave, and developing the secrets of futurity. Had I, at this period, remained without tie or occupation, I verily believe that my restless spirit, ever hungering after hidden things, would have spurned at this, and sickened for the invisible world. The narrow house of death would have been the very forbidden blue chamber whose unknown wonders I should have been most anxious to explore. I should have been in a balloon of high fancies, only held fluttering to the earth by a few flimsy strings, and anxious for the moment of cutting them, that I might soar upon my voyage of discovery. But I was blessed with children, and like that sacred Indian tree whose pendent branches strike fresh roots into the ground, I found myself tied with new ligatures to the world at every increase of my family. In my library there is a drawing by Cipriani, of Cupid's entwining wreaths around a vase, upon which I have often gazed till the tears suffused my eyes, for I have imagined that vase to be my heart, and the loves and affections around it my children; so rosy, so grateful to every sense, so redolent of balm and all deliciousness were the domestic garlands with which I was wreathed and bound anew to the earth. We no longer live in those turbulent and lawless times when children were valued as a defence; when it could be said, "Happy is he that hath his quiver full of them, for he shall not be afraid to meet his enemy in the gate;" but even now they are our best defences against our own lawlessness and instability; they are the anchors which prevent our being blown about by the gales of vice or folly. Nature, meaning us to have them, made them correctives as well as blessings, and certain it is, that those who are without them, whether men or women, wanting the proper vent for their affections, are apt to worship Egyptian idols. Dogs, horses, cats, parrots, and monkeys, become substitutes for Heaven's own image. Men may suffer their hearts to become absorbed by worldly occupations; but I have seldom known the married woman

Portrait of a Septuagenary.

who had strength of mind enough to walk straight forward in the path of good sense unless she had a child to show her the way. "All my female readers in this predicament will please to consider themselves the exceptions.

Methinks I still hear the astonished outcries and denunciations of the great Babel, when I announced my intention of retiring from business. At my time of life, and known not to be wealthy, it was deemed little less than *leze-majesté* against the throne of Mammon, and flagrant contumacy towards all civic authorities. Like my betters, I should not have presumed to enjoy life till I was past all powers of enjoyment; I should have grubbed on till I was worn out, and then have retired to the rich man's poor-house at Clapham Common, or Hackney, with a debilitated frame and an empty mind, annoyed with idleness, yet incapable of employment; hungering for excitement and yet able to feed upon nothing but itself. Had they possessed the power, I believe some of the Nebuchadnezzars would have thrown me into the fiery furnace for refusing any longer to worship the golden image; for when they found that I "scorned their smiles and viewed with smiles their scorning," they discovered that I was an unfeeling ostrich, and ought to have remained in business for the sake of my children. Of all the disguises assumed by avarice and selfishness, this is the most flimsy and hypocritical. I have known many men continue their gambling speculations under this pretext, scatter a fine fortune, and leave their offspring beggars; but I never knew one, however conscious of the hazardous nature of his operations, who had affection enough for his children to make a settlement upon them and render them independent of his desperate adventures. No, no; this is miserable cant. Though not insensible to the value of money as a means, I despise it as an end of life. God knows that in these times, when, by the ingenuity of the Funding System, we are daily paying for the wars of our pugnacious ancestors, and have imposed fresh taxes on ourselves by our luxuries, a modicum will not suffice; but I had enough to support that great object of modern pride, the appearances of a gentleman in my establishment; and a great deal more than enough for the higher character to which I now began humbly to aspire—that of a philosopher. I have never desired to be richer: it would not hurt me to be poorer. As to my children, they will receive a much larger patrimony than their father did; and I am by no means sure that they will possess any advantage over him from commencing life with better prospects. I will leave off while I am winner, said I to the gold-worshippers: "*Hic cæsus artemque repono.*" Pursue your perilous voyage to the Eldorado of your imaginations, and Plutus prosper you! May you have the touch of Midas, without his ears;—may the sands of Pactolus be your ballast, the Gold Coast your place of lading, and your sails be woven of the Colchian fleece! I shall rejoice at, not envy, your success; deeming myself still more successful that from my loop-holes of retreat I can gaze upon you, and exclaim—

Inveni portum; spes et fortuna valet;
Sat me lusiatis; ludite nunc alios.

The reader is not to imagine because I retired into the country, that I was addicted to field sports. I never killed a bird in my life; but I

was once persuaded to angle at Laleham, and the hook stuck in my memory for years afterwards; nor am I now without a twinge of self-reproach as I record it. Old Isaac Walton, however, must share the blame: his pastoral lines first induced me to try a fishing-rod; but I cannot understand how a man so sensible to the inanimate beauties of nature, can have been so unfeeling towards her sentient productions. My scruples upon these points are the result of circumstances, not principles; early opportunity would probably have seared all these sympathies, and I therefore claim no merit for a sensitiveness which, after all, many will, perhaps, deem morbid and fastidious. There are virtues of necessity, and constitutional virtues, such as temperance in men of delicate health, upon which we should be cautious not to pique ourselves; for there is little merit where there is no self-denial to endure, and still less where there is no possibility of sinning. Some people have a virtuous organization, and are physically moral. No; I withdrew myself into rural shades from more powerful, and I hope more noble impulses,—from a conviction that they are favourable to peace, to health, to virtue; as well as from an ardent enthusiastic love of nature in all her attitudes and varieties of scenery and season. Burns, in one of his letters, records the peculiar delight he experienced in strolling along the borders of a wood on a gusty autumnal day. I could not understand this when I first read it, but I have *felt* it since: and I have never experienced any sorrow, or annoyance, that I could not mitigate, if not subdue, by looking upon the smiling face of external nature, or contemplating her charms as reflected in the lucid pages of Shakspeare, or listening to her voice as attested in the melodious inspiration of *Comus* and *Lycidas*. But let me not anticipate: these are mental luxuries which belong rather to a following period, and the mention of them reminds me that it is time to proceed to that division of my existence which extends

From Forty to Sixty.

For the first time in my life I found myself blessed with tranquillity and leisure, and I seized the propitious opportunity for establishing an inquisition into my own mind. Self-scrutiny, in the hurly-burly of business I had little inclination to practise, though I knew that the storms of that period had not passed over me without some devastation of the domain: but halcyon days were come, and I sallied boldly into my own heart to clear away the rubbish and eradicate the weeds. There was enough to do. My temper, though not soured, was no longer sweet. It was neither white wine nor vinegar. I was never sulky, but occasionally testy and irritable; unduly annoyed with trifles, peevish at any disturbance of my regular habits. Politics moved me at times to acerbity and exasperation, though I had no interest in their juggles beyond an intense and passionate hatred of tyranny, hypocrisy and usurpation. Fortified with the foreknowledge that age has a powerful tendency to render us cold, suspicious, and narrow-minded, I set myself at work to discover whether any symptoms of this senile infection were yet perceptible. By nature I knew that I was cordial and confiding; but I knew also, that these qualities had occasioned me to suffer somewhat in purse, and I suspected that they might have impoverished my disposition. Examination confirming my suspicions, I

endeavoured to make a new adjustment, grounded upon what was due to myself as well as others; but I rather think that in forming my balance I leant strongly to the former of the two parties, for after this period I do not find many losses to record. As to the little overflowings of my temper, if I could not reduce them altogether, I at least brought them down to low-water mark, and more I would not attempt, remembering the couplet of Dryden—

“Reaching above our nature does no good,
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood.”

Impeccability I left to the fanatics, who would fain be as outrageous saints as they once were sinners. It is astonishing how much good may be effected, how much bitterness mollified, how much latent happiness developed by this species of self-inspection, pursued with candour and governed by philosophy. The mind is autocratic, and can create itself, so far at least as concerns temper and capacity for receiving and communicating pleasure.

Among the changes of mode and habit which I have recorded of this period, I find, that after all my denunciations against it as a frivolous waste of time, I fell into the practice of playing whist, which I have continued to this day, not however as a gambler or professed tactician, but rather for society and relaxation, preferring my own family or neighbours, however inexpert, to the regular practitioners. I only state this trifle to accompany it with the remark, that my own detected inconsistencies made me more indulgent than I had hitherto been to the vacillations of others.—My Journal assures me that I have grieved in spirit more often than was becoming, when my dinner was not dressed to my liking; and that a disposition was creeping on me to attach too much importance to the refecation of the animal system. A writer of no mean celebrity has maintained that the brains are in the stomach, and Persius talks of the “magister artium, ingenique largitor venter;” but rather than “make a god of my belly,” I would have realized the fable of Menenius Agrippa, and set all the members of my body in mutiny against it until it was starved into submission. This vice of age I crushed as soon as it was hatched. I eat to live, but am in no danger of living to eat.—By the same memorial I find, that as I approached fifty I more than once felt a disposition to sneak over my birth-day without notice; but I soon got ashamed of this weakness, and have celebrated it ever since with due festivity, giving all notoriety to my age, that the malicious accuracy of the world might flap my ears should I attempt to relapse into obliviousness. There is no harm in availing oneself of others’ littlenesses to prevent our own. Poor humanity! how inconsistent art thou in the treatment of thy natal day. What assemblage of friends, what merry-making and bumpers to the health of the chubby and bedizened child:—what shouting, what roasting of oxen, and outpouring of ale, among the young heir’s tenants, when “long expected one-and-twenty, happy year, is come at last:” how duly are all the family circled round the plenteous board as this revolving day rolls us up the hill of life; and as we begin to descend it, how gradually and imperceptibly does the celebration die away, till it passes over in silence, unrecorded, except in the consciousness of the aging individual, or the spiteful whispers of his associates. Some-

times it is noticed only to be falsified, as in the case of Lady L——, whose husband always inquires on her birth-day how old she will please to be on the following year. Sometimes the party stands doggedly at bay against time, like old C——, who having arrived at eighty, refused to go any farther, and has remained there ever since, as if he could alter the hour by stopping the clock, or arrest the great wheel by refusing to count its rotations. A little boy of mine once lowered the index of a barometer to "much rain"—ran into the garden, and was astonished to find it as fine as ever. Old C——, in his second childhood, is not much more reasonable.

My impertinent Chronicle assures me also that about the same period I detected myself in little paltry acts of stinginess, grudging half-pence, and looking suspiciously after "candle-ends and cheese-parings," though I never dreamt of making any alteration in my establishment; so true is Swift's remark, that five pounds a-year would save any man from the reputation of being a niggard. This propensity is of a very encroaching character: it is a sort of dry-rot, which, if it once gain admission, will creep along the beams and rafters of your mind, till the whole fabric is corroded. Much trouble did it cost me to eradicate this weed; and often have the latent seeds sprung up afresh, and demanded all my vigilance to prevent their gaining possession of the premises.

Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind—these are the grand constituents of health and happiness; the cardinal points upon which every thing turns. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject; for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the wafting of trees, shrubs, and flowers, is known to be an essential part of their economy. Impressed with this truth, I laid down a fixed rule of taking several hours exercise every day, if possible, in the open air, if not under cover; and to my inflexible adherence to this system do I attribute my remarkable exemption from disease, as well as from the attacks of low spirits, or *ennui*, that monster who is ever prowling to waylay the rich and indolent.

"Throw but a stone the giant dies."

What exercise is to the frame, occupation is to the mind. I portioned out my hours so as not to leave a moment unemployed: I commenced a systematic course of reading, and became pretty regularly engaged in composition, that most delightful of all recreations, so absorbing that it renders us unconscious of the lapse of time, so soothing that it lulls to rest all the sorrows of the heart. Never was I so busy as when I became an idle man; never was I so happy as when I was thus busy. Fortunately, I had success enough in my writings to give an interest to the pursuit, without arriving at that distinction which is apt to engender bitterness. Satisfied with the delight of composition, I cared little about present, and less about future fame. Fontenelle declared, that if he were dying, and knew that his desk contained papers which would render his memory infamous, he would not walk across the room to burn them. Had they no family or friends to be affected by their posthumous reputation, perhaps many men would be equally indifferent.

TIME.

A Canzone from the Italian of Torquato Tasso.

"Donne voi che superbe."

DAMES that in the dazzling glow
Of your youth and beauty go:
Ye who, in your strength, defy
Love with all his archery:
Ye who stand unconquer'd still,
Conquering others as ye will—
Ye shall bend at last before
The iron sceptre of my power.

Mine shall be your glories then,
Mine the triumphs of your train,
Mine the trophy and the crown,
Mine the hearts which ye have won;
And your beauty's waning ray
Shall wax feeble, and decay,
And your souls too proudly soaring,
To see the prostrate world adoring.

Time, imperial Time, am I,
Time, your lord and enemy,
Time, whose passing wing can blight,
With the shadow of its flight,
More than Love in all his pride,
With his thousands by his side.

While I speak, the moments fly,
And my spirit silently
Creeps into your sparkling eyes,
And amidst your tresses lies—
Here the wreathed knots untwining,
There bedimming beauty's shining,
Blunting all the piercing darts
Which the amorous eye imparts,
And wearing loveliness away
To crumble with its kindred clay.

On I fly; I speed away,
On, for ever and for aye—
But, alas! ye take no heed
To the swiftness of my speed,
Bearing, like a mighty river,
In its downward course for ever,
All your gay and glittering throng,
Honours, Titles, Names along—
Mortal hopes and mortal pride,
With the stillness of its tide.

• • • • •

Soon shall come that fatal hour
When, beneath my arm of power,
Lowly shall ye bend the knee.
Soon shall Love the palace flee,
Where he sits enthroned on high
In the lustre of your eye;
And their victor standard there
Age and chill Reserve shall rear.

• • • • •

Soon, like captives, shall ye learn
Ways less wild, and laws more stern;
Gone shall be your smiling glances,
Hush'd your carols and your dances;
And your golden robes of pride
All, too soon be laid aside
For the vesture gray and sere,
Which my humbled captives wear.

And I now proclaim your fate,
That reflecting ere too late,
How, when youthful years are gone,
Hoary ills come hasting on,
Ye may stoop your pride of soul,
Holding earth in strong control,
Deeming that the world contains
None deserving of your chains.
Bend ye then to Reason's sway,
Go where Pity points the way;
While with wing unflagging I
Keep my course eternally.

Days and Nights, and Years, and ye,
My swift winged Family,
Whom the All-creating Hand
Framed ere earth itself was planned,—
Up, and still untiring hold
Your triumphant course of old,
And still your rapid cars be driven
O'er the boundless path of Heaven!

ON THE GREEN-ROOM OF THE FRENCH THEATRE.

THE world progresses somewhat like a snail: it makes an immense journey of some inches during the day, and falls back at night to its original position, that it may set out with the same vigour on the same path the next morning. Both animals leave behind them vestiges of their travel—the one its slimy, the other its inky annals; and it is hard to say which, in its proper proportion, is the more lasting, or the more perishable. Look at the history of revolutions, their commencement, and termination at the very point whence they set out.—Does not this universe resemble a slate, on which some Tyro of a spiritual order, mightier than ours, has been learning his arithmetic, drawing thereon huge sums in multiplication and division, and anon blotting all out in an instant with his fore-finger and spittle? But a truce with simile:—What have all these upsets and overthrows of nations left us? They have left to us essayists the neatest heads of chapters;—to chronologists the most convenient epochs imaginable. There is no knowing what history would do without them: they are its goals and starting-posts, and resemble the ancient temple on Cape Colonna—once the mighty object of worship and witness of great events, now but a beacon to guide the solitary mariner.

Every one that wishes to take a survey of France, political or literary, places himself in the year 1789, and casts his view over the preceding or the subsequent age, as circumstances induce him. We shall do both, merely throwing a glance back, but thenceforward giving

more in detail the history of the French stage. The year 1789 is complete as a stage epoch in France, since it not only marks the commencement of the revolution, but is the very year of the rise of Talma, who has ever since held his station of pre-eminence. Extreme convenience in the arrangement of epochs and eras is, indeed, remarkable all through the literary history of France, and is principally owing to the three great reigns, during which the literature of the country was brought nearest to its perfection; as also to the long lives and regular succession of its men of genius. In tragedy the names of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire, occupy, with little interruption, the whole extent of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Moliere marks the rise of comedy; but as France never found a successor worthy of their great comic writer, this portion of their literary history is more confused. Moliere died in 1673, and it was not till twenty-three years subsequent that the *Joueur* of Regnard appeared, which play was considered to revive the glory of comedy. Since Regnard, French comedy has not risen (we speak according to the estimation of their own critics) above the rank of mediocrity, with, however, a few exceptions; such as Gresset's *Mechant*, which Gray has recorded to be the best comedy he ever read, Piron's *Métromanie*, and, perhaps, the lively productions of Beaumarchais.

The most eminent of their tragic actors before 1789, was Le Kain, a singular coincidence of name with our present theatric genius; but we shall find stronger marks of coincidence than that of name. "Le Kain," says Mademoiselle Clairon, "a simple artisan, of mean and unprepossessing appearance, below the middle height, hoarse in voice, and weak in temperament, leaped from the workshop to the stage, without any other guide than genius;—without any assistance beyond his own powers, became the greatest of tragedians, and, in spite of all his defects, appeared the finest, the most imposing, the most interesting of men."

Henri-Louis Le Kain was born in Paris in 1729, and made his first appearance on the Théâtre Français in September 1750. He had previously matured his powers on the boards of the *Théâtre Rue Traversière*, where he received and profited by the lessons of Voltaire. His first success raised against him, as usual in such cases, a crowd of enemies, who decried and opposed him. "How," said Louis the Fifteenth to one of those, "how can you speak thus of Le Kain? He has made me weep—me, who scarcely ever shed a tear." With great defects of voice and figure, and with nothing external to support his genius, except his eye and action, Le Kain met with the most rapturous success. He could not play Corneille, "Racine was too simple for him," but in the plays of Voltaire he shone forth and electrified the audience. That poet never enjoyed the pleasure of seeing Le Kain on the Théâtre Français: he had set out on his visit to Russia just before the actor's *début*, and on his return to Paris from Ferney, Le Kain was no more:—He died in 1778.

It is impossible not to mention Baron, the rival and predecessor of Le Kain, whom every reader will instantly compare with Kemble. The French critics, however, do not consider their rival actors to have been so much on a par as we do Kemble and Kean. Baron had the advantage of being educated for the stage by Molière. He possessed great

dignity and beauty of person, and, though at first declamatory, "yet as he mingled with the most illustrious ranks of society, true and simple grandeur became familiar to him."* "As soon as he appeared," says Marmontel, "one forgot alike both actor and poet: the majestic beauty of his features and action spread an illusion over the scene. When he spoke, it was Mithridates or Cæsar: every tone and gesture was that of nature," &c. "In fine, he first displayed the perfection of his art—a simplicity and nobleness united—a manner tranquil without being cold, and spirited without being immoderate; marking the nicest shades of sentiment, at the same time concealing the art which produced them." Baron died of a mortification, in consequence of a wound which he received in the foot while performing.

Mademoiselle Clairon, in her Memoirs, asserts, that it is more difficult to procure good actors than good actresses. So competent a judge in the case could not have been mistaken as to the fact, so far as it related to the stage of her own country. She does not, however, make the principle very general; nor does she attribute it to the peculiar nature and genius of the sexes, so much as to the different manner in which they are brought up. "Male actors," says she, "require to bring to their art a degree of education which the generality of men do not possess. Women have more advantages, for, commonly speaking, education is much the same for all ranks of their sex, that are not decidedly of the lower order." There does not seem to be much force in the reasoning, as it is likely that the education of men in general was not much inferior to that average information, which, she tells us, was possessed by all ranks of her sex. Indeed we should be inclined to adopt the opinion contrary to that of Mademoiselle Clairon. In persons of different sexes, possessing the common run of talent, we should suppose a superior portion of tact and sensibility on the female side; and a view of our stage will not contradict the opinion, considering how much more numerous the *breeches-parts* (to speak the dialect of the green-room,) are than the others. In genteel comedy, the ladies ought to have the palm; in low comedy, the gentlemen: for, not to mention the inaptness of a female face for grimacing, there are certainly more *originals* among the lords of the creation. In the second-rate parts of tragedy, and all beneath, female talent has decidedly the advantage; and as to the genius capable of filling our first-rate characters, it is a quality so rare, and our experience in the case is, unfortunately, so confined, that no general conclusion can be drawn, save that of being thankful wherever we meet it.

The tragic actresses contemporary with Le Kain, were Dumesnil and Clairon. They have both published Memoirs, in which each severely criticises, yet, at the same time, does justice to the merits of her rival.† Mademoiselle Dumesnil had the possession of the stage first, and for a long time left Clairon but the inferior parts, which the latter never forgave. They were of pretty equal merit, but Clairon, not possessing the same advantages of face and person with her rival, claims higher praise for her success. Dumesnil retired from the stage in 1776, and

* *Mémoire de Mademoiselle Clairon.*

† Any person that is fond of ghost-stories will find a very curious, and a very well attested one, at the commencement of the *Mémoires de Mademoiselle Clairon.*

Clairon soon after followed her example, owing to one of those quarrels which her furious temper was continually exciting behind the scenes. They both died in the same year, 1803.

The principal comic performers of the same period were Preville, Molé, and Mademoiselle Dangeville. Preville, like Le Kain, owed his rise to royal discernment and patronage. It is some honour to Louis the Fifteenth, that if he despised Voltaire, he had critical foresight enough to descry the talents of the two great actors of his reign, and constancy enough to support them against cabal. After his Majesty had seen Preville perform at Fontainebleau, he turned to the Duc de Richelieu—"I have received many comedians on your account, Messieurs, gentlemen of the chamber: this one shall be on my own." Preville was born in Paris, 1721, and received his early education in the Abbey St. Antoine, the reverend inhabitants of which monastery were greatly shocked afterwards to learn, that their seminary could have reared so graceless a being as a first-rate comedian. Like Ben Jonson, he handled a trowel in his youth, but soon made his way to the profession most suited to him. It was at Rouen he perfected himself in his art, and the Norman critics have not ceased to be proud of having reared him: but they by no means confine their pride to this, for, like the smaller fry of critics in Edinburgh and Dublin, they look with consummate disdain on metropolitan taste. If you believe themselves, they are the only judges of the drama, both as to acting and writing, in the same way that the best French is said to be spoken at Lausanne, and the best English in America. Preville appeared at the Théâtre Français in 1753, and retired in 1786. He however reappeared at intervals, with a very pardonable breach of resolution, and died in 1799. Although the actors of that day all seem to have possessed great versatility of talent, and which, indeed, could not have been very difficult and wonderful, considering the sameness, the universal rhyme and recitation of French plays, Preville excelled in low comedy, Molé in genteel. In reading the accounts of these two actors, one is surprised to learn, amidst traits of their comic power, that *Stukelli* and *Beverley* were two famous parts of theirs, which fact quite overturns a tacit comparison we had been making between Preville and Munden. The account given of Preville in the scene of *Larissolle* in the *Mercure Galant*, where he enters as a drunken soldier, so strongly reminds one of Nipperkin, that the comparison is unavoidable.

Molé was born in 1734, appeared on the Théâtre Français 1760, and died in 1802. This is rather a summary recapitulation of the life of a great actor, but we dread to weary our readers with details of success in parts, the names of which even they, perhaps, neither know nor care about. It is sought chiefly in this retrospect, to mark the principal comedians, as well as the period of their respective reigns. Mademoiselle Dangeville, like Clairon, left the Opera for the Comedy: she retired from the stage as early as 1763; between which period and the appearance of Mademoiselle Mars, the present comic heroine of the theatre, there occurs no female performer of first-rate reputation, though Mademoiselles Contat and Joly were much admired in their day.

The year 1789 effected a revolution in the theatre and its members, as well as in all other ranks and bodies of men. Previously considered as merely a part of the royal household, the theatre was governed

despotically and capriciously by the gentlemen of the bedchamber, its revenues squandered upon their mistresses, and the avenues to fame which it afforded, confined to their sycophants and favourites. The revolution threw the management of the houses (except the Opera) into the hands of committees, raised the comedians to all the privileges of genteel society, and some of its members to stations even of political importance. With respect to the latter species of advancement, however, the body of comedians have not derived much honour from the statesmanship of Collot d'Herbois, the minion of Robespierre.* Much credit is due to Talma, for refraining to meddle with the sanguinary declaimers of that day: he made use of the revolution to advance himself in his profession—no farther; and he certainly had every temptation and opportunity to become politically conspicuous. By a minor but more honourable distinction, Molé, Preville, and Monvel, became members of the Institute. Notwithstanding these advantages, the monopoly of parts is still as close as ever, and the management being in the hands of the principal actors, whose interest is much more bent to support stage-supremacy than all the favouritism of the gentlemen of the chamber, rising talent must remain depressed as ever. Another existing hardship is, that all the theatres are obliged to contribute one-tenth of their yearly revenue towards the support of the *Grand Opéra*: thus the genius of Ducis and of Talma is compelled to retrench from its little reward to pay the extravagant annuities of opera-dancers. In return for this, however, both actors and authors can look forward to a recompense that in our country they cannot. An interest in the property of a piece is not confined to the life of the author, but descends like an estate to his children; and actors are enabled to look forward to a comfortable and independent old age, by the certainty of enjoying an annuity on retiring, proportioned to their respective merits. The present king, with great generosity, has already settled a very handsome one on Talma.

This great actor made his *débüt* at the Théâtre Français in November, 1787, in the part of *Séide* in "*Mahomet*;" but it was not till two years subsequent that he laid the foundation of his present pre-eminence in the tragedy of Charles the Ninth, by Jos. M. Chénier. It was represented for the first time on November 4th, 1789; St. Phal, the first actor,† considered the King of Navarre to be the leading character in the piece, and left Talma the possession of the other. The tragedy met with unbounded success, owing more to its political allusions than its merits; the ruling party of the theatre, however, envied Talma the lucky hit he had made, and brought forward Larive for

* It was Collot d'Herbois, the comedian, that directed the massacres at Lyons, during the reign of terror. That unfortunate town had hissed him off the stage for his miserable acting ten years before, and he avenged the disgrace by cutting off the heads of its inhabitants.

† St. Phal has retired from the stage about a month since. On which occasion the tragedy of *Sylla* was represented for the first time: it is written by M. Jouy, well known in England as the *Hermite de la Chaussée d'Antin*. It is but just to mention, that he formerly wrote a most ferocious tragedy against the English, the scene of which was in India. How the French revolutionists could have had the impudence to accuse the English of bloodshed is hard to conceive. *Mutato nomine de se fabula narratur.*

the purpose of rivalling and eclipsing him. Charles the Ninth no longer appeared in the *affiches* or play-bills, and Talma seems to have remained laudably quiet under the oppression for a full twelvemonth.

It was during this interval that La Harpe, in August 1790, appeared at the bar of the National Assembly, and read in the name of the dramatic authors, that petition which afterwards procured the decree concerning the liberty of the theatres, &c. The principal articles in the petition were: The abolition of what was called *privileges des spectacles*; that every theatre should possess in exclusively the right to represent the ancient dramatic authors; that every author should have the right to fix the value of his own work, and that no piece should be represented without the permission of the author. It is to be understood that the French poets do not give up their property to managers for the receipts of a certain number of nights, as they do in England, but that they receive a certain portion of the receipts every time their piece is represented.

At length the patience of Talma began to be worn out, and he was resolved no longer to be kept in the back-ground. Charles the Ninth was again performed, but whether through the intrigues of the actor, or those merely of the popular party, is hard to determine. A deputy of the town of Marseilles demanded in the name of his colleagues, a representation of Charles the Ninth; among those who stood up to second the demand was Mirabeau. Naudet, one of the actors, made excuses founded on the illness of some of his comrades. Talma denied that there was any truth in the plea. In fine the piece was ordered to be performed: the applause during the representation was, however, much interrupted with disorder and opposition—the promoters of disturbance were arrested, and sent to the Hotel de Ville; among them one is surprised to find the famous Danton. The discomfited party did not fail to accuse Talma of intriguing to bring forward the piece and excite confusion. Talma addressed Mirabeau to exculpate him from the charge, and Mirabeau answered him satisfactorily. The actor was not content with this, but publicly addressed a letter to Naudet, in which he inveighs bitterly against the *noirs* of the Comédie Française. The anti-popular party in the National Assembly had been branded with the epithet of *noir*, answering to our *malignant* in the days of Cromwell. In consequence of this letter, the company of comedians banished Talma from their society, and refused to act with him. Chénier, the author of the piece, cannot be supposed to have been left tranquil during this dispute. In one of his letters, he says, "I have been compelled to carry pistols for my personal defence, from the moment that my tragedy of Charles the Ninth raised me up an enemy in every dastard slave."

There was of course a tumult in the theatre, as soon as the resolution of the comedians against Talma became publicly known. The parterre was quieted the first evening by an assurance on the part of the performers, that they would answer the inquiries and complaints relative to M. Talma on the ensuing evening. It was the 12th of September,—Henri made his appearance as soon as the curtain rose, and addressed the audience:—"Gentlemen, our society, persuaded that M. Talma has betrayed its interests, and compromised the public tranquillity by his conduct, have come to the unanimous resolution

of having no connexion whatsoever with him, till authority shall have decided the subject of debate." Whilst a mingled tumult of disapprobation and applause followed this address, Dugazon, another of the performers, rushed on the stage, and addressed the audience abruptly:—"Gentlemen, the society of comedians are about to take the same steps against me that they have already taken against M. Talma. It is false that M. Talma has betrayed the society; all his crime consists in having told the public, that he could play Charles the Ninth." Upon this a fresh tumult arose, the rancour of which, though not the noise, was allayed by Soulleau's rising and imitating the snuffling voice of the then president of the National Assembly, crying *à l'ordre*, and ringing an immense bell.* Divided in respect between the old authorities of the monarchy and the new ones of the revolution, some of the comedians had recourse to the gentlemen of the chamber, and others to the mayor of Paris. The mayor with difficulty allayed the tumult, and an *arrêt du conseil* was next day issued and placarded, enjoining Messieurs of the Comédie Française to continue their performances in company with M. Talma. They flatly refused to yield, and the magistrates shut up the theatre altogether, until they at length thought proper to submit. Talma appeared again in Charles the Ninth on the 28th of September. Peace, notwithstanding, was not restored in the green-room; scandalous pamphlets were continually making their appearance. Naudet publicly accused Talma of cowardice, and asserted that he had concealed himself with his fusil in a granary on the day of a popular tumult. The latter allowed having been in the granary on the day mentioned, but said that he had merely ascended, that he might there have a better view of the tumult. We here take leave of the French green-room and Talma for a while, merely mentioning, that as that actor laid the foundation of his fame in Charles the Ninth, he "put the seal to it" (as the French critics observe) in the Othello of Ducis.

* The following letter, addressed by Chénier to one of the journals at this period, in which England is popularly quoted as a precedent, forms a curious contrast with the national sentiment at present:—"I was not myself," says he, "present at the scenes which took place a few days since at the theatre, but I have since conversed with many Englishmen who had the misfortune to be witnesses of them, and who were not a little scandalized on the occasion. If the public call for an actor whom they have not seen a long time, the other comedians who are hostile to this actor, engage their creatures to cry NO:—so far there is nothing extraordinary. The comedians dare to accuse this actor before the public with a seriousness that but augments the ridicule of the whole affair:—nor is this very astonishing. A comedian, bound by ties of friendship with the one proscribed, comes forward to defend him with a zeal, at least laudable—this too is natural. But here is the absurdity:—the comedians are permitted to answer the public, and the public, who pays, is not permitted to answer the comedians. This is what strangers cannot conceive: they affirm, that at London, it is not the public which owes respect and obedience to the performers, but the performers to the public. They also observe, that soldiers and fusils are a strange way of maintaining order in the interior of a theatre; and they speak with derision of the liberty of a people, who allow themselves to be surrounded with armed men in the enjoyment of pleasures which they purchase. They assure me, that even in Spain, which is by no means a free country, they do not degrade brave soldiers to the unworthy employment of constraining the public liberty merely to serve the hatred or caprice of the comedians. And they farther profess themselves assured, and I myself join with them in the conviction, that such a display of authority cannot meet the approbation of citizens such as Messieurs Bailly and Lafayette, &c."

ON THE GAME OF CHESS IN EUROPE DURING THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

"Seignors vn poi mentendez
Ki les gius de esches amez."

CHESSE MS.

THE period of the introduction of Chess into Europe, and particularly England, is, like the origin of the game itself, involved in considerable obscurity: the most probable supposition is, that this scientific pastime was introduced into Europe about the latter end of the 11th century; that England was indebted for her knowledge of it to the communication opened with the East, by means of the crusades; and that it afterwards became generally known on the return of Edward the First from the Holy Land, towards the close of the thirteenth century.*

The early romances make frequent mention of chess, from which a few instances may not be uninteresting.

Among the lays of *Mademoiselle Marie*, there is one called '*Eliduc*,' in which we find that the king of that part of England round Exeter was extremely fond of chess, and, while playing a game with a foreign knight, explained to him the moves of the various pieces.—In the romance of '*Fierumbras*,' Sir *Lukafer* of *Baldas* enters into conversation with *Duke Naymes*, and after many inquiries respecting the court of *Charlemagne*, asks what the amusements of the knights are during the intervals between one meal and another, the latter replies—

"Sir, some men just with spear and shield,
And some men carol and sing good songs,
Some shoot with darts in the field,
And some playen at chess among."

In '*Richard Cœur de Lion*,' this monarch is engaged at a game of chess in his galley with the *Earl of Richmond*, when he received important intelligence from the steward of the Emperor of Cyprus.—In the very ancient romance of the '*Seven Wise Masters*,' a jealous Earl is occupied at chess with one of his vassals, while a Knight of Hungary is paying his court to the nobleman's young and beautiful wife, whom he subsequently succeeds in extricating from a strong and lofty tower, in which she had been incarcerated by her husband.—In the beautiful romance of '*Florence and Blanche Fleure*,' the hero procures access to the haram of the Soldan of Babylon, where his mistress is confined, by permitting the porter to win from him at chess, a sacrifice of which every amateur of the game will fully understand the value: and a similar

* The learned author (*Hon. Daines Barrington*) of a Paper on Chess, inserted in the 9th volume of the *Archæologia*, supposes that this game was unknown in England until the return of Edward the First; but *Robert of Gloucester*, who composed his Chronicle between the years 1265 and 1278, would undoubtedly not have committed so great an anachronism, as to make the knights of King Arthur's court amuse themselves at chess, if this game had been then unknown, or had only been introduced into the kingdom so short a period before the compilation of his Chronicle. His words are—

Sone after þys noble mete, as ryȝt was of such tȝde,
þe kȝngtes atȝled hem aboute in eche sȝde,
In feldes and in medȝs to preue þer bachelerye.^c
Somme wȝþ lance, some wȝþ suerd, wȝþoute vȝlenȝe,
Wȝþ pleȝyng at tables, oþer atte chekere,
Wȝþ castȝnge oþer wȝþ ssetȝnge, d oþer in som oȝȝrt^e manere.

^a accoutred.

^b their.

^c courage, youth.

^d shooting.

^e other.

stratagem was practised by *Huon de Bourdeaux*, in Egypt.—In ‘*The Life of Ipomydon*,’ the festivities that attended the solemnization of the nuptials of *Ipomydon* and the *Princess of Calabria* were very splendid:—

“ On the morrow, when it was day,
They busked them, as I you say,
Toward the church, with game and glee,
To make that great solempnité.
The archbishop of that land
Wedded them, I understand.
When it was done, as I you say,
Home they went without delay.
By that they come to the castel,
Their meat was ready every deal.
Trumpes to meat gan blow tho,
Claryons and other minstrels mo.
Tho they washed and went to meat,
And every lord took his seat.
When they were set, all the rout,
Minstrels blew them all about,
Till they were served with pride
Of the first course that tide.
The service was of great array,
That they were served with that day.
Thus they ate, and made them glad,
With such service as they had.
When they had dined, as I you say,
Lordis and ladies yede to play;
Some to tables, and some to chess,
With other games, more and less.”

In the romance of ‘*Ogier le Danois*,’ *Churlot*, the degenerate son of *Charlemagne*, incensed at losing two games to the young *Baldwin*, kills him with the massive chess-board: and the same fatal accident occurs in the romance of ‘*Guy of Warwick*,’ where *Fabour*, being invited by the *Prince of Persia* to play at chess, has the imprudence to give check-mate to the haughty son of the *Soudan*, who, offended by his presumption, wounds him on the head with the chess-board, which *Fabour* seizing in his turn, with one blow lays the prince dead at his feet. In the romance of ‘*Sir Tristrem*,’ our hero is skilled in minstrelsy, in the mysteries of the chase, and in all knightly games; and hearing that the captain of a Norwegian vessel, freighted with hawks and treasure, had challenged any one to play at chess, for a stake of twenty shillings, he goes on board with *Rohand* and his sons, accepts the challenge, and wins from him six hawks and one hundred pounds, and the captain, to avoid paying what he had lost, puts to sea with *Tristrem*; the vessel being overtaken with a tempest, the mariners impute it to the injustice they have been guilty of, and under this impression pay *Sir Tristrem* his winnings, and put him on shore in an unknown country:

XXVIII.

Ther com a schip of Norway,
To Sir Rohantes hold,
With haukes white and grey,
And panes* fair y fold:†
Tristrem herd it say,

On his playing he wold
Twentie schilling to lay,
Sir Rohant him told,
And taught:
For hauke silver he yold;‡
The fairest men him raught.§

* *Pennies*, by implication *wealth*: thus, ‘As prince proud in pan, means as wealthy as a prince.’

† *Manifold*.

‡ *Yielded*, or gave.

§ *Reached*, gave.

XXIX.

A cheker* he fond bi a cheire,
 He asked who wold play;
 The mariner spac bonair,†
 "Child, what wiltow lay?—
 "Oyaint an hauke of noble air,
 Twenti schillinges to say;
 Whether so mates other fair,
 Bere hem bothe oway."—
 With wille,
 The mariners swore his faye,§
 For sothe ich held their tille.‡

XXX.

Now bothe her wedde¶ lya,
 And play thai bi ginne;
 And sett he hath the long asise,**
 And endred beth ther inne:
 The play beginneth to arise,

Tristrem deleth atvinne;
 He dede als so the wise,
 He'yaf has-he gan winne
 In raf;††
 Of playe ar he wald blinne,‡‡
 Sex haukes he yat and yaf.§§

XXXI.

Rohant toke leue to ga,||
 His sones he eleped¶¶ oway;
 The fairest hauke he gan ta,**
 That Tristrem wan that day,
 With him he left ma
 Pans for to play;
 The mariner swore also,
 That pans wold he lay,
 An stounde:†††
 Tristrem wan that day,
 Of him an hundred pounce.

The education of Sir Tristrem, comprising the art of war, with the mysteries of the chase, skill in music, poetry, and the few sedentary games used by the feudal nobility, united all that was necessary, or even decent to be known, by a youth of noble birth. *Huon of Bourdeaux*, disguised as a minstrel's page, gives the following account of his qualifications to a heathen Soldan: "Sire, dit Huon, je sais muer un repervier, voire un falcen, chasser le cerf, voire le sanglier, et corner quand la bête est prinse, faire la droicture aux chiens, trancher au festin d'un grand roi ou seigneur, et des tables et echecs en sais autant, et plus que homme qui vive." "Oh! Oh!" se dit Yvoirin, "ces ne sont mie la les faits de valet de menestrier, bien duiroient ils a gentil Damoiseau."

The most splendid game of chess occurs in the romance of "*Sir Gaheret*." That champion was entertained in the enchanted castle of a beautiful fairy, who engaged him in a party at chess in a large hall, where flags of black and white marble formed the chequer, and the pieces, consisting of massive statues of gold and silver, moved at the touch of the magic rod held by the player. Sir Gaheret, being defeated, was obliged to remain the fairy's prisoner, but was afterwards liberated by his cousin Gawin, who check-mated the mistress of the enchanted chess-board.—A similar adventure occurs in the romance of "*Lancelot du Lac*," 2^{de} partie, fol. 101.††† That the knowledge of chess during the 13th century was far from being contemptible, may be inferred not only from an attentive perusal of the following pages, but likewise from the corroborating testimony of contemporary writers. Boccacio, who lived in the 14th century, tells us that chess had then

* Chess-board. † Spake courteously: *Débonnaire*—Fr. ‡ Against.

§ Faith. ‖ I pledge thereto. ¶ Their pledge.

** Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to *Sir Tristrem*, supposes this to be a term of Chess, now disused; the long *Asise*, however, was a favourite game at that period.

†† Speedily. ‡‡ Would stop. §§ He got and gave. || Go.

¶¶ Called. *** Take. ††† At that time; an expletive.

††† It is not in romance alone that we trace the partiality of our ancestors for this amusement. It was early known to the northern people, and skill in this interesting game was one of the accomplishments of a Scandinavian hero: in the *Laws of Howel Dha*, a chess-board is allotted as the reward of the king's principal bard. Vide *Sir Tristrem*, edited by Sir Walter Scott.

become a usual amusement at Florence; and we are also informed that in the year 1266, a Saracen named *Buzacca*, came to Florence, and in the *Palace del Popolo*, before Count *Guido Novello*, played on three chess-boards at one time, with the first masters in Florence, playing with two by memory, and with the third by sight: two games he won, and the third he made a drawn game by perpetual check.

The laity, however, were not the only admirers of this interesting game, for it appears to have formed one of the recreations of *Monachism*: thus in the statutes of the *Savoy Hospital*, it was enacted,—“Statuimus, &c. quod nullus magister, vicemagister, capellanus, perpetuus vel conductilius, aut aliquis alius minister, vel servitor hospitalis prædicti, pro tempore existens, ad talos, cartas, vel aliquos alios jogos illicitos et prohibitos, infra hospitale prædictum, clam vel, palam, quoquo modo ludet. *Poterint enim omni tempore ludere ad scaccos*,” &c. MS. Cott. Cleop. c. v. xxiii. a. And the most usual time of the day when the monks were permitted to recreate themselves in this manner, was probably after dinner; for we are told,

The zung monkes each daie,
After met goth to plai. MS. Harl. 913, fol. 4.

Robert Holcot,* the learned Dominican friar, wrote a book on chess, and of course played the game. *Jacopo Dacciesolo*, or *Jacobus de Ciesolis*, another Dominican, wrote on chess before the year 1200; his book is entitled “*liber moralis de scaccor*,” but contains no rules for playing.

* Mr. Turner, in his *History of England*, vol. ii. p. 591, says, “Among those authors whose researches have been the most extensive and successful, Holcot the Dominican friar, who flourished about 1330, deserves particular notice. He not only wrote some Latin commentaries on part of the Scriptures, which are remarkable for the great range of classical authors whom he quotes, and for his repeated encomiums on knowledge and literature; but he also composed, under the name, and therefore most probably with the sanction of the Bishop of Durham, (the English prelate to whom Petrarch addressed the letter which was never answered,) the work entitled *Philobiblon*; the object of which peculiarly was, to excite a love of general study; an encouragement of new books; a desire to collect them; a taste for the liberal arts; indulgence for poetry; and an increased facility to students to read the books that were obtained.” The work is 492 of the Harl. MSS. and commences with the following lines: *Incipit prologus in philibiblon Ricardi dunelmensis episcopi* que’ libr’ co’posuit Robt’ Holcote de ordi’e p’dicator’ s’b no’i’e d’c’i ep’i. Vniu’sis xpi fidelib’ ad quos sc’pti p’sc’tes p’uen’it Ricard’ Ep’is salute’ in d’no sempit’na, &c. At the end of this prologue, which occupies four pages of the MS., follow the contents:

Incipiunt capitula philibiblon Ricardi dunelmensis Episcopi.	
¶ Quare thesaurus Sapientie potissimè sit in libris	1
Qualiter amor libris rationabiliter debeat	2
Qualiter in libris emendis sit pretium estimandum	3
Querimonia librorum contra clericos jam promotos	4
Querimonia librorum contra religiosos possessionatos	5
Querimonia librorum contra religiosos mendicantes	6
Querimonia librorum contra bella	7
De multiplici oportunitate quam habuimus librorum copiam conquirendi	8
Quare licet opera veterum amplius amaremus non tamen dampnamus studia modernorum	9
De successiva perfectione librorum	10
Quare libros liberalium artium protulimus liberalibus viris	11
Quare libros grammaticales tanta diligentia curavimus revocare	12
Quare non omnino vileximus fabulas poetarum	13
Qui deberent esse potissimi librorum dilectores	14
Quot commoda confert amor librorum	15

A copy of this treatise (in small 4to.) very beautifully written, is in the British Museum, MS. Harl. No. 1275. This work was translated into French by *Jehan de Vignay*, a monk, a copy of which is also in the British Museum; the MS. has these lines in it,—“Et auiret du jeu des eschez fut translate de latin en francois pour se roy iehan de france premier de ce nom par frere *iehan de vignay*, hospitalier de lord de hault pas,” &c. It is from this French version that Caxton translated his edition, printed in 1474 with the first metal types used in England.

I shall now proceed to describe the very curious MSS. on chess, which have been consulted in drawing up the present essay; and then afterwards pursue my inquiry into the state of the game in Europe during the 13th and 14th centuries.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS FROM FILICAJA.

On the Death of Christina, Queen of Sweden.

THE tree, which shaken of its royal boughs
Gave with its trunk a shelter and a shade—
Whose broad and towering top to heaven arose,
High, as in earth its roots were deeply laid—
Where men the nest of all their hopes had made,
Whence Virtue sought support amidst her woes,
The branches of whose glory broadly spread
From the far West to where the Caspian flows—
Yields, as its massy roots are rent away,
And in its mighty ruin buries all
That in the shelter of its shadow lay.
It sinks as if the solid world gave way,
Majestic in the thunder of its fall,
And mighty, e'en in ruin and decay.

To Italy.

WHERE is thine arm, Italia?—Why shouldst thou
Fight with the strangers?—fierce alike, to me
Seem thy defender, and thine enemy;
Both were thy vassals once—though victors now.
Thus dost thou guard the wreath that bound thy brow,
The wreck of perish'd empire?—When to thee
Virtue and Valour pledged their fealty,
Was this thy glorious promise, this thy vow?
Go then: reject thine ancient worth, and wed
Degenerate Sloth: 'midst blood, and groans, and cries,
Sleep on, all heedless of the loud alarms.
Sleep, vile adulteress: from thy guilty bed,
Too soon th' avenging sword shall bid thee rise,
Or pierce thee slumbering in thy minion's arms.

G. M.

Qui sit meritorius libros novos scribere et veteres renovare	16
De debita honestate circa librorum custodiam adhibenda	17
Quare tantam librorum colleximus copiam ad communem profectum scholarum et non solum ad propriam voluptatem	18
De modo communicandi studentibus omnibus libros nostros	19
Exhortatio scolarium ad rependenda pro nobis suffragia debitæ pietatis	20

I have preferred giving the Latin divested of its abbreviations for the sake of classical readers, who I hope will pardon my digressing into so long a note—the MS. is well worth a careful perusal.

LETTERS FROM SPAIN.—BY DON LEUCADIO DOBLADO.

LETTER X.

Seville, 1805.

WHEN the last census was made, in 1787, the number of Spanish females confined to the cloister, for life, amounted to thirty-two thousand. That in a country where wealth is small and ill distributed, and industry languishes under innumerable restraints, there should be a great number of portionless gentlewomen unable to find a suitable match, and consequently glad of a dignified asylum, where they might secure peace and competence, if not happiness, is so perfectly natural, that the founders and supporters of any institution intended to fulfil these objects would deserve to be reckoned among the friends of humanity. But the cruel and wicked church law, which, aided by external force, binds the nuns with perpetual vows, makes the convents for females the *Bastilles* of superstition, where many a victim lingers through a long life of despair or insanity. Though I do not mean to enter into a point of Theological controversy, I find it impossible to dwell for a moment on this subject without expressing my utter abhorrence and detestation of the cold indifference with which our church looks on the glaring evil consequences of some of its laws, when, according to her own doctrines, they might be either repealed or amended without relinquishing any of her claims. The authority of the Roman Pontiff, in all matters of church government, is not questioned among Catholics. Yet, from a proud affectation of infallibility, even upon such points as the most violent partisans of that absurd pretension have never ventured to place within its reach, the church of Rome has been so sparing of the power to reform her laws, that it might be suspected she wished to abandon it by prescription. Always ready to *bind*, the heirs of Saint Peter have shown themselves extremely averse to the more humane office of *loosing on earth*, except when it served the purpose of gain or ambition. The time, I believe, will never come when the church of Rome will agree to make concessions on what are called *matters of faith*. But I cannot discover the least shadow of reason or interest for the obstinacy which preserves unaltered the barbarous laws relating to the religious vows of females; unless it be that vile animal jealousy, which persons, deprived of the pleasures of love, are apt to mistake for zeal in the cause of chastity: such zeal as your Queen Elizabeth felt for the purity of her maids.

The Nunneries in this town amount to twenty-nine. Of these, some are under the exclusive jurisdiction of the Friars, whose rule of religious life they profess; and some under that of the Episcopal See. The last generally follow the monastic rules of Saint Benedict, Saint Bernard, or Saint Jerom; and it is remarkable, that the same superiority which is observable in the secular above the regular clergy, is found in the nuns under the episcopal jurisdiction. Some of the *last* inhabit large convents, whose courts and gardens allow the inhabitants ample space for exercise and amusement. Instead of narrow cells, the nuns live in a comfortable suit of apartments, often at the head of a small family of younger nuns whom they have educated, or of pupils, not under re-

ligious vows, whom their parents place there for instruction. The life, in fact, of these communities, is rather collegiate than monastic; and were it not for the tyrannical law which deprives the professed nuns of their liberty, such establishments would be far from objectionable. The dress of these nuns is still that which the *Duenas*, or elderly matrons, wore when the convents were founded, with the addition of a large mantle, black, white, or blue, according to the custom of the order, which they use at the choir. From a head-dress not unlike that which, if I may venture upon such matters, I believe you call a *mob-cap*, hangs the black veil. A rosary, or chaplet of black beads with a cross at the end, is seen hanging over the neck and shoulders, or loosely coiled on a leather strap, which tightens the tunic or gown to the waist. A slip of cloth of the breadth of the shoulders, called the *scapulary*, hangs down to the feet both before and behind, probably with a view to conceal every outline of the female shape.

The mildness of these romantic rules being unsatisfactory to the fiery spirit of bigotry, many convents have been founded under the title of *Reformed*, where, without the least regard to the sex of the votaries, young and delicate females are subjected to a life of privation and hardship, as the only infallible method of obtaining the favour of Heaven. Their dress is a tunic of sackcloth, tied round the waist with a knotted rope. The rule allows them no linen either for clothing or bedding. Woollen of the coarsest kind frets their bodies, day and night, even during the burning summers of the South of Spain. A mantle of the same sackcloth is the only addition which the nuns make to their dress in winter, while their feet, shod with open sandals, and without either socks or stockings, are exposed to the sharp winter blasts, and the deadening chill of the brick floors. A band of coarse linen, two inches in breadth, is worn by the Capuchin nuns, bound tight six or eight times round the head, in remembrance, it is said, of the *crown of thorns*; and such is the barbarous spirit of the rule, that it does not allow this band to be taken off even under an access of fever. A young woman that takes the veil in any of the reformed convents renounces the sight of her nearest relations. The utmost indulgence as to communication with parents and brothers extends to a short conversation once a month, in the presence of one of the elder nuns, behind a thick curtain spread on the inner side of the iron grating, which completely intercepts the view. The religious vows, however, among the Capuchin nuns put a final end to all communication between parents and children.

To those unacquainted with the character of our species of Christianity, it will be difficult to conceive what motive can influence the mind of a young creature of sixteen thus to sacrifice herself upon the altars of these Molochs whom we call Saints and Patriarchs. To me these horrid effects of superstition appear so natural, that I only wonder when I see so many of our religious young females still out of the convent. Remorse and mental horrors goad some young men into the strictest monasteries, while more amiable, though equally mistaken views, lead our females to a similar course of life. We are taught to believe self-inflicted pain to be acceptable to the Deity, both as an atonement for crime, and a token of thankfulness. The female character, among us, is a compound of the most ardent feelings—vehement to deliriousness, generous to devotedness. What wonder, then,

if, early impressed with the loveliness and sufferings of an incarnate Deity, an exquisitely tender mind grow restless and dissatisfied with a world as yet known only through the pictures of morose fanatics, and pant after the most effectual means of giving her celestial lover an unquestionable proof of gratitude? The first nascent wish of taking the veil is eagerly watched and seized by a confessor, who, to a violent jealousy of earthly bridegrooms, joins a confident sense of merit in adding one virgin more to the ten thousand of the spiritual *Harem*. Pious parents tremble to place themselves between God and their daughter, and often with a bleeding heart lead her to the foot of the altar.

There is an extreme eagerness in the Catholic professors of celibacy, both male and female, to decoy young persons into the toils from which they themselves cannot escape. With this view they have disguised the awful ceremony which cuts off an innocent girl from the sweetest hopes of nature, with the pomp and gaiety which mankind have unanimously bestowed on the triumph of legitimate love. The whole process which condemns a female "to wither on the virgin thorn," and "live a barren sister all her life," is studiously made to represent a wedding. The unconscious victim, generally in her fifteenth year, finds herself, for some time previous to her taking the veil, the queen—nay, the idol of the whole community which has obtained her preference. She is constantly addressed by the name of bride, and sees nothing but gay preparations for the expected day of her spiritual nuptials. Attired in a splendid dress, and decked with all the jewels of her family and friends, she takes public leave of her acquaintance, visits, on her way to the convent, several other nunneries, to be seen and admired by the recluse inhabitants, and even the crowd which collects in her progress follows her with tears and blessings. As she approaches the church of her monastery, the dignified ecclesiastic who is to perform the ceremony, meets the intended novice at the door, and leads her to the altar amid the sounds of bells and musical instruments. The monastic weeds are blessed by the priest in her presence; and having embraced her parents and nearest relations, she is led by the lady who acts as bride's-maid to the small door next to the double grating, which separates the nuns' choir from the body of the church. A curtain is drawn while the abbess cuts off the hair of the novice, and strips her of her worldly ornaments. On the removal of the curtain she appears in the monastic garb, surrounded by the nuns bearing lighted tapers, her face covered with the white veil of probationship, fixed on the head by a wreath of flowers. After the *Te Deum*, or some other hymn of thanksgiving, the friends of the family adjourn to the *Locutory*, or visiting-room, where a collation of ices and sweetmeats is served in the presence of the mock bride, who, with the principal nuns, attends behind the grating which separates the visitors from the inmates of the convent. In the more austere convents the parting visit is omitted, and the sight of the novice in the white veil, immediately after having her hair cut off, is the last which, for a whole year, is granted to the parents. They again see her on the day when she binds herself with the irrevocable vows, never to behold her more, unless they should live to see her again crowned with flowers, when she is laid in the grave.

Instances of novices quitting the convent during the year of proba-

Letters from Spain.

tion are extremely rare. The ceremony of taking the veil is too solemn, and bears too much the character of a public engagement, to allow full liberty of choice during the subsequent noviciate. The timid mind of a girl shrinks from the idea of appearing again in the world, under the tacit reproach of fickleness and relaxed devotion. The nuns, besides, do not forget their arts during the nominal trial of their victim, and she lives a whole year the object of their caresses. Nuns, in fact, who, after profession, would have given their lives for a day of free breathing out of their prison, it has been my misfortune to know; but I cannot recollect more than one instance of a novice quitting the convent, and that was a woman of obscure birth, on whom public opinion had no influence.

At many nuns, especially in the more liberal convents, live happily every reason to believe; but, on the other hand, I possess ample evidence of the exquisite misery which is the lot of some nate females, under similar circumstances. I shall mention one case in actual existence, with which I am circumstantially acquainted.

A lively and interesting girl of fifteen, poor, though connected with some of the first gentry in this town, having received her education under an aunt who was at the head of a wealthy, and not austere, Franciscan convent, came out, as the phrase is, *to see the world*, previous to her taking the veil. I often met the intended novice at the house of one of her relations, where I visited daily. She had scarcely been a fortnight out of the cloister, when that world she had learned to abhor in description, was so visibly and rapidly winning her affections, that at the end of three months she could hardly disguise her aversion to the veil. The day, however, was now fast approaching which had been fixed for the ceremony, without her feeling sufficient resolution to decline it. Her father, a good but weak man, she knew too well, could not protect her from the ill-treatment of an unfeeling mother, whose vanity was concerned in thus disposing of a daughter for whom she had no hopes of finding a suitable match. The kindness of her aunt, the good nun to whom the distressed girl was indebted for the happiness of her childhood, formed, besides, too strong a contrast with the unkindness of the unnatural mother, not to give her wavering mind a strong though painful bias towards the cloister. To this were added all the arts of pious seduction so common among the religious of both sexes. The preparations for the approaching solemnity were, in the mean time, industriously got forward with the greatest publicity. Verses were circulated, in which her confessor sang the triumph of Divine Love over the wily suggestions of the *impious*. The *wedding-dress* was shown to every acquaintance, and due notice of the appointed day was given to friends and relatives. But the fears and aversion of the devoted victim grew in proportion as she saw herself more and more involved in the toils she had wanted courage to burst when she first felt them.

It was in company with my friend Seandro, with whose private history you are well acquainted,* that I often met the unfortunate Maria Francisca. His efforts to dissuade her from the rash step she was

* See Letters III. IV. V.

going to take, and the warm language in which he spoke to her father on that subject, had made her look upon him as a warm and sincere friend. The unhappy girl, on the eve of the day when she was to take the veil, repaired to church, and sent him a message without mentioning her name, that a female penitent requested his attendance at the confessional. With painful surprise he found the future novice at his feet, in a state bordering on distraction. When a flood of tears had allowed her utterance, she told him that, for want of another friend in the whole world, to whom she could disclose her feelings, she came to him, not, however, for the purpose of confession, but because she trusted he would listen with pity to her sorrows. With a warmth and eloquence above her years, she protested that the distant terrors of eternal punishment, which, she feared, might be the consequence of her determination, could not deter her from the step by which she was going to escape the incessant persecution of her mother. In vain did my friend volunteer his assistance to extricate her from the appalling difficulties which surrounded her; in vain did he offer to wait upon the archbishop, and implore his interference: no offers, no persuasions could move her. She parted as if ready to be conveyed to the scaffold, and the next day she took the veil.

The real kindness of her aunt, and the treacherous smiles of the other nuns, supported the pining novice through the year of probation. The scene I beheld when she was bound with the perpetual vows of monastic life, is one which I cannot recollect without an actual sense of suffocation. A solemn mass, performed with all the splendour which that ceremony admits, preceded the awful oaths of the novice. At the conclusion of the service, she approached the superior of the order. A pen, gaily ornamented with artificial flowers, was put into her trembling hand, to sign the engagement for life, on which she was about to enter. Then, standing before the iron-grate of the choir, she began to chaunt, in a weak and fainting voice, the act of consecration of herself to God; but, having uttered a few words, she fainted into the arms of the surrounding nuns. This was attributed to mere fatigue and emotion. No sooner had the means employed restored to the victim the powers of speech, than, with a vehemence which those who knew not her circumstances attributed to a fresh impulse of holy zeal, and in which the few that were in the painful secret saw nothing but the madness of despair, she hurried over the remaining sentences, and sealed her doom for ever.

The real feelings of the new votaress were, however, too much suspected by her more bigoted or more resigned fellow prisoners; and time and despair making her less cautious, she was soon looked upon as one likely to bring disgrace on the whole order, by divulging the secret that it is possible for a nun to feel impatient under her vows. The storm of conventual persecution, (the fiercest and most pitiless of all that breed in the human heart,) had been lowering over the unhappy young woman during the short time which her aunt, the prioress, survived. But when death had left her friendless, and exposed to the tormenting ingenuity of a crowd of female zealots, whom she could not escape for an instant, unable to endure her misery, she resolutely attempted to drown herself. The attempt, however, was ineffectual. And now the merciless character of Catholic super-

stitution appeared in its full glare. The mother, without impeaching whose character no judicial steps could be taken to prove the invalidity of the profession, was dead; and some relations and friends of the poor prisoner were moved by her sufferings to apply to the church for relief. A suit was instituted for this purpose before the ecclesiastical court, and the clearest evidence adduced of the indirect compulsion which had been used in the case. But the whole order of Saint Francis, considering their honour at stake, rose against their rebellious subject, and the judges sanctioned her vows as voluntary and valid. She lives still in a state approaching to madness, and death alone can break her chains.

Such an instance of misery is, I hope, one of those extreme cases which seldom take place, and more seldom transpire. The common source of suffering among the Catholic recluses proceeds from a certain degree of religious melancholy, which, combined with such complaints as originate in perpetual confinement, affect more or less the greater number.

The mental disease to which I allude is commonly known by the name of *Escripulos*, and might be called *religious anxiety*. It is the natural state of a mind perpetually dwelling on hopes connected with an invisible world, and anxiously practising means to avoid an unhappy lot in it, which keep the apprehended danger for ever present to the imagination. Consecration for life at the altar promises, it is true, increased happiness in the world to come; but the numerous and difficult duties attached to the religious profession, multiply the hazards of eternal misery with the chances of failure in their performance; and while the plain Christian's offences against the moral law are often considered as mere frailties, those of the professed votary seldom escape the aggravation of sacrilege. The odious diligence of the Catholic moralists has raked together an endless catalogue of sins, by *thought, word, and deed*, to every one of which the punishment of eternal flames has been assigned. This list, alike horrible and disgusting, haunts the imagination of the unfortunate devotee, till, reduced to a state of perpetual anxiety, she can neither think, speak, nor act, without discovering in every vital motion a sin which invalidates all her past sacrifices, and dooms her painful efforts after Christian perfection to end in everlasting misery. Absolution, which adds boldness to the resolute and profligate, becomes a fresh source of disquietude to a timid and sickly mind. Doubts innumerable disturb the unhappy sufferer, not, however, as to the power of the priest in granting pardon, but respecting her own fulfilment of the conditions, without which to receive absolution is a *sacrilege*. These agonizing fears, cherished and fed by the small circle of objects to which a nun is confined, are generally incurable, and usually terminate in an untimely death, or insanity.

There are, however, constitutions and tempers to which the atmosphere of a nunnery seems natural and congenial. Women of uncommon cleverness and judgment, whose strength of mind preserves them in a state of rational happiness, are sometimes found in the cloisters. But the true, the genuine nun—such, I mean, as, unincumbered by a barbarous rule, and blessed with that Lilliputian activity of mind which can convert a parlour or a kitchen into an universe—presents a

most curious modification of that amusing character, *the old maid*. Like their virgin sisters all over the world, they too have, more or less, a flirting period, of which the confessor is always the happy and exclusive object. The heart and soul of almost every nun not passed fifty are centred in the priest that directs her conscience. The convent messengers are seen about the town with lots of spiritual *billets-doux*, in search of a soothing line from the ghostly fathers. The nuns not only address them by that endearing name, but will not endure from them the common form of speech in the third person:—they must be *tutoyé*, as children are by their parents. Jealousy is a frequent symptom of this nameless attachment; and though it is impossible for every nun to have exclusive possession of her confessor, few will allow the presence of a rival within their own convent.

I do not intend, however, to cast an imputation of levity on the class of Spanish females which I am describing. Instances of gross misconduct are extremely rare among the nuns. Indeed, the physical barriers which protect their virtue are fully adequate to guard them against the dangers of a most unbounded mental intimacy with their confessors. Neither would I suggest the idea that nothing but obstacles of this kind keeps them, in all cases, within the bounds of modesty. My only object is to expose the absurdity and unfeelingness of a system which, while it surrounds the young recluses with strong walls, massive gates, and spiked windows, grants them the most intimate communication with a man—often a young man—that can be carried on in words and writing. The struggle between the heart thus barbarously tried, and the unnatural duties of the religious state, though sometimes a mystery to the modest sufferer, is plainly visible in most of the young captives.

About the age of fifty, (for spiritual flirtation seldom exhausts itself before that age,) the genuine nun has settled every feeling and affection upon that shifting centre of the universe, which, like some circles in astronomy, changes with every step of the individual—I mean *self*. It has been observed that no European language possesses a true equivalent for your English word *comfort*; and, considering the state of this country, Spanish would have little chance of producing a similar substantive, were it not for some of our nuns, who, as they make a constant practical study of the subject, may, at length, enrich our dictionary with a name for what they know so well without it. Their comforts, however, poor souls! are still of an inferior kind, and arise chiefly from the indulgence of that temper, which, in the language of your *ladies' maids*, makes their mistresses *very particular*; and which by a strange application of the word, confers among us the name of *impertinente*. The squeamishness, fastidiousness, and morbid sensibility of nuns, make that name a proverbial reproach against every sort of affected delicacy. As great and wealthy nunneries possess considerable influence, and none can obtain the patronage of the Holy Sisters (*Mothers*, as they are called by the Spaniards,) without accommodating themselves to the tone and manners of the society, every person, male or female, connected with it, acquires a peculiar mincing air, which cannot be mistaken by an experienced observer. But in none does it appear more ludicrously than in the old-fashioned *nun-doctors*. Their patience in listening to long, minute, and often-told

reports of cases; the mock authority with which they enforce their prescriptions and the peculiar wit they employ to raise the spirits of their patients, would, in a more free country, furnish comedy with a most amusing character. Some years ago, a very stupid practitioner bethought himself of taking orders, thus to unite the spiritual and bodily leech for the convenience of nuns. The Pope granted him a dispensation of the ecclesiastical law, which forbids priests practising physic, and he found himself unrivalled in powers among the faculty. The scheme succeeded so well that our doctor sent home for a lad, his nephew, whom he has brought up in this two-fold trade, which, for want of direct heirs, of which priests in this country cannot boast, is likely to be perpetuated in the collateral branches of that family. With regard to their curative system, as it applies to the soul, I am a very incompetent judge: the body, I know—at least the half-spiritualized bodies of the nuns—they treat exclusively with syrups. This is a fact of which I have a melancholy proof in a near relation, a most amiable young woman, who was allowed to drop into an early grave, while her growing disease was opposed with nothing but syrup of violets! I must add, however, that the wary doctor, not forgetting the ghostly concerns of his patient, never omitted to add a certain dose of *Agnus Castus* to every ounce of the syrup; a practice to which, he once told a friend of mine, both he and his uncle most religiously adhered when attending young nuns, with the benevolent purpose of making their religious duties more easy.

L. D.

ON HEARING AN ALMOST-FORGOTTEN SONG.

Oh! cease, and never sing again
 (Or not to me) that mournful strain;
 For round my heart its echoes roll'd
 All the pangs I felt of old:
 Waked the thought of prospects blighted,
 Friends too long, too well believed,
 Fond affections unrequited,
 Faults and follies unretrieved:—
 Waked regret and shame in me,
 Who on a reckless idol's shrine,
 With passionate prodigality,
 Cast a heart so warm as mine.
 Sad they spoke—oh, vainly check'd,
 Pours a flood of bitter tears;
 For health departed, spirits wreck'd,
 And aimless life's declining years,
 Spoke of all I've borne to prove—
 All hopeless, fruitless, thankless still!
 The long devotion of a love
 Time cannot cure, nor absence chill.
 Then wonder not if I implore
 To hear those touching sounds no more:
 I should not weep to this excess,
 Did my heart own their sweetness less.

V. E. 8.

STATE OF RELIGION IN THE HIGHLANDS.

THE two principal distinctions in the religion of the Highlanders are the Presbyterian and the Roman Catholic. The latter, with few exceptions, is confined to the county of Inverness, particularly to the districts of Lochaber, Moydart, Arasaik, Morrer, Knoydart, and Strath Glass, and to the islands of Cannay, Eig, South Ouisht, and Barra, where the adherents to the religion of their ancestors are equal, if not superior in number, to the disciples of the Reformation. There are likewise a few Episcopalians, chiefly among the gentry; and I heard of some Methodists and Anabaptists. To these may be added some seceders from the Scotch church, whose consciences rebel against ecclesiastical patronage, but whose points of faith know no dissimilarity, and who wander about the country praying and preaching at their own discretion.

The religion of a Highlander is peaceable and unobtrusive. He never arms himself with quotations from Scripture to carry on offensive operations. There is no inducement for him to strut about in the garb of piety, in order to attract respect, as his own conduct insures it. Not being perplexed by doubt, he wants no one to corroborate his faith. Upon such a subject, therefore, he is silent, unless invited to the conversation, and then he entertains it with solemnity and reverence. The relationship between him and his Creator is more in his heart than on his tongue. I believe his religious feelings to be as sincere as they are simple and unassuming; and that moral precepts are more congenial to his disposition than mysteries.

That this should be the character of Papists as well as Protestants, may possibly create astonishment. I could not discover any difference; and my own opinion has been confirmed by the clergymen with whom I have conversed. They have invariably stated, in answer to my questions on this point, that the Roman Catholics were equally good members of society, and equally quiet in the enjoyment of their tenets, with their own Presbyterian parishioners; and moreover they paid the same compliment to the priests.

Another circumstance, still more astonishing, is, that Protestants and Papists, so often pronounced to be eternally inimical, live here in charity and brotherhood. On neither side is humanity forgotten in their doctrine of divinity. The world, it is hoped, will soon understand that distinctions in worship do not necessarily imply distinctions in our nature; and that our fellow beings of opposite religions are as capable of love and friendship, of benevolence and sympathy, as those who kneel on the same hassock, or chaunt the same psalm. In Fort William there is the Scotch church, and the Episcopal and the Roman Catholic chapels. The inhabitants of the town, and of the neighbourhood, know no division, except at the doors of their respective places of worship.* On a Sunday morning they may be seen in the street,

* Pennant, speaking of the island of Cannay, says, "The minister and the Popish priest reside in Eig; but, by reason of the turbulent seas that divide these isles, are very seldom able to attend their flocks. I admire the moderation of their congregations, who attend the preaching of either indifferently as they happen to

and approaching by the several roads, conversing together "in unity of spirit and in the bond of peace," till the time arrives for their separation, when each man bends his course according to the dictates of his own conscience, without note or comment from the others; and when the assemblies are dismissed, they meet again as cordially as they parted. The advocate for intolerance will say, such a people must either be lukewarm and indifferent, or the thing is impossible. Not at all. They are truly earnest in their devotion. The same spirit of charity is diffused throughout families. A master does not require his servants to think as he thinks; he merely requires them to do as they are bid. A husband is not offended because his wife loves consubstantiation better than transubstantiation, provided she loves him. As for their children, they easily come to an agreement about them, if they agree in every thing else. I visited a family, where the master of the house and his sons are Roman Catholics, his wife and daughter Episcopalians, and the tutor a Presbyterian. What a mixture! And does it not lead to confusion and wrangling? By no means; quite the contrary. It is a daily lesson of good-will and kind-hearted forbearance, and every one in the house is benefited by it.

Much as I am partial to the character of the Highlanders, I am unwilling to ascribe this generous toleration in social life to their own peculiar disposition: Would not all men act towards each other in the same manner, were there no external influence employed to goad and sting them into hatred? Who will believe we are cursed with an innate horror at those who differ from us in sacred interpretations, or in metaphysical conjectures? Let us not entertain so humiliating an idea. Mankind are naturally averse to enmity; for it not only disturbs their better feelings, but there is personal danger in it. Every individual likes peace better than war; though there are certain stimulants which will infallibly make him fight. So likewise will anathemas from the pulpit turn a peaceful congregation into a set of persecuting zealots. To the honour of the Highland clergy, they are guiltless of employing their power for so atrocious a purpose; and indeed their tenets are not exclusive. Then again, the great cause in favour of their tranquillity, no political advantage can be gained by setting these people at variance. It is to the absence of these "spirit-stirring drums," and not to the Highlanders themselves, that we are to attribute their freedom from the bitterness of superstition.

The Lowlanders are continually lamenting that the ministers of the Highland church are deficient in education. That this is partly true cannot be dissembled. Several have been described to me in terms unfavourable to members of a *learned* profession; and I have accident-

arrive. As the Scotch are economists in religion, I would recommend the practice of one of the little Swiss mixed cantons, who, through mere frugality, kept but one divine; a moderate honest fellow, who, steering clear of controversial points, held forth to the Calvinist flock on one part of the day, and to his Catholic on the other. He lived long among them much respected, and died lamented."—*Scotland*, vol. ii. page 316.

Mr. Matthews likewise, in his "Diary of an Invalid," describes Switzerland as a country "where the bitterness of religious differences is softened by the kindly feelings of human brotherhood." But this character is not peculiar to mountaineers, as it belongs equally to the inhabitants of the United States.—What a lesson to other countries!

ally met with some few who answered the description. On the other hand, there are among them men of learning and science, of high intellectual powers, and of liberal principles. Those who accuse so many of their clergy of being ignorant fanatics, ought, at the same time, to do justice to their philosophers. It is fortunate, however, that none of their enthusiasts attack the creeds of others. Their zeal takes, perhaps, as uncharitable, though certainly not so pernicious a course. They do not hold up other churches to detestation, but are content to make their hearers detest themselves. A God of terror and the slender chance of escape from eternal punishment is their constant theme. Such a doctrine may be convenient, as it requires less ability to excite fear than to inspire hope. Their congregations listen with as much awe as they would to a ghost story, and finding their apprehensions alarmed, are apt to place it to the account of a pious influence working on their souls. Hearing one of these ministers address a table of communicants, and observing "his lengthened chin, his turned-up snout, his eldritch squeel and gestures," I was curious to learn the nature of his Gaëlic harangue; when it was told me he was questioning the probability of more than *two* among them having received the sacrament worthily, and doubting if more than *one* would obtain salvation: now he is a great favourite of the multitude. But, as I have already remarked, such preachers form only a part of the Highland church; the better part are very distinct. I have been in company with some of their clergy, who cannot fail in engaging the highest admiration and esteem: men not merely of general knowledge, but of general humanity: neither formal nor sanctified in their own deportment, nor envious of the cheerfulness of others. Not content with attending to the spiritual welfare of their parishioners, they assist them in their temporal affairs; and are more anxious to make good members of society than bad theologians. Chaucer's "good country parson," and Goldsmith's "village preacher," are here shown to be something more than the mere coinage of a poet's brain.

Even at this time ecclesiastical penance is enforced, in some of the remoter districts, with as much rigour as in the early days of the Kirk. The *cutty-stool*, their only relic of popery, long banished from the Lowlands, is yet to be found among the hills, in spite of the arguments of common sense, and (what is more difficult to withstand) the world's ridicule. In other respects, likewise, their church discipline is carried to a harsh extreme. Instances of excommunication, which not only deprives the devoted sinner, but also his children, of all religious rites, are still to be met with in some of the parishes. Notices have been publicly delivered in churches that all persons who had, during the preceding year, been guilty of profaning the Sabbath, even in so small a degree as the writing of a letter, should be debarred from the communion-table. This, one of the elders assured me, was a "wholesome severity," while he himself sat replenishing his rummer of whiskey-punch for the third time, and that too on a Sunday evening,—but punch, as the ordinary in Jonathan Wild argues, "is no where forbidden in Scripture." Not long ago, a minister took it into his head to keep two books, *white* and *black*, wherein he set down the names of the righteous and the unrighteous throughout his parish. The idea, if not badly imagined, was badly executed; he should have kept a seven-

fold book for the *greys*. Possibly the hint was taken from the following lines in the "*Frere's Tale*:"

"They weren in the archedeken's book;
Than had he thurgh his jurisdiction
Power to don on hem correction."

It is, however gratifying to add, that there are few who regard the examples of clerical authority otherwise than with a smile, the delinquents themselves excepted. The Highland clergy demand so much respect for their charitable demeanour towards the followers of a faith, to the tenets of which they feel the greatest abhorrence, that I have unwillingly alluded to any thing in their dispraise. Nor perhaps should I have said a word upon so ungracious a subject, had not their want of a suitable education been frequently spoken of in the public papers of Scotland, and that without paying due honour either to their men of learning, or to their liberality.

No one is ignorant of the general mode of worship among the Presbyterians; yet many are unacquainted with their custom of administering the sacrament in the open air,—the grandest religious ceremony I ever beheld. The crowds which assemble from all parts render their churches inadequate for the occasion. It is held once a year, and, in some parishes, only once in two years. I attended one at Loch Inver in Sutherland, in the midst of a wild and rugged tract of mountains, where scarcely a vestige of the work of man can be perceived. At another time a stranger might have arrived there, and, as he gazed upon the scene, mourned over the cruel depopulation of the country. Now it was like the neighbourhood of a large town, when, for some cause, the inhabitants are called forth to a particular spot. From every direction, across the hills, were they approaching, some on horseback, others on foot, all quietly pursuing their course to the same point. As I walked forward, at the turn of an almost trackless path, the congregation came suddenly in sight, sitting on the sward, silently waiting for the minister. My mind had been previously excited by a morning journey among the gigantic and awful mountains of Assint, and was prepared to receive the fullest impression from such a scene. I was with some friends in a cottage, when a whisper informed us that the minister was on the ground.

We went forth, and, uncovering our heads, drew near to the multitude. I guessed them at three thousand; but was told I greatly underrated their number. They were seated, as closely as possible, upon a gently rising ground, which terminated, at the upper end, in a craggy hill, and with hills of the same nature to the right and left, forming a kind of amphitheatre. Not only was the ground itself completely filled, but hundreds had taken their station among the crags. I cannot imagine a more picturesque grouping, surrounded by romantic scenery. Before we came among them, the psalm had begun. Their singing was not, as we often hear it, nasal and obstreperous; on the contrary, their voices were attuned as if subdued in attention to a supernatural accompaniment. While passing over a hillock, the echo of the rocks almost deceived me; for, on a sudden, the sounds seemed to issue from above, and an enthusiast might have imagined that an invisible choir of angels were, indeed, saluting, in return, their fellow

servants in song. With difficulty we reached a bench, under a piece of sail-cloth, enjoying an entire view of the congregation. Two long narrow tables, covered with a "fair white linen cloth," were placed in the midst. The minister was protected from the weather in a small wooden building, somewhat like a watch-box with the upper half-door away; but, though I liken it to such a thing, it had not, in my eyes, a degrading effect. What a glorious sight! Every one so neatly attired, so patient, so serious, so solemn! This throng was assembled on a certain day, and at a certain hour, many from a distance of fifty miles, all joining with decent piety in the same psalm, without affectation, without grimace, their eyes humbly bent down, or modestly raised to their instructor. I never thought upon creeds; I thought only upon what was before me—devotion! How poor are "gay religions full of pomp and gold," compared to their sincere and simple worship!

The prayer lasted half an hour, and the sermon an hour. Yet I listened unweariedly, though I understood not one word of Gaëlic, to the music of syllables, as uttered by the minister, whose modulation of voice was the finest that can be conceived: added to which, the grace and dignity of his action, for ever varied, but seldom greatly elevated; and, above all, the smile of good-will, which never left his countenance. After the sermon, every one still keeping his place, he addressed them on the subject of the Communion. The tables were then filled, a collection made for the poor, and the elements brought forward, the bread on a silver salver, and the wine in two silver chalices, which were distributed by the elders, while the minister, standing between the two ends of the tables, read the appropriate passage from the Testament, and afterwards discoursed to them, at considerable length, on the nature of their obligations. These communicants then retired, and the tables were again filled, and so on, till the sacrament was administered to all those who had previously obtained permission; each separate table being attended by different assisting clergymen.

The state of the weather could not have been more favourable for this meeting under the canopy of Heaven, as it was very warm, and with shadowing clouds. For a long time I was insensible to any thing that tended to destroy either the propriety or the solemnity of the congregation. At last I observed there were twice as many women as men,—a most disproportionate assortment; and that the aged were more devout than the young, who, it must be confessed, gave some unequivocal signs of indifference and impatience; but, be it remembered, the service lasted altogether eight hours and a half. I also discovered that some became sleepy; but, poor souls! what a toilsome distance had they travelled! Then again, from some quarter or another, there was an incessant cry of infants, except during the time of singing, and the exception is a proof of the power of music; this, however, was unavoidable, for who were left to take charge of them at their homes? and how could they live without their mothers' bosoms? I saw the necessity of bringing them, and forgave them for their noise with all my heart.

S.

SKETCHES OF ITALY, IN VERSE AND PROSE.

No. II.—*Como.*

WHERE Como on its lake's still bosom views
 Bleak Alpine snows, and summer's fervid hues,
 There is a solitude more sweet than e'er
 Was given to Fancy's dream, or Poet's prayer;
 Where rocks and woods ward off the noon-tide ray,
 And meeting points inclose a tranquil bay
 Which sleeps on russet sands, or ripples o'er,
 Welling from cavern'd fount, the pebbly shore;
 Where the bare crag that to the wave descends
 Its shadows with the light-leaved olive blends,
 And myrtles mingled with the clustering vine
 High over-arch'd a bower of fragrance twine;
 Whilst far beyond the lake's broad waters roll'd
 Expand their purple splendours edged with gold,
 By headland bleak and misty isle retire,
 And seem to tinge each distant cape with fire.

This calm retirement virtuous Pliny chose,
 Within these groves he sought and found repose,
 When sickening with the vulgar toils of life,
 The courtly homage, the forensic strife,
 He left the world which triflers hold so dear,
 And joyous sprang to feast on Nature here.
 "Beauties of earth and heaven," ('twas thus he cried)
 "Thou wave dark-heaving to the cavern's side,
 Thou ancient forest's venerable shade,
 Ye azure mountains that in distance fade,
 Ye clouds that round their icy summits break,
 How pure, how deep the wisdom that ye speak!
 Not that vain knowledge taught in worldly schools,
 To flatter, fawn, ensnare, delude by rules;
 In truth's fair semblance to conceal our guile,
 And sheath the stings of malice in a smile:
 Not that base grovelling to another's will,
 Reviled, spurn'd, trampled, yet complacent still;
 But studious thoughts on Nature's works intent,
 The soaring hopes in fancy's visions sent,
 The clear transparence of the spotless mind,
 Which glows with joys that leave no shade behind."

Thus didst thou read Creation's moral page,
 Thus soothe thy cares, O philosophic sage.
 I feel with thee the raptures that inspir'd
 Thy lonely hours, when, in itself retired,
 Thy free mind soar'd upon the wings of thought,
 And grasp'd the fair ideas which it sought.
 I seem thy sports, thy studies to divide,
 Through valleys lone I linger by thy side,
 Breathe the keen freshness of the mountain-air,
 And read man's charter'd independence there.
 Or trim with thee the midnight lamp, and gaze
 Upon the glories of Rome's ancient days,
 The glow of mind, the constancy of soul,
 Stamp'd by thy genius on the historic roll,
 When e'er thy breast prophetic longings came,
 And throb'd with promise of immortal fame.

But did thy virtuous bosom never feel
 Those blighted hopes which thought could never heal?

Did thy capacious wisdom ne'er explore
 An unseen world, where fame should be no more?
 Wast thou content mind's purest joys to know,
 And in the silent grave those joys forego?
 The towering heights of Reason's lore to try,
 To plume thine eagle fancy and to die?
 Did no still voice e'er whisper in thy breast,
 That those fond aspirations to be blest,
 That feverish restlessness, that mortal strife,
 Were the sure earnest of immortal life,
 Seeds of that flower that was again to bloom
 More bright, more fair, and live beyond the tomb?
 Unhappy! from these truths thou turn'dst away,
 Nor hail'dst the morn that brought our glorious day.

The view of the Lake of Como from the town is confined to a small circular basin, surrounded by high hills, and enlivened by villas. On doubling a low headland, a very beautiful reach is seen. The mountains rise on each side boldly from the water's edge, and their summits terminate in peaks of varied form and elevation. Their gradual ascent (in Gibbon's words) is covered by a triple plantation of olives, of vines, and of chesnut trees, and they are clothed nearly to their summits with verdure. The green mass of the woods is agreeably interrupted in various places by small villages, clustering round the slender tower of the church, or by the solitary convent or chapel, whilst the white villas which crowd the shores are reflected in the transparent waters which flow close under their walls. About three miles from Como we came to the promontory and small village of Torno. It forms a very picturesque object, sloping gradually from the higher hills, and projecting far into the lake with its houses, church, and cypress-trees. Here some have placed Pliny's two villas—his *Tragedy* and *Comedy*. The situation has sufficient beauty, and agrees well enough with Pliny's description to warrant us in placing them here; but there is nothing like conclusive evidence of their having occupied this site. We coasted the eastern shore of the lake from Torno, admiring, as we advanced, the beauty and boldness of the scenery, and, about two miles farther, landed at a modern villa called the *Pliniana*. Here, in the inner court of the house is the intermitting fountain described by both Plinys. Its source is under a low cavern; it runs with great rapidity, and is as clear as crystal. The attendant informed us, that it still rises and falls thrice a-day, but at uncertain hours. It does not, I think, appear from Pliny's account, that he had a villa close to this fountain; and, indeed, the confined situation, hardly allowing room for a house, is very ill adapted to the space of a Roman mansion. The site, however, of the *Pliniana* is very beautiful; it is embosomed in a grove of chesnuts, laurel, and cypress: it clings close to the rocky hill which rises immediately above it; and commands an extensive and magnificent view of the lake.

I shall subjoin Pliny's description of his villas on the lake, as tending to illustrate the beautiful scenery in which his elegant genius seems so much to have delighted.

"On this shore I have many villas, but two, as they please me most, so principally engage me. The one placed on rocks, after the Baian fashion, looks over the lake; the other, also, in the Baian man-

ner, touches its waters: wherefore, *that* I am accustomed to call *Tragedy*, because she is supported on buskins; *this*, *Comedy*, because her feet are sandaled. Each has its peculiar charms, which, to the possessor of both, are, from their very diversity, rendered more attractive. *This* enjoys the lake more closely; *that* more extensively—*this* embraces in its prospect one bay only of a soft circling outline; *that* with its lofty promontory divides two:—from *that* the extended line of coast, stretching to a great distance, appears like a school of equestrian exercise; from *this* the gentle curve of the shore forms a spacious and sheltered portico for pedestrian recreation. *That* feels not the waves; *this* breaks them:—from *that* you can look down upon the fishermen; from *this* you can partake in the sport yourself, and throw the hook from your chamber, nay, almost from your bed, as from a boat. These united attractions have induced me to make to each those additions in which they are separately deficient.”—*Plin. B. ix. Ep. 7.* H.

STANZAS

Written on viewing the Monument of two Sleeping Children, by Chantrey, in Lichfield Cathedral.

O CHANTREY! thou hast stolen the feeling all
Of Nature's young and innocent worshippers,
Of those whose hearts keep holy festival
Through the fair seasons of their beauteous years;
Whose feet go printless over wo: whose tears
But gem the looks of gladness where they light;
Whose lips are wet with honey; while the fears,
Waylaying mortal joys, may never fright
The soul from its repast, pure, sensitive, and light.

For when the blight of ugly Death had thrown
Its lustre from that seat of love, the eye,
Then camest thou, and in thy chisell'd stone
Hewedst out these an immortality.
While their free spirits sought to glorify
The holiness of innocence with wings,
Thou bad'st their fairy forms entranced lie,
As if they dreamt of Heaven and lovely things
That Future still to Youth in radiant beauty brings.

O artist! pity thou couldst not bestow
The breath into those lips that gently part;
And give the warm blood in those veins to flow,
That seem to converse with the throbbing heart;
And bid that perfect foot with ardent start,
Climb the bright Helicon of Life's domain;—
Pity! yet hardly so;—man has no art
To wake the youthful melody again;
And joy is oft, at best, the holiday of pain.

Sweet forms! sweet memories of what have been!
Fair triumphs of a noble art! ye lie
Mocking at things of flesh, in all your green,
And everlasting freshness. Oh! gone by
I have known forms like yours,—yet they could die!
But your sweet sympathies shall perish not;
And ye, like rainbows promise-bent on high,
Shall point the mourner from his earthly spot,
To where immortal youth is joy's peculiar lot.

J.

THE BIRTH-DAY.

THE antipathy to serious reflection entertained by the generality of mankind is such, that nothing but the occurrence of calamity, or the anniversary of some period marked by sorrow which we cannot forget, or by joy which we cannot recall, is capable of turning the mind to sober and useful meditation. The giddy round of life goes on: we engage in new projects, indulge in new hopes, undismayed by the failure of old ones, and are incessantly occupied with the effort to banish the retrospection of the past, by indulging in the visions of the future.

As has been observed, however, there are times when these efforts fail; and one of these is the recurrence of a birth-day—that subject of joy in childhood, and of seriousness, if not gloom, in maturer age. In the former it is hurrying us on to the wished-for period, when we expect to act with independence, and to enjoy without restraint: in the latter, it is sweeping us headlong to the close of a life, embittered to many by disappointment, and drawing to an end, for which all feel they are unprepared.

Reader, do not be alarmed; I am not going to write a sermon, nor am I one whose mind is soured by disappointment, or racked by remorse. On the contrary, I have attained the *nil admirari* sort of tranquillity, inspired by experience, and becoming my age, and have learned to live on the philosophic principle, that “All that is truly delightful in life, is what all, if they please, may enjoy.” My present train of reflection was awakened by finding among my papers the other day some verses which I wrote on the twentieth anniversary of my birth-day, twenty years ago, and which I subjoin at the end of this article.

Oh the pleasures of that day in my childhood! I still think with delight on the happiness it brought with it, the festivity it occasioned, and the privileges it conferred. On that day I was always allowed a holiday, and suffered to play with my brothers and sisters, who enjoyed the same exemption. On that evening, instead of being sent early to bed, we were all permitted to join in the family supper; for in those days there were no late dinners to preclude supper. I have still before my eyes the small blue parlour in which my mother used to explain to me, in the morning, the importance of the day, and the added duties which its recurrence entailed on me, while I bore the lecture with patience and complacency, in consideration of the joys by which it was to be succeeded. Many a time in after-life, when I had entered on the bustle, the hopes, and fears of the world, have I retired on that day, to turn my thoughts from the cares of business, or the regrets of disappointment, to these remembrances of infant happiness. The retrospection of our actions and adventures, which Pythagoras recommended nightly, I have always entered on annually, and my birth-day has been the day I have fixed on for it. I am not an unhappy man, but, alas! since the date of the following lines, that retrospection has seldom been such a source of comfort to me, as it might have been perpetually if I had kept with firmness the resolutions they express.—

*The Birth-Day.**On my Twentieth Birth-Day, September 17th.*

Why sitt'st thou, Muse, in silence sighing,
 Unpaid thy verse, thy plaint unheard,
 While Nature's verdure round thee dying
 To time resigns what storms have spared :
 Come! let thy gravest chord be strung,
 Be that dread Power in sadness sung
 That sweeps the old and fells the young,
 And all our care defies ;
 E'en as thy numbers roll along,
 He triumphs while he flies.

Age—thou hast felt and mourn'd his rigour,
 By slow degrees removed from life ;
 And vain is manhood's boasted vigour
 Sunk in disease or crush'd in strife ;
 Youth—for the *future* thou may'st mourn,
 Thou through the *past* few ills hast borne,
 Yet may thy soul with grief be torn
 To think upon the day,
 When thy wild joys that mock return
 Shall all have pass'd away.

For me, who shrink from youthful madness
 To pause awhile in serious thought,
 What sudden cause has turn'd to sadness
 A heart that seldom grieves for aught ?
 Too young Ambition's blight to prove,
 In Learning's maze too light to rove,
 Too gay to feel the pangs of Love,
 Nor reckless of its joys,
 What sting all former stings above
 Transforms my smiles to sighs ?

Time! 'tis thy fleetness stamps my terror,
 And fixes thought on Passion's throne :
 Thou show'st how much the past was error,
 How much the future has t' atone ;
 Reason approaches to decry
 Follies that forced her long to fly,
 Wings from my soul the secret sigh
 That tells how dear they cost,
 And flashes on my sorrowing eye
 The treasures I have lost.

The laughing hours of careless riot,
 The dreams of love, the flights of joy,
 The bliss that dreamt not of disquiet,
 The gold of life without th' alloy,—
 These—these are past—or should be past,
 For now the die of life is cast,
 And outraged Wisdom comes at last
 Her summons to prefer,
 That future years be snatch'd from waste,
 And given to Sense and her.

And I must raise me to her level,
 For Justice sanctifies her claim,
 And now four lustres pass'd in revel
 O'erwhelm my serious soul with shame

Childhood's years in pastime flew;
And youth, which should her toils pursue,
Far more of sport than learning knew,
In follies pass'd away,
Leaving a debt to Science due
Which manhood must repay.

Come then, nymph too long neglected,
Forgive thy wrongs and stretch thine aid;
All thy rights shall be respected,
Thy injunctions all obey'd;
Nor shall gloom the change attend,
Cheerfulness is Wisdom's friend,
And glad Content her charms shall lend
Thy triumphs to display,
And thus my fruitful toil commend,—
"Thou hast not lost a day."

Farewell, ye dreams of wild delusion—
Farewell, ye sweets of sluggard rest—
For ever must your bright confusion
Be banished from my thoughtful breast:
Oh! may my efforts meet success.
To banish or to fly excess;
Then grateful memory long shall bless
The start of useful fear,
Which cloth'd in Reason's sober dress
My twentieth smiling year.

ITALIAN POETS.—MICHEL ANGELO.

WE intend devoting a few pages of our present and future numbers to the less known poets of Italy, for such of our readers (and their number is not small) as are already fully acquainted with Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso. Men of the highest abilities in the other departments of human art and knowledge, have not disdained to profess themselves the followers of one or the other of these four eminent writers. But though some of the disciples of these great names have raised themselves nearly to the level of their masters, still the admiration exacted by the models, has left us little to bestow upon the excellence of their imitators. The most illustrious orators and historians, philosophers and artists, who have cultivated poetry with a success which ought to have obtained for them a fair share of renown, are, nevertheless, scarcely known as poets, except to their biographers and to very diligent inquirers after the rare and curious in literature. Perhaps, also, the splendour of their glory, in those pursuits to which their genius was more peculiarly devoted, has eclipsed the fainter brilliancy of their poetical fame—

"Urit enim fulgore suo."

This is, above all, the case with the two contemporaries Machiavelli and Michel Angelo, one of whom was considered as the most profound statesman, the other as the most sublime artist of his time; a decree confirmed by each successive generation in the three centuries which have since elapsed. We would say that Machiavelli was born to penetrate with quickness, perceive with clearness, and describe with useful

though distressing exactness, the most secret folds and windings of human nature: and Michel Angelo to seize with precision, to idealize and represent with a felicitous energy, its outward and visible forms. Each of these illustrious men was gifted with a powerful and peculiar, but different kind of intuition,—one of which, separately, would form a poet; and both combined, would constitute the very highest order of poetic genius. Nor was it in their intellectual faculties alone, that these two celebrated men had a poetical cast of character. Their moral qualities, their predominant passions, their daily and domestic habits, and even their caprices and peculiarities, were of that stamp which commonly procures for poets the kind commiseration of less imaginative persons. Yet Machiavelli is scarcely heard of except as a politician; but even in that light he is very imperfectly known, and has been harshly and unjustly estimated. That to the strongest feelings, he united the most generous qualities, we shall be able to prove satisfactorily, when we come to consider him as a poet and a man. With regard to Michel Angelo, whose verses are the subject of our remarks, the universality and extraordinary character of his powers, may be described in the language applied by his English biographer to Leonardo da Vinci. "The powers of this great man so far surpassed the ordinary standard of human genius, that he cannot be judged of by the common data by which it is usual to estimate the capacity of the human mind. He was a phenomenon that overstepped the bounds in every department of knowledge which limited the researches of his predecessors; and whether he is to be regarded for his accomplishments or his vast attainments, whether as the philosopher or the painter who made a new era in the arts of design, he equally surprises our judgment and enlarges our sphere of comprehension."^{*}

In adopting these formal expressions, we are very far from hazarding any comparison between Michel Angelo and Leonardo, and pronouncing in whose favour the scale ought to preponderate. Born in the same epoch and city, they cultivated the same arts; and although both arrived to an advanced age, they were never opposed to each other as rivals, except when in their youth they painted, as competitors, the victory of the Florentines, their fellow citizens, over the Pisans. Neither of them painted more than cartoons of the subject, and even these cartoons, which were highly praised by all who beheld them, are for ever lost to posterity. Finally, they resided and exerted their talents in different countries, with an equal reputation, but a different fortune; Leonardo having been least subject to the caprices of the princes who employed him, and least a mark for the vengeance and annoyance of inferior artists. He left behind him very few works, and in these he employed his vast powers to assemble all the excellences of art, and occupied a great part of his life in clearing them from the slightest shade of imperfection. Michel Angelo laboured much and in every manner, not only without striving to avoid, but even in courting defects, that he might not lose those daring beauties, which, when any excess of art is used to avoid every thing like a fault, seem to part with much of their originality and inspiration. Leonardo carried the art of design to a degree of perfection which no one even hoped to approach. Michel Angelo raised it to such a height

^{*} Duppa, *Life of Michel Angelo*, page 66.

of sublimity, that many were induced to attempt it, but every one of his imitators showed that he had undertaken a task beyond his powers. Leonardo, in applying to mechanics the mathematical sciences, penetrated into the most abstruse theories; while Michel Angelo, equally successful in the practical part, never suspected the necessity of scientific demonstration. In literature, the great work of Leonardo da Vinci on painting certainly surpasses the tracts of Michel Angelo on the fine arts, excellent as they are; but it occupied all his meditations, while Michel Angelo's essays were little else than a relaxation and a pastime. We do not know that Leonardo ever attempted poetry; and with regard to that of Michel Angelo it has been talked of more than it has been read.

The Italians, though constantly repeating, as a popular tradition, that Michel Angelo was a distinguished poet, seem to have never entered into the real character of his verses. In their innumerable metrical collections, of every kind and age, and from authors good, bad, and indifferent, we never hit upon a single extract from Michel Angelo. Even Tiraboschi, the voluminous historian of Italian literature, in his unceasing endeavours to enliven his frozen style, and his painful toil to elevate, if not his eloquence, at least his rhetoric, to the level of the merits of his eminent countryman, passes very carelessly over his verses, and merely observes "that Nature had also endowed him with a happy turn for poetry." Even during his life the literary applauses which he obtained from the illustrious scholars of the age of Leo X. are at the same time both exaggerated and rare, and seem to have been lavished sometimes by friendship, and sometimes as that "flattering unction" which contemporaries so often force upon each other.

When an elaborate dissertation of an alarming length was read in the Academy of Florence, as a sort of refined commentary and overstrained panegyric on one of his sonnets, Michel Angelo expressed his gratification at the applause, hinting at the same time to his friends, that their excessive adulation would end in making him ridiculous. "The sonnet," he says, "is certainly mine, but the commentary is, indeed, a God-send; and the learned critic has a just claim upon me for another sonnet at least, in gratitude for his eulogies; but, as he has placed me so very high, I tremble lest in attempting another poetic flight I shall fall too low, and, therefore, to retain unimpaired the renown he has awarded to me, I must make up my mind to enjoy it, without hazarding a rhyme."

Peter Aretine, that famous dealer in scurrility, slander, and flattery, in the true spirit and character of his class of writers, who exaggerate blame into calumny the most incredible, and praise into hyperbole the most ridiculous, anxious to have his bust from the hand of such an artist, wrote to him in his inflated style, "that whatever fell from the pen of Michel Angelo ought to be preserved in an emerald urn—*conservato in un'urna di smeraldo*:" yet not a single bookseller would take upon himself the care and risk of publishing Michel Angelo's verses; and it was not, in fact, until sixty years after his death that they were edited for the first time (1623), from the autograph preserved in the library of the Vatican, by his grand nephew, Michel Angelo Buonarroti, senator of Florence, himself an original poet, unique in his kind, of whom, perhaps, we shall have occasion to speak. Of that book, although

pronounced by the Academy of Della Crusca one of the classical textbooks of the language, no critic of any note has spoken in terms either of praise or censure; nor was it republished until a century afterwards (1726), in the design of completing the collection of the works of celebrated Florentines. If we are to take literally the expressions of one of our author's most intimate friends, all that was published of Michel Angelo was but a very small part of the great quantity of pieces—*infiniti sonetti*—which he had composed.* Still not even their scanty number has been able to preserve them from forgetfulness; nor was it until after another century (1806), and, as it were, in fulfilment of the duty of a biographer deeply attached to his author, that Mr. Duppa once more republished them in the appendix to his life of Michel Angelo. Recently Mr. Biagioli, to whom we are obliged for the best Italian grammar which has been yet written, has published, at Paris (1821), the same collection, with some additions, which render it more complete, and encumbered with a commentary, which, whether useful or not to the reader, has, at least, enlarged the size of the volume. Such is the brief history of the editions of Michel Angelo's poetry.

The criticisms of Mr. Duppa, without being profound, are judicious and candid—perfectly calculated to prove that some pieces of his author, very far from deserving to continue in that neglect to which the caprice of fortune had condemned them, deserved to be held forth as models of excellence in their kind. The justice of this opinion appears most clearly from the translations with which Mr. Wordsworth and Mr. Southey have enriched his work; and even still more so from the prose translations of several extracts, by Mr. Duppa himself. The following is one of his devotional sonnets, which we have endeavoured to render in English.

Sonnet CXVI.

Ben sarian dolci le preghiere mie,
 Se virtù mi prestassi da pregarte:
 Nel mio terreno infertil non è parte
 Da produr frutto di virtù natie.
 Tu il seme se' dell' opre giuste, e pie,
 Che la germoglian dove ne fai parte:
 Nessun proprio valor può seguitarte,
 Se non gli mostri le tue belle vie.
 Tu nella mente mia pensieri infondi,
 Che producano in me sì vivi effetti,
 Signor, ch' io segua i tuoi vestigi santi.
 E dalla lingua mia chiari, e facondi
 Sciogli della tua gloria ardenti detti,
 Perché sempre io ti lodi, esalti, e canti.

To the Supreme Being.

Grateful and sweet would be my prayer,
 If thou wouldst lend me grace to pray;
 My soil unfertile will not bear
 Virtue's fair fruit, thine aid away.

* Vasari, Vita di Michel Angelo.

Thou know'st the seed, how it should lie
Within the mind to make it spring,
And bring forth deeds of piety
And works of worthy offering.

If thou show'st not the sacred road,
None of themselves thy paths can see—
Fill all my soul with thoughts that lead
In thy just steps to heaven and thee,—
Give me a fervent tongue that I may praise,
And sing thy glory through eternal days.

Mr. Biagioli's commentary is so minute, so pedantic, and at the same time so effectually enthusiastic, as to excite our fears that he may obtain a result precisely the reverse of that which he has proposed to himself. His purpose is nothing less than to establish a poetical triumvirate, consisting of Dante, Petrarch, and Michel Angelo, to be placed on a triple throne, whilst Ariosto, Tasso, and the other poets of Italy—nay of the whole world, both ancient and modern—are to be seated on the steps below, as their pages. To judge of Michel Angelo's verses as the productions of a professional poet, would be manifestly unjust—as it always must be, when a measure of excellence is exacted, to which the author himself never thought of laying claim. But, on the other hand, whoever is over-anxious to regard as extraordinary all that may proceed from the pen of a distinguished man, pushes his admiration to an extent of superstition, which, while it adds nothing to the glory of the author, greatly diminishes our respect for the judgment of the critic.

If there ever existed a mortal fully confident in his own faculties, it was Michel Angelo; but, likewise, if there ever existed a mortal, who knew the difficulties inherent in every art, and who employed the meditation, the time, and the unremitted exertions which it requires to surmount them, it was Michel Angelo. He was aware that genius consists not only in the power of producing, but also in the energy and perseverance which are necessary to give to its productions the excellence to which alone they owe their durability. Bold, enterprising, and indefatigable as he was—having felt and put to the proof from his earliest youth, his talent for sculpture, he reproached himself to the last day of his life for not having devoted enough of study and time to the chisel and marble. We are told that the Cardinal Farnese one day found him, when an old man, walking alone in the Colosseum, and expressed his surprise at finding him solitary amid the ruins; to which he replied, "I go to school that I may continue to learn something." There is still remaining one of his designs—an old man with a long beard, in a child's go-cart, and an hour-glass, with the scroll over his head *ANCHORE IMPARO—still I learn*.* But as to the art of writing, he with equal magnanimity confessed "that he had never acquired it."†—Never did he foresee that the verses which he composed as a relaxation and outpouring of his feelings, would one day be compared with those to which Dante and Petrarch had consecrated their toil, their life, and all the rare faculties of their intellect. Michel Angelo was evidently endowed with a disposition to poetry; and in his youth his evenings were spent in reading Dante and Petrarch to his friends; and his

* Lettere Pittoriche.

† Life of Michel Angelo.

attempts to catch their spirit show that he had profited by the study. Yet these same attempts are sufficient to convince us, that had he even devoted to poetry the whole power of his talent, he would nevertheless have remained inferior to his great models; and that, at all events, he would have approached nearer Petrarch than Dante. It is impossible to account for the works of Nature; but it is often useful, and always interesting to observe them. Nature had gifted Michel Angelo, in a supreme degree, with the *imitative* imagination necessary to form a painter, sculptor, and architect;—but she had sparingly accorded to him the *creative* imagination of a poet. The poet invents, and the artist copies: the poet breathes a soul into all creation, and the artist embellishes it;—and the fact that all the *chefs-d'œuvres* of the fine arts have been in all ages, and in all countries, preceded by the *chefs-d'œuvres* of poetry, amply confirms our opinion, that it is the poets who furnish conceptions to the artist. As Phidias acknowledged having found the original of his Jupiter Olympius in the first book of the *Iliad*, so Michel Angelo professed to have designed his figures, arranged his groups, given the attitude to their limbs, and the expression to their physiognomy, out of the poem of Dante. He translated (if we may use the term) this poem in a series of designs, forming a large volume, which he unfortunately lost by a shipwreck. His admiration for Dante was accompanied with a sympathy which almost amounted to filial respect; and he spoke of him as though he had been the companion of his misfortunes, and had passed with him a portion of his life. The following sonnet is the 73d of Mr. Duppa's collection, and the 23d of the edition of Biagioli.

Sonnet LXXIII.—Dante.

Quanto dirne si dee non si può dire,
Che troppo agli orbi il suo splendor s'accese:
Biasmar si può più il popol che l'offese,
Ch' al minor pregio suo lingua salire.
Questi discese a i regni del fallire
Per noi insegnare, e poscia a Dio n'ascese:
E l' alte porte il ciel non gli contese,
Cui la patria le sue negò d' aprire.
Ingrata patria, e della sua fortuna
A suo danno nutrice; e n' è ben segno
Ch' a i più perfetti abbonda di più guai.
E fra mille ragion vaglia quest' una;
Ch' egual non hebbe il suo esilio indegno,
Com' huom maggior di lui qui non fu mai.

How shall we speak of him, for our blind eyes
Are all unequal to his dazzling rays?
Easier it is to blame his enemies
Than for the tongue to tell his lightest praise.
For us did he explore the realms of wo:
And at his coming did high Heaven expand
Her lofty gates, to whom his native land
Refused to open hers. Yet shalt thou know,
Ungrateful city, in thine own despite,
That thou hast foster'd best thy Dante's fame:
For virtue, when oppress'd, appears more bright,
And brighter therefore, shall his glory be,
Suffering, of all mankind, most wrongfully,
Since in the world there lives no greater name.

But the more successful Michel Angelo was in adopting, and even improving on the conceptions of Dante, as an artist, the less did he succeed—nor, in truth, did he attempt it—in equalling him as a poet. The poetry of Dante consists chiefly in images; that of Michel Angelo, like Petrarch's, is a compound of thought and sentiment, which always excites to meditation, and sometimes touches the heart; but neither describes, nor paints, nor works powerfully on the imagination. The thoughts of Michel Angelo are always just, often profound, and sometimes novel; but although he generally writes with that precision of words, and compression of ideas, which characterize a deep thinker, he does not express himself, at all times, with that perspicuity which can only be attained from the constant habitude of writing, nor with that poetical diction which imparts warmth and brilliancy even to the coldest reasonings. The versification betrays the same want of exercise in composition: there is in it more of ear than of skill. The melody is rarely imperfect in any of his lines; but we scarcely ever meet with a succession of verses in which the sound of the words, and the variety of the numbers and position of the accents, are so combined as to produce a sustained and general harmony. Nevertheless, several of the pieces of Michel Angelo have the merit of conveying thoughts long and deeply meditated, and sentiments really felt; which create an interest not always to be found in the otherwise admirable verses of many professed poets. The double apprehension of quitting this world whilst it is inhabited by the object of our love, or of remaining here after her departure, is expressed in a manner at once elegant and impassioned, in the following stanza.

Occhi miei, siate certi
Che 'l tempo passa, e l' ora s'avvicina
Ch' agli sguardi ed al pianto il passo serra.
Pietà dolce di voi vi tenga aperti,
Mentre la mia divina
Donna si degna d'abitare in terra.
Ma se 'l ciel si disserra
Per le bellezze accorre uniche e sole
Del mio terreno sole,
S'ei torna in ciel fra l' alme dive e liete,
Allor ben, sì, che chiuder vi potete.

O yes, for certain, Time fleets swift away,
And ye the hour are daily fast approaching,
Which, while it makes you tearless, shall forbid
Your admiration of celestial beauty—
Be careful of your vision—be open
While on the earth, a bright inhabitant,
Lingers the form divine of her I love:
But at the moment when she mounts to Heaven,
There to rejoin the pure and blessed souls,
And decorate its region with her beauties—
Then, nor till then, close ye mine eyes for ever!

To fall into affectation and coldness is the inevitable penalty of all imitation. Michel Angelo is neither affected nor cold, except when he superstitiously follows the sentiments and phraseology of Petrarch. He had not, however, the same right to be an innovator in literature as he had in the fine arts; and in his age every writer, in proportion

Italian Poets.

as he deviated from the example of Petrarch, was stigmatised as barbarous. The manners of the time also contributed to this imitation— for although, in every age, men feel love in the same manner, it must be differently; and in those times it was necessary to profess it. But the Platonism which is derived from the conception of beauty was always real in Michel Angelo. Thus he declares, admiration and love of beauty which made him a sculptor painter, led him likewise to aim at being a poet:—

Ma non potea se non somma bellezza
Accender me, che da lei sola tolgo
A far mie opre eterne lo splendore—

Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione,
Nascendo, mi fu data la bellezza
Che di due arti m'è lucerna e specchio.

Forse ad amendue noi dar lunga vita
Posso, o vuoi ne' colori, o vuoi ne' sassi,
Rassembrando di noi l'affetto e 'l volto;
Sicchè mill'anni dopo la partita
Quanto tu bella fosti ed io t'ammassi
Si veggia, e come a amarti io non fui stolto.

We both, perchance, may gain immortal life
From these my labours on the sculptured marble,
Or by my pencil's art. Our countenances,
Nay, the expression of our breathing souls,
Mortals unborn, while we inhabit Heaven,
Ages to come may view, and find how fair,
How beautiful thou wert, and wise I was
To give to thee my love!

Almost all his verses are love-verses, and they do not seem to have been inspired by the same person; which is not very surprising:— but it is remarkable, that, often in the same piece, he sometimes laments and sometimes rejoices that the pains and visions of love haunt him even in his old age.

Io son colui che ne' primi anni tuoi
Gli occhi tuoi infermi volsi alla beltade,
Che dalla terra al ciel vivo conduce.

Now I am old, Love tells me in my youth
He made me fondly contemplate that beauty,
Which has a power to elevate the soul
Even in life to Heaven.

The largest and most animated portion of his verses was inspired by Vittoria Colonna, Marchioness of Pescara. This lady, illustrious for her rank, her beauty, and her poetry, numbered as many forlorn lovers as there were men of letters at the court of Leo X. and in the rest of Italy. She was celebrated as the heroine of conjugal love, for though left a widow at an early age, no temptations could induce her to wed again—and to the last she continued to address verses to her husband's shade. The preference which Michel Angelo obtained in her regard was apparently due as much to his genius as to his ad-

vanced age. The character of his love for her is visible from his frequent conversation as related by one of his pupils, afterwards his biographer. He never ceased to recall the memory of Vittoria Colonna, and to expatiate on all the perfections of her mind and shape. Often he exclaimed, that, while she was expiring, he stood motionless and sorrowful at her bedside; and, to the last, lamented that he had not impressed one kiss on those lips through which so pure a spirit passed to heaven. F.

SPECTRAL ETIQUETTE.

PERHAPS there is no community, individually or collectively, which is more tenacious of its honour than that of ghosts. Little is said of them *now*; but the race still exists, if it ever did, and without the degeneracy common to most classes of beings, labouring under the consciousness of increasing unpopularity and inevitable decay. 'Tis true, that even fashion *now* conspires against them: the spectre who, in "My Master's Secrets," sports "a suit of nankins, and a straw-hat with green ribands," must have felt the gravity of his calling sadly outraged. Indeed, till something can be done for them in the way of costume, it is no wonder that they keep so much *at home*. Why cannot *they* have a "Repository of Arts" embellished for *their* instruction? A work so *spirituel* would overcome their aversion to society, and render such traits as the following mere every-day occurrences.

To this hour is living a lady who long boasted of inviting and receiving them by day and night, with no purpose but mutual satisfaction. The Highland Seers, who fancied they inherited the *fate* of such converse, and the astrologers who wilfully sought the power, were weak enough to grow haggard and emaciated in the service; not so the lady in question. I allow that her *tête-à-têtes* were the least frequent of her interviews, with *her own set*. Neither they nor herself liked performing to empty benches; the more numerous the circle to which she introduced them, the better. Her friends might, indeed, have remained unconscious of the honour done them, (by visitors who came so *far*, and put themselves so *out of their way*,) but for the would-be significance of eyes fixed on *congenial* vacancy, with which their hostess announced the frequent and familiar droppers-in; some one or other of whom would be for ever "coming in and going out, like a pet lamb." What a pity that she could not give her friends any *farther* advantage from this unearthly acquaintance, as they would, if visible, have proved a perpetual supply of all eclipsing embellishments for her parties!

If "Lions" from the extremity of *this* world be so enviable, *she* might defy competition, who had interest enough to summon a display of eccentricities from *the other*—we won't decide which.

This *hecatising* converse lasted some years, lending its professor a mystic influence over the minds of fools (pardon the paradox), of servants, and of children.

At last she found one acquaintance who so caricatured the peculiar *etiquette* of the first reception she was called on to witness, and cast such reflections (not *personal* I own) on the whole fraternity, that there

Song—Concealment.

from that moment an obvious coolness between the lady and her guests; their enlivening society being far less frequently afforded her; for she still hinted the continuance of their occasional visits in private.

Bolder grown, the sceptic, knowing how many will boast *high* confidence they never possessed, now began to imply doubts of so friendly ever having existed at all, and, lamentable to add for the ghostly courage, though *doubtless* within hearing, they might even to confront their asperser, they not only omitted the opportunity at the instant, but never came again! It was not long, however, their motive became evident; for, one morning, their former friend found on her dressing-table a note, which had not been *seen* there when she retired at night; it was written on *fancy* paper, with a raven's quill, or perhaps, more appropriately, with a *raven's*. Its fume was exotic, but not suspiciously so, and on the whole, it may be regarded as the latest criterion of the state of *letters* in the sphere from which it came; it ran thus:

"Madam!

"Knowing that you have permitted us to be abused as *No bodies, low company, and up-starts*, we must inform you of a rule amongst us, the enforcement of which in the present case we owe to ancient usage and our own dignity; namely, never to enter a house, where one individual has the temerity to treat us with irreverence or mistrust."

Signed,

"Certain Appearances, and Sounds of uncertain extraction."

This conduct at least was spirited. After this, neither friend nor foe saw more of these inestimable visitors: and if *really* existing intruders would as quickly take a hint, and act with as much pride and delicacy, it would do even more good than thus freeing a weak head from the fatigue of inventing, or its tongue from that of uttering, such useless and inexcusable falsehoods.

P. W.

SONG—CONCEALMENT.

Am! chide me not, that o'er my cheek
No tears of silent sorrow steal,
Nor deem the ardent passion weak,
My bosom long has learnt to feel;
No words my secret flame reveal,
No sighs the tale of love impart,
Yet looks of outward peace conceal
The sadness of a bursting heart.

Yet do not blame me, if awhile
I wear the semblance of repose,
And woo a fleeting summer smile,
To gild the darkness of my woes:
Oh! 'tis the lingering ray that throws
O'er the dim vale a blaze of light,
And bright in parting splendour glows
The herald of a cheerless night.

M. A.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

NO I.—LOVE.

"I have done penance for contemning love;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, and penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow."

Old Play.

I HAVE been all my days hovering on the very verge of the Kingdom of Love, without having ever once penetrated fairly into it. My whole "May of life" has been lost in wandering alone among the *Alps* which overlook that beautiful region, and form the barrier between it and the dull, flat, wintry plains which lie on *this* side. I have reached their highest accessible points, and have dwelt there for years and years; with rocks and ice-craggs standing silently all about me, with clouds rolling beneath my feet, and the perpetual murmur of mountain torrents in my ears. I have dwelt there as if spell-bound,—not content to remain, and yet disdaining to descend into the *Italy* that lay smiling and basking in the sunshine below me. Fool that I was! I *prided* myself on this; forgetting that the earth is a globe, and that if I could have gone away from it in a balloon, till "Epping forest appeared no bigger than a gooseberry bush," I should still have been beneath the feet of nine-tenths of its inhabitants. It seldom happens that what we pride ourselves upon does not, at one time or another, become our torment and our shame. Thus it is with me: I have dwelt among the rocks and ice-craggs of the world, till I have become as hard and cold and senseless as they.

That my sojourn in that dreary country may not be without its use, at least to others, I intend to disclose a few of the observations and discoveries I have made there; leaving the application of them to those whom it may concern. But if, in doing this, I should see occasion to adopt a style not consonant to the taste and habits of the general reader, I bespeak either his forbearance or his neglect; but I protest against his censure. He may pass over what I write, as something in which he feels no interest; but he will have no right to complain either of the matter or the manner, provided the one be true to nature, and the other intelligible. We may very fairly refuse to attend to a man who talks of nothing but himself, on the ground that his talk is either uninformative or uninteresting to us; but to accuse him of not being able to talk of himself, without being at the time an egotist, is more than idle. Besides, to accuse a man of egotism, who is nameless and unknown, and who is likely for ever to remain so, will be neither philosophical nor good-natured; and it will savour not a little of egotism in the accuser.

"The fool hath said in his heart," there is no *love*!* On this belief

* "Oh love, no habitant of earth thou art!
 An unseen seraph, we believe in thee:
 A faith whose martyrs are the broken heart.
 But never eye hath seen, or e'er shall see

—or rather, on this unbelief—I have thought, and argued, and acted; till, for me, the lie has become a truth. The whole of my youth has been passed in fondling the wayward child in my arms—in gazing on his form, inhaling his breath, drinking in the light of his eyes, and the beauty of his aspect; and all the time I have been scoffing at his power, and even denying his existence. My punishment is at once the most appropriate and complete that could have been devised: it is this, that, for me, he *has* no power—for me he *has* ceased to exist.

The mistake I made was, that I began to be wise too early. “Will I our mothers obey?”—I set out with the determination to be a prudent and reasonable lover: for Reason and Prudence were ever the *gods* (I will not call them the *goddesses*) of my earthly idolatry; and they are so still, in the face of my bitter experience, and in despite of my better judgment. In order to make my love more available for the common purposes of life—more *malleable*—I have always contrived to mix up with it an alloy of worldly wisdom. By so doing, I thought to have produced a mixture that should be to the pure love of poetry and romance, exactly what Hall-marked gold is to the pure metal,—more capable of being worked up into articles of utility or ornament, and susceptible of a higher polish. But, even if I had succeeded in this, I forgot that I should, at best, have been possessed of a substance easy to be imitated, and liable to tarnish and change its colour. I now find, that by subjecting it to this process, I have necessarily destroyed its essential character, and made it neither love nor wisdom, but, on the contrary, a something not partaking of the qualities of either. The ingredients have been slowly and silently undergoing a *chemical* change; till at length the ethereal essence of the one has passed off in the form of an invisible vapour;—the cohesion of the other has been destroyed; and the residuum is a shapeless, colourless, tasteless *caput mortuum*.

I have made this, to me, fatal discovery too late to repair, but not to repent of it; and there is still left me the forlorn hope of throwing myself at the foot of the CONFESSORIAL, and humbly and sincerely avowing that, unlike “the best of cut-throats,” I have loved “too wisely, but not well.” But let me leave reflections—which disturb my remaining peace in the exact proportion that they are apt and true, and precisely *because* they are so;—and turn to the remembrance of facts and feelings—which bring back the remembrance of that which is gone;—in most cases the next best thing to the reality.

We are apt to say of any important event in our lives, “I shall never forget when such a thing happened.” How should it be otherwise, when the past gives the whole form and substance to our being? For me the Past is every thing; the Present is nothing. And, as to the Future, it is, so to speak, less than nothing. I throw myself into the

Thy unimagined form as it should be.
The mind hath made thee, as it peoples heaven
Ever with its own desiring fantasy;
And to a thought such shape and substance given,
As haunts the unquenched soul, parch'd, wearied, wrung, and riven.”
Ch. Harold, c. 4.

past, as into a sanctuary, forgetting all that is, and disregarding all that is to come!

And yet I tremble to approach the relation of this my first adventure in the enchanted region of Love. It is a vulgar error, to suppose that we necessarily take delight in recalling to the memory events which gave us delight as they were passing, but which are actually passed, and can never be renewed. The certainty that they *are* passed, and cannot return, more than neutralizes the pleasure the remembrance of them might otherwise bring to us: it changes the phantom of joy into a mockery of it. This was well known to one who looked more deeply into the dungeons of the human heart than any other modern has done: and it has been tacitly acknowledged by a living writer somewhat similar in habits of feeling, and whose authority is of great weight in such matters.

“—— Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.”—*Infer. c. 5. Quoted in Corsair.*

—— What greater pain
Than thinking upon happiness gone by
In the midst of grief?

Such are the words the mighty poet of the *Inferno* puts into the mouth of his gentle Francesca, when she is called upon to relate the story of her love—to tell the brief tale of her past happiness, while she is pining and withering away in penal fires. Mark, too, the effect even on the poet himself, mere spectator as he is, and “one, albeit, unused to the melting mood:”—

“Mentre che l' uno spirto questo,
L' altro piangeva sì, che di pietade
P' venni men così, com' io morisse:
E caddi, come corpo morto cade.”

While one of these sad spirits thus discoursed,
The other wept so, that from very pity,
A death-like faintness seized me, and I fell
Prone to the earth, as a dead body falls.

A less deep insight into the secret places of the human heart, would have induced the poet to invest the lips of his lovers with a momentary smile, at the imaginary renewal of their loves.

It is true that, by means of a healthful, active, and well-disciplined imagination, we may in some measure re-create, and enjoy over again past pleasures, provided the heart that is to be thus acted on by the imagination be not thoroughly worn and withered; because, what once has been, can never entirely cease to be. But, if the heart *be* utterly blighted, then, like the spirits of the damned, it is susceptible of pain alone; and the imagination becomes a curse, greater or less, in proportion to its activity and its power. If it can place before its victim a picture more or less vivid of past bliss, it is only to call to his recollection what *has been* his:—if it can “show his eyes,” it is only to “grieve his heart.”

But to my task. I stand shivering on the edge of my story, when I should plunge fearlessly in, and let its stream bear me onward, “as a steed that knows its rider.” The penitent, who willingly presents

himself at the CONFESSORIAL, must not deliberate, or he is lost.—But in order that these Confessions may not be so many tales “signifying nothing,”—that they may not be without a *moral*—it must be borne in mind that they are passages in the life of one who, though love has been the breath and food of his intellectual existence, has all along fallen into the fatal error of loving, as he said in the outset, “too wisely, but not well,”—of one who sought to control *that*, the essence of which is to be uncontrollable; to command that which was made to command; to bind that which is nothing if not free; to capitulate with that which *will* be obeyed: in short, of one who has treated love like a child, because he looks like one; forgetting, or neglecting to discover till it was too late, that he is—a god!

Prudence is a cardinal virtue in all affairs—except those of love; and there it is a cardinal vice—the worst of all, because it bears the outward aspect of a virtue. Four several times have I essayed to enter the Paradise of Love, linked arm-in-arm with this same worldly-minded Prudence, disguised under different habits; and each time the seraph who guards the entrance has laughed to scorn my companion, and turned from me silently, and with a look of pity, mixed each time with an increased degree of contempt. A fifth time—after wandering alone about the confines, seeking in vain for an entrance, till my feet were as weary as the pilgrim’s who has just reached the shrine of his saint; but, unlike him, with my hopes deferred instead of accomplished;—at last I saw a gate suddenly open of itself to receive me, and heard the voices of a host of unseen seraphs inviting me to enter. But again I paused—again I pondered, debated, deliberated, and—*was lost!* for, before I could determine, the gate had closed, as it had opened, suddenly, and of itself; the voices changed their singing into shouts of laughter; and I felt at once that I was alone, and without hope, and that I deserved to be so. Before I turned away, to quit the spot for ever, I saw, in a niche beside the portal which had just closed itself upon me, a sculptured image of the god. It seemed instinct with life and motion, and did *not* frown at me, as I gazed upon it. I approached the beautiful figure—took it in my arms—clasped it to my breast, and, perchance, shed tears over it; but, as I did so, my touch seemed to change it into ice, and it struck a mortal coldness to my heart, which has never left it since!

Again I am wandering from my task. I must turn to it abruptly, and at once, or I shall go “about it and about it” for ever, and to no purpose. LOVE is no respecter of persons. When I had left school “for good,” as the phrase is, (and it is a phrase most “german to the matter” in this case, at least as it respects me,) I was fifteen years of age. At this time there lived, in a court near my father’s house, a female fortune-teller.—The reader is mistaken in supposing that I am about to relate my having gone thither to consult her on my future destiny. Young as I was, Reason (twin sister to Prudence, and sworn foe to LOVE,) was already the goddess of my idolatry. I had exactly as much contempt for whatever could not be reduced to her principles, as I ought to have had respect for it on that very account, if I would fain have made myself a worthy and acceptable servant in the court of the baby monarch. There are times and circumstances in which reason is the worst of folly; but in the affairs of which I am now about to

treat, reason is worse than folly—it is crime.—This fortune-teller, who lived in a court near my father's house—(I love to speak of the place, as I do to pass through it, to this day, though I have never any business there)—this fortune-teller had a beautiful daughter;—stately as an Indian palm-tree—graceful as the branches of a wind-swept willow—with an oval Greek face—eyes like the morning—oh! I have often thought since, if I had but devoted a tithe of the time to the mother that I did to the daughter, I might have been happy! she would have gifted me with faith, perhaps; and faith is as needful in love as it is in animal magnetism; there is no good to be done or suffered in either without it. Perhaps, too, she would have proved to me that the stars had destined me for her daughter; which, in truth, I now begin to think they did,—for I have never since penetrated so near to the real *El Dorado*. I might then be said to inhabit that narrow slip of “debateable ground” which surrounds the dominions of love on every side, and separates it from the Great Desert which forms the remainder of the intellectual world.

The fortune-teller's daughter was several years older than I was. He who is really capable of feeling the passion of love, is sure to begin by loving a woman older than himself. Incipient lovers may write this down in their common-place book as an axiom. All my readers, except these latter, (and I can reckon on but few of *them*) would grow impatient if I were to detail the various stratagems I put in practice, to attract the attention and gain the acquaintance of the beautiful Nancy L.—Suffice it that I waited and waited, and watched and watched, night after night, and week after week, of one of those long dreary winters that we used to have then, only to get a sight of her at the window, which looked up an angle the court made just at the point where her mother's house was situated—or to pronounce her name—“Nancy!” as she flitted by me on some errand. She soon knew me for what I was; for when did a woman not know the meaning written in a lover's look? And she never passed me without a smile of recognition; for when did a woman frown on a lover of fifteen? But she *did* pass me; for I had never hitherto mustered up courage enough to speak to her. At last, one bitter cold January evening,—(I think we never have such Januaries now—even the seasons themselves have changed—or, is it that they, and every thing else, do but *seem* to change; while it is we ourselves who change, as “the years bring on the inevitable yoke?”)—one bitter January evening, as she was passing by me rather more deliberately than usual, and, as I thought, with even a more than usually graceful and gracious smile upon her fine imaginative countenance,—I took hold of her arm gently, and—she stopped!—I trembled, smiled, and said nothing; but slowly transferred my hold from her arm to her hand—her *bare* hand,—for she never wore gloves, except on Sundays. The magic influence of that touch thrills through me as I write, and awakens my torpid sensibilities into life—“even now, after long seeming dead.” If the mother could have conjured with only half the power that the daughter did, she would not have been taken to Union-hall, as a cheat and imposter—as I remember she was shortly after the time of which I am now speaking! Her hand (Nancy's) was as hard as horn,—for she did all the work of their little household—and as cold as

ice; but its touch turned my blood into liquid flame, and dispersed to the winds, that came whistling by us, all the eloquence I had for months past been meditating for this long-sought occasion; I could not utter a word.—“Well,” she said,—still smilingly, and without the slightest appearance of anger or confusion,—“Well—what do you want with me?”—In reply, I could only ask her—“where she was going?” This was an unlucky question; for it reminded her of what she seemed to have forgotten; and, with another smile, she took her hand away from me, and was gone in a moment, into a shop close by. I of course waited till she returned; and, the spell being now broken, I spoke to her again, asking her to “come and take a walk with me.” She smiled, shook her head, and again whisked away, leaving me fixed to the spot, in a trance of mingled surprise and happiness. I had spoken to her! touched her! heard the sound of her voice addressed in kindness to me! and the world, for any thing I cared to the contrary, might now be at end; for, steeped as I was in the very fulness of waking bliss, if I did not *think*, I at least *felt*, that “if it were now to die, ’twere now to be most happy.”—Why was it not so? I was innocent then; and how can innocence be more richly and appropriately blessed than to be permitted to die in the lap of delight!—Even the “gentle” reader, unless he has been in love at the age of fifteen, can have no notion of the fulness, the absolute fruition, of deep and quiet delight, which this interview brought me. It seemed that I had nothing more to do with either hope or fear—that I was beyond the reach of harm or accident—in short, that the end and object of my existence was accomplished: and, without waiting or watching at the window any longer, I went straight home, and slept a whole long night of *dreamless* sleep,—which I had not done before for many months.

Lovers of five-and-twenty, of both sexes, will smile at the limited nature of my hopes and wishes; and the good-natured among them will think, that, if I was so easily to be made happy, it was a pity I should be miserable. They are right: it *was* a pity. So thought the kind-hearted and good-natured Nancy L—; and she treated me accordingly. It is thus that women bring into play their natural dispositions to be the creators of nothing but delight. To love and be beloved is at once the duty, the business, and the pleasure of their lives; but an intuitive sense of what it is fitting they should be, and should appear to be, under any given circumstances, teaches them that, in the present state of society, they must, to such of their lovers as are arrived at “years of discretion,” be coy and cruel: but, when they are so, it is “only to be kind.” Even while the stream of their affection is thus artificially dammed up at one of its natural outlets, it eagerly seeks for another; and accordingly, you will see a woman—who would die rather than bestow even a smile on a man-lover of five-and-twenty—lavishing on a boy of fifteen, whose brain and blood are consuming themselves away with passion for her, “o dolci baci, o cosa altra, più cara.” This is as it should be. When the “Bella Età del oro” shall return, this may be safely changed; but, till then, women know what is best for themselves, and for us too.

But my story is standing still again. It lingers round this period as the bee does round its favourite flower, when it is far from home, and feels that the rain-clouds are gathering over head.

When, at parting from me on the above night, Nancy shook her head in reply to my question, whether she would "come and take a walk with me?"—I had the sense to know that she meant "yes;" and I waited as patiently for the coming of the next night, as the female dove waits for the unclosing of her "golden couplets;" for, like her, I knew instinctively that the blessed moment *would* come, and *when* it would come. And it did come.—We met the next night, and walked together towards one of the bridges—(if I were to say which of them, we might be getting too near home);—she, all the way, inquiring what it was I wanted with her; and I, all the way, feeling, but not knowing how to say, that, now I was *with her*, I had not a want in the world. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, that, when we came to the other side of the bridge, we could no longer walk along quietly, my arm linked in hers;—(for, as I was "only a boy," she permitted this)—but that, as if by a mutual and simultaneous impulse, we set off—(like two long-confined greyhounds when they feel their feet once more on the turf)—scampering along the road in the rich moonlight, hand in hand. I remember the very ringing sounds that my feet made, as I wilfully stamped them on the frosty road,—as the young lambs in spring stamp their little feet on the ground, from the very excess of inward joy. I remember, too, that *her* feet made no sound at all. Best of all I remember, that, when we could run no farther for want of breath, we stopped short to laugh out aloud; and that then I asked her if her heart did not beat very hard; and that I longed, but did not dare, to ask her if I might feel whether or not it beat as hard as mine did! —Does the reader exclaim, that all this is

——— "silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love?"

Not if he is, or ever has been a lover. And it is for the benefit of such alone that these Confessions are made. I am well content that, to all others, they should be "caviare;" as all that *they* can have to confess would be to me.

I am afraid the reader will be more surprised than amused, at hearing how this, my first "affair of the heart," ended. In truth, it ended as mine always have done; and as I fear, in spite of dear-bought experience, they always will do:—namely, just where it ought to have begun.—There is an ancient axiom, which says, that nothing can come of nothing—"Ex nihilo nihil fit." I would fain match this with a modern one, not so generally applicable perhaps; but at least equally true, in particular cases: viz. that *nothing can come of any thing*. The ancient axiom is, in fact, far from being so true generally, as the modern one is in the particular cases to which this latter applies at all. With relation to many persons and things, it is evident that *much* may come of "nothing;" and in regard to that other class of persons to whom I refer, it is equally clear, that nothing can come even of much. Their whole being is made up of beginnings; "never ending, still beginning," they begin and begin, till at last they end exactly where they began—beginning to live when they are called upon to die. And thus, alas! it is with me, and with these several "stories of my love." I am loth to exhibit them in their present form; and would willingly have thrown them into the shape of fictitious narratives—thus avoiding the egotism which necessarily besets them, and at the same time giving

myself an opportunity of adding and embellishing, in the approved modern taste. But this would not be. Even Mr. Coleridge himself, who can make any thing out of nothing, and nothing out of any thing, might in vain have attempted to work up these "phantoms of the brain," (for *facts* as they are, in common language, they are, *in fact*, nothing less) —into regular tales; for they have neither middles nor ends—they have only beginnings. In relating them, I have no occasion to attend to the giant's advice in Rabelais, to "commencer au commencement;" for I can neither begin nor finish any where else. If I were ever so disposed to plunge "in medias res," it may not so be.—There will be, at all events, one advantage attending this; particularly to those who may peruse my Confessions merely as a matter of curiosity. If they should once find their curiosity excited, they may confidently reckon upon its always remaining so,—for it will never be satisfied. The misery of arriving at the last page of a modern romance, usually more than counterbalances the pleasure which has been experienced during the perusal of it; for every character in it, about whom we have felt any interest, has by this time become either married or buried, and we care no more about them. But the reader need not apprehend any thing of this kind happening during the several chapters of this my Romance of Real Life;—not even in the last. And, as I shall certainly not leave off loving till one or other of these events befalls me, I shall, by the same rule, not leave off having Confessions to make, and making them.

I shall abruptly close this paper here; otherwise it will be running to an unreasonable length. And I do so the rather, because I would, for once, lay down my pen at a point where I shall not tremble to take it up again. In spite of what I have said at the beginning of this paper, the "*ricordarsi del tempo felice*" has not been absolutely without its delight, though it has been done "*nella miseria*;" and I receive this as a good augury. The truth is, that if a gleam of sunshine breaks through surrounding clouds but for a single moment, during that moment it *will* perform its office—it *will* cheer, and warm, and enlighten. The clouds may perhaps look blacker after it is gone; but there is no denying or forgetting that it has been there. Z.

TO A LADY PROFESSING HER BELIEF IN ASTROLOGY.

'Tis eve, and the stars that illumine the night
 Diffuse a soft lustre around:
 You tell me, dear maid, in those bodics of light
 The secrets of fate may be found;
 If so, I believe in your bright orbs of blue
 Futurity equally lies:
 So for once I will e'en turn astrologer too,
 And study my doom in your eyes.
 No science is surely so pleasing as this,
 But yet 'tis obscure and perplexed,
 One moment I read in it rapture and bliss,
 And falsehood and sorrow the next:
 You smile—now my stars a bright aspect assume,
 I pant for my charmer's decree;
 Then come, dear astrologer, tell me my doom,
 And I'll give you my heart for a fee!

M. A.

MEMOIRS OF GEORGE II.—BY LORD WALPOLE.

It is only a few months since the attention of the public was called to the Memoirs by Lord Waldegrave, of the Reign of George the Second. Scanty, and, in some measure, bald as they were, they nevertheless excited a strong degree of interest, on account of the perfect integrity, and simplicity of character, which distinguished their illustrious author; and the consideration that he had not only been an eye-witness, but also an actor in all the scenes which he has described. The same period is now laid open, the same characters exhibited, the same cabals penetrated, by a writer of very different disposition and pursuits; but who had the same advantage of being at once spectator and actor in the busy drama which he delineates; and who, if he had not Lord Waldegrave's habitual integrity of judgment, was at least gifted with that native quickness of discernment which enabled him to trace effects, even though he mistook the cause; and with that liveliness of imagination which prevents his mistakes from being mischievous, by at once revealing the impressions under which he conceived them. We allude to the "Memoirs of the last ten years of the reign of George the Second," just now given to the world, with the name of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, for their author; decked out in all the elegance of type and decoration which might be looked for from the private press of Strawberry-hill itself, and under circumstances which preclude the most sceptical from entertaining doubts as to their authenticity.

The period of which they particularly treat is, in itself, at this distance of time, but little interesting; being destitute of great events, or any extraordinary features that may be supposed to have extended their influence to the present day. The petty cabals called forth by the forming of an establishment for the Prince of Wales, and, after his death, for his son George, are made, for want of more important matter of dispute, of as much consequence as if they were national feuds, endangering the safety of the state, instead of the salaries of a few domestics, or the nominal dignity of higher officers of the household. Nevertheless, it is always instructive to see how easily the passions of mankind are brought into play, by trifles almost as much as by matters of importance; and even erroneous opinions have their uses, as well as those which are just; if the reader be enabled to see in what respect their erroneousness consists, and to unravel the circumstances which have led to the assumption of them. On all these accounts Lord Orford's work is, to a certain degree, interesting and valuable. It is one of the many, from which the judicious historian may glean occasionally information of importance, and oftener still, the lighter personal anecdotes which relieve the dry details of state negotiations, like flowers unexpectedly springing on a barren heath.

The picture of the royal family, as delineated by the spirited pencil of this author, so famous for conveying a likeness by almost a stroke, contains not one amiable portrait. The King acknowledged that he never liked his children when they were young; though the period of

infancy is generally fraught with attractions, even to an uninterested observer of its graces;—and as his family grew up, the feuds between him and his eldest son early initiated them all into the petty arts of intrigues, backbiting, jealousies, and suspicions. The character of the King himself, as drawn by Horace Walpole, differs from that given of him by Lord Waldegrave, only as an object would naturally be changed by looking at it through a different-coloured medium: the outline is the same, but all the tints are heightened. The good-nature of Lord Waldegrave, and the habitual satire of Horace Walpole, are distinctly marked in each performance.

* “The King had fewer sensations of revenge, or, at least, knew how to hoard them better than any man who ever sat upon a throne. The insults he experienced from his own, and those obliged servants, never provoked him enough to make him venture the repose of his people, or his own. If any object of his hate fell in his way, he did not pique himself upon heroic forgiveness, but would indulge it at the expense of his integrity, though not of his safety. He was reckoned strictly honest; but the burning his father’s will must be an indelible blot upon his memory; as a much later instance of his refusing to pardon a young man who had been condemned at Oxford for a most trifling forgery, contrary to all example when recommended to mercy by the Judge—merely because Willes, who was attached to the Prince of Wales, had tried him, and assured him his pardon—will stamp his name with cruelty, though in general his disposition was merciful, if the offence was not murder. His avarice was much less equivocal than his courage: he had distinguished the latter early; it grew more doubtful afterwards: the former he distinguished very near as soon, and never deviated from it. His understanding was not near so deficient, as it was imagined; but though his character changed extremely in the world, it was without foundation; for [whether] he deserved to be so much ridiculed as he had been in the former part of his reign, or so respected as in the latter, he was consistent in himself, and uniformly meritorious or absurd. His other passions were, Germany, the army, and women. Both the latter had a mixture of parade in them: he [treated] my Lady Suffolk, and afterwards Lady Yarmouth, as his mistresses, while he admired only the Queen; and never described what he thought was a handsome woman, but he drew her picture. Lady Suffolk was sensible, artful, and agreeable, but had neither sense nor art enough to make him think her so agreeable as his wife. When she had left him, tired of acting the mistress, while she had in reality all the slights of a wife, and no interest with him, the opposition affected to cry up her virtue, and the obligations the King had to her for consenting to seem his mistress, while in reality she had confined him to meer friendship—a ridiculous pretence, as he was the last man in the world to have taste for talking sentiments, and that with a woman who was deaf! Lady Yarmouth was inoffensive, and attentive only to pleasing him, and to selling peerages whenever she had an opportunity. The Queen had been admired and happy for governing him by address; and it was not then known how easily he was to be governed by fear. Indeed there were few arts by which he was not governed at some time or other of his life; for not to mention the late Duke of Argyle, who grew a favourite by imposing himself upon him for brave; nor Lord Wilmington, who imposed himself upon him for the Lord knows what; the Queen governed him by dissimulation, by affected tenderness and deference: Sir Robert Walpole by abilities and influence in the House of Commons; Lord Granville by flattering him in his German politics; the Duke of Newcastle by teasing and betraying him; Mr. Pelham by bullying him,—the only man by whom Mr. Pelham was not bullied himself. Who, indeed, had not sometimes weight with the King, except his children and his mistresses? With them he maintained all the reserve and majesty of his rank. He had the haughtiness of Henry the Eighth, without his spirit; the avarice of Henry the Seventh, without his exactions; the indignities of Charles the First, without his bigotry for his prerogative; the vexations of King William, with as little skill in the management of parties; and the gross gallantry of his father,

without his good nature or his honesty:—he might, perhaps, have been honest, if he had never hated his father, or had ever loved his son.”

The Queen seems to have taken a lesson in the art of hypocritical submission, from Madame de Maintenon, who, all the time that she was secretly married to Louis the Fourteenth, sat “with spectacles on nose,” and in all the affected silence and humility of a sempstress, at her embroidering frame, in a corner of the room where the monarch listened, with assumed greatness, to those political communications on which he was all the while resolved to be guided by her sole decision. The Queen always affected, if any body was present, and the King liked she should, the humble, ignorant wife, that never meddled with politics. The Duke of Grafton, who possessed as much acuteness in discovering the foibles of persons around him, as wit in rallying them, annoyed the Queen greatly, by making her feel that he saw through all her assumed qualities. Looking upon himself as of the blood royal, he conversed with her in a tone of familiarity by no means agreeable to her, particularly as she was extremely angry with him on account of the gallantry in which he indulged with the Princess Amelia, her second daughter. The duke, however, cared as little for her real displeasure, as for her feigned civilities. “He always teased her, and insisted that she loved nobody. He had got a story of some prince in Germany, that she had been in love with before her marriage: “G^d, madam,” he used to say, “I wish I could have seen that man that you *could* love!”—“Why,” replied she, “do you think I don’t love the King?”—“G^d, I wish I was King of France, and I would be sure whether you do or not.” (Vol. i. p. 159.) Her love for the King was certainly not of that delicate kind which shrinks from the idea of participation; as she carried her complaisance towards his mistresses so far, that Blackbourn, the Archbishop of York, thought proper, whether in his spiritual capacity or not is not stated, to congratulate her upon it, telling her “That he had been talking to her minister Walpole about the new mistress, (Lady Yarmouth,) and was glad to find that her majesty was so sensible a woman as to like her husband should divert himself.” (Vol. i. p. 513.) The King returned her forbearance by unlimited confidence in her, insomuch that Mrs. Selwyn, one of the bedchamber-women, told him he should be the last man with whom, she would have an intrigue, because he always told the Queen; indeed, his conduct as a lover was at all times too cool and methodical to wound any passion in the Queen but her vanity, which, however, it did sorely; though even that might have found consolation when she saw her royal spouse walking calmly up and down the gallery, with his watch in his hand, waiting for his regular hour of eleven o’clock, to visit Lady Suffolk, without even evincing the slightest inclination to break through his accustomed rule, by going to her a single minute before his usual time.

In a subsequent part of his Memoirs, Lord Orford speaks somewhat more favourably of the King, and tries to rescue him from the imputation of avarice, on the score of his leaving but little property behind him, notwithstanding the great income, which, from various sources, he was in the receipt of: a circumstance very frequently attendant on royal riches, which seem to possess, in a peculiar degree, not only the

quality ascribed to riches in general, of making unto themselves wings and flying away, but of flying in a direction that can neither be traced, nor even guessed at. He endeavours also to vindicate him, respecting the charge of being negligent in the encouragement of literature; but in so doing, he speaks himself of literary men with that flippant unconscientiousness of either their importance or their deserts, which he continually betrayed in his intercourse with them; and of which his treatment of Chatterton must always be remembered as a most disgraceful instance. His character, indeed, too much resembled the sparkling frost-work of Fontenelle's.

In the whole course of these Memoirs he is only twice hurried into any thing like warmth of feeling: once when he speaks of the treatment of the Duke of Cumberland, by his royal father, respecting the campaign in Germany; and again on the conduct of government, with regard to Admiral Byng, whose death he justly styles "a perfect tragedy, for there were variety of incidents, villany, murder, and a hero." Lord Orford always believed this unfortunate man to have been unjustly aspersed, maliciously condemned, and put to death contrary to all equity and precedent.

The behaviour of the King, with respect to the Duke of Cumberland, exhibited a refinement of dissimulation that might bear comparison with the most notorious instances of that quality as practised by Queen Elizabeth, that mistress of the art, when it suited her purpose to blame those around her, rather than herself. The account of the transaction is extremely interesting. The avarice of the King was at the bottom of the whole affair; causing him secretly to prevent the duke from being supplied with troops sufficient to enable him to keep his ground in Germany: he was therefore compelled, after the battle of Hastenbecke, to submit to a suspension of arms, at which the King affected extraordinary indignation and surprise, though fully aware, all the time, that the measure was in itself unavoidable, circumstanced as his son was for want of supplies. When it was known in England, it caused a great commotion, and Lord Orford minutely relates the behaviour of the duke, under the trying circumstances in which his father's duplicity had placed him, concluding with the following observations:

"A young prince, warm, greedy of military glory, yet resigning all his passions to the interested dictates of a father's pleasure, and then loaded with the imputation of having acted basely without authority; hurt with unmerited disgrace, yet never breaking out into the least unguarded expression; preserving dignity under oppression, and the utmost tenderness of duty under the utmost delicacy of honour—this is an uncommon picture—for the sake of human nature, I hope the conduct of the father is uncommon too! When the duke could tear himself from his favourite passion, the army, one may judge how sharply he must have been wounded. When afterwards the King, perfidiously enough, broke that famous convention, mankind were so equitable as to impute it to the same unworthy politics, not to the disapprobation he had pretended to feel on its being made. In a former part of this history I have said with regard to his eldest, that the King might have been an honest man, if he had never hated his father, or had ever loved his son—what double force has this truth, when it is again applied to him on his treachery to the best son that ever lived! Considering with what freedom I have spoken of the duke's faults in other parts of this work, I may be believed in the just praise bestowed on him here."

It is indeed rarely that Lord Orford expresses himself thus; he was

not apt to praise,—for this simple reason, that he was not apt to admire; and perhaps the only instance of his portrait-painting, wherein fidelity has been sacrificed to partiality, is in his own character, as traced by his own hand:

“Walpole,” says he, speaking of himself in the third person, “had a warm conception, vehement attachments, strong aversions; with an apparent contradiction in his temper—for he had numerous caprices, and invincible perseverance. His principles tended to republicanism, but without any of its austerity; his love of faction was unmixed with any aspiring. He had great sense of honour, but not great enough, for he had too much weakness to resist doing wrong, though too much sensibility not to feel it in others. He had a great measure of pride, equally apt to resent neglect, and scorning to stoop to any meanness or flattery. A boundless friend; a bitter, but a placable enemy. His humour was satyric, though accompanied with a most compassionate heart. Indiscreet and abandoned to his passions, it seemed as if he despised or could bear no restraint; yet this want of government of himself was the more blameable, as nobody had greater command of resolution whenever he made a point of it. This appeared in his person: naturally very delicate, and educated with too fond a tenderness, by unrelaxed temperance and braving all inclemency of weathers, he formed and enjoyed the firmest and unabated health. One virtue he possessed in a singular degree—disinterestedness and contempt of money—if one may call that a virtue, which really was a passion. In short, such was his promptness to dislike superiors, such his humanity to inferiors, that, considering how few men are of so firm a texture as not to be influenced by their situation, he thinks, if he may be allowed to judge of himself, that had either extreme of fortune been his lot, he should have made a good prince, but not a very honest slave.”

The compassionate heart, and contempt of money, of which the noble author accuses himself in this delineation, must be adduced as a proof in favour of the truth of that maxim, which holds, that all persons are most anxious to assume the appearance of those qualifications which they are conscious they least possess.

It was probably the complacency with which he viewed himself, that prevented Lord Orford from being dazzled with striking qualities in any other person. He professes to have known, in his own time, only five great men, viz. the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Granville, Lord Mansfield, and Mr. Pitt. The characters of these personages he delineates and contrasts in a very lively manner:

“Lord Granville was most a genius of the five: he conceived, knew, expressed, whatever he pleased. The state of Europe and the state of literature were equally familiar to him. His eloquence was rapid, and flowed from a source of wit, grandeur, and knowledge. So far from premeditated, he allowed no reflection to chasten it. It was entertaining, it was sublime, it was hyperbole, it was ridiculous, according as the profusion of ideas crowded from him. He embraced systems like a legislator, but was capable of none of the detail of a magistrate. Sir Robert Walpole was much the reverse: he knew mankind, not their writings; he consulted their interests, not their systems; he intended their happiness, not their grandeur. Whatever was beyond common sense, he disregarded. Lord Mansfield, without the elevation of Lord Granville, had great powers of eloquence. It was a most accurate understanding, and yet capable of shining in whatever it was applied to. He was as free from vice as Pitt, more unaffected, and formed to convince, even where Pitt had dazzled. The Duke of Cumberland had most expressive sense, but with that connexion between his sense and sensibility, that you must mortify his pride before you could call out the radiance of his understanding. Being placed at the head of armies without the shortest apprenticeship, no wonder he miscarried: it is cruel to have no other master than one's own faults. Pitt's was an unfinished greatness: considering how much of it depended on his words, one may almost call his

an artificial greatness; but his passion for fame and the grandeur of his ideas compensated for his defects. He aspired to redeem the honour of his country, and to place it in a point of giving law to nations. His ambition was to be the most illustrious man of the first country in Europe; and he thought that the eminence of glory could not be sullied, by the steps to it being passed irregularly. He wished to aggrandize Britain in general, but thought not of obliging or benefiting individuals. Lord Granville you loved till you knew him; Sir Robert Walpole, the more you knew him: you would have loved the duke, if you had not feared him. Pitt liked the dignity of despotism; Lord Mansfield the reality: yet the latter would have served the cause of power, without sharing it: Pitt would have set the world free, if he might not command it. Lord Granville would have preferred doing right, if he had not thought it more convenient to do wrong: Sir Robert Walpole meant to serve mankind, though he knew how little they deserved it—and this principle is at once the most meritorious in one's self and to the world."

One of the most amusing personages of that day was the facetious George Bubb, who afterwards added to his name the more lofty-sounding one of Doddington, with the agreeable appendage of a suitable estate. Before this event took place, he had complained to Lord Chesterfield of his name carrying with it an idea of insignificance, on account of its shortness, and continued, that he had serious thoughts of changing it for a longer: "you might lengthen your own," replied his lordship, "by calling yourself *Silly Bubb*."

"Soon after the arrival," says Lord Orford, "of Frederick Prince of Wales in England, Doddington became a favourite, and submitted to the prince's childish horse-play, being once rolled up in a blanket, and trundled down stairs; nor was he negligent in paying more solid court, by lending his royal highness money. He was, however, supplanted, I think, by George, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, and again became a courtier and placeman at St. James's; but once more reverted to the prince at the period where his Diary commences. Pope was not the only poet who diverted the town at Doddington's expense. Sir Charles Hanbury ridiculed him in a well-known dialogue with Gyles Earle, and in a ballad entitled "A Grub upon Bubb." Dr. Young, on the contrary, who was patronized by him, has dedicated to him one of his satires on the love of fame, as Lyttleton had inscribed one of his cantos on the progress of love. Glover, and that prostitute fellow Ralph, were also countenanced by him, as the Diary shows.

"Doddington's own wit was very ready. I will mention two instances. Lord Sundon was commissioner of the Treasury with him and Winnington, and was very dull. One Thursday, as they left the board, Lord Sundon laughed heartily at something Doddington said; and when gone, Winnington said, 'Doddington, you are very ungrateful; you call Sundon stupid and slow, and yet you see how quick he took what you said.' 'Oh no,' replied Doddington, 'he was only laughing now at what I said last treasury day.'—Mr. Trenchard, a neighbour, telling him, that though his pinery was expensive, he contrived, by applying the fire and the dung to other purposes, to make it so advantageous, that he believed he got a shilling by every pine-apple he ate.' 'Sir,' said Doddington, 'I would eat them for half the money.' Doddington was married to a Mrs. Behan, whom he was supposed to keep. Though secretly married, he could not own her, as he then did, till the death of Mrs. Strawbridge, to whom he had given a promise of marriage, under the penalty of ten thousand pounds. He had long made love to the latter, and, at last, obtaining an assignation, found her lying on a couch. However, he only fell on his knees, and after kissing her hand for some time, cried out, 'Oh that I had you but in a wood!' 'In a wood!' exclaimed the disappointed dame; 'What would you do then? Would you rob me?' It was on this Mrs. Strawbridge that was made the ballad

'My Strawberry—my strawberry
Shall bear away the bell.'

To the burden and tune of which Lord Bath many years afterwards wrote his song on 'Strawberry-hill.'

"Doddington had no children. His estate descended to Lord Temple whom he hated, as he did Lord Chatham, against whom he wrote a pamphlet to expose the expedition to Rochfort.

"Nothing was more glaring in Doddington than his want of taste, and the tawdry ostentation in his dress and furniture of his houses. At Eastberry, in the great bed-chamber, hung with the richest red velvet, was pasted, on every pannel of the velvet, his crest (a hunting horn supported by an eagle) cut out of gilt leather. The foot-cloth round the bed was a mosaic of the pocket-flaps and cuffs of all his embroidered clothes. At Hammersmith his crest, in pebbles, was stuck into the centre of the turf before his door. The chimney-piece was hung with spars representing icicles round the fire, and a bed of purple, lined with orange, was crowned by a dome of peacock's feathers. The great gallery, to which was a beautiful door of white marble, supported by two columns of *lapis lazuli*, was not only filled with busts and statues, but had, I think, an inlaid floor of marble: and all this weight was above stairs.

"One day showing it to Edward, Duke of York, Doddington said, 'Sir, some persons tell me that this room ought to be on the ground.' 'Be easy, Mr. Doddington,' replied the prince, 'it will soon be there.'

"Doddington was very lethargic: falling asleep one day, after dinner, with Sir Richard Temple, Lord Cobham, the general, the latter reproached Doddington with his drowsiness; Doddington denied having been asleep, and to prove he had not, offered to repeat all Lord Cobham had been saying. Cobham challenged him to do so. Doddington repeated a story, and Lord Cobham owned he had been telling it. 'Well,' said Doddington, 'and yet I did not hear a word of it; but I went to sleep because I knew that about this time of day you would tell that story.'"

Lord Waldegrave has said in his Memoirs, that those who could lift the veil from the privacy of royalty, would not envy its hours of retirement; and the picture he has drawn of the *independence* of George the Second and the *pleasures* of his court is reflected in these pages, in colours that offer no temptation to the eye to dwell upon it. So little power had the king to consult his own inclinations, that for two years he was unable even to promote Dr. Thomas, the preceptor of his grandson, to the preferment he wished; and when General Ligonier offered him the nomination to a living in his gift, he warmly thanked him, expressing the utmost joy and gratitude, and saying, "There is one I have long tried to make a prebendary, but my ministers never would give me an opportunity; I am much obliged to you; I will give the living to him." (Vol. i. p. 255.) To show, however, that the walls of a palace may occasionally immure characters of as many virtues as few enjoyments, we will close these extracts with the following account of the Princess Caroline, the King's third daughter, who died December 28th, 1757.

"She had been the favourite of the Queen, who preferred her understanding to those of all her other daughters, and whose partiality she returned with duty, gratitude, affection, and concern. Being in ill health at the time of her mother's death, the Queen told her she would follow her in less than a year. The princess received the notice as a prophecy; and though she lived many years after it had proved a vain one, she quitted the world, and persevered in the closest retreat, and in constant and religious preparation for the grave; a moment she so eagerly desired, that when something was once proposed to her, to which she was averse, she said, 'I would not do it to die!' To this impression of melancholy had contributed the loss of Lord Hervey, for whom she had conceived an unalterable passion, constantly marked afterwards by all kind and generous offices to his children. For many years she was totally an invalid, and shut herself up in two chambers in the inner part of St. James's, from whence she could not see a single object. In this monastic retirement, with no company but of the King, the Duke, Princess

The First of March.

family, and a few of the most intimate of the court, she led, not an unblameable life only, but a meritorious one: her whole income was dispensed between generosity and charity; and, till her death by shutting up the current discovered the source, the jails of London did not suspect that the best support of their wretched inhabitants was issued from the palace.

From the last Sunday to the Wednesday on which she died, she declined seeing her family; and when the mortification began, and the pain ceased, she said, "I feared I should not have died of this!"

THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough and the leaf is in the bud,
And Earth's beginning now in her veins to feel the blood,
Which, warm'd by summer suns in th' alembic of the vine,
From her fountains will overrun in a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom that shall decorate the flower,
Are quickening in the gloom of their subterranean bower;
And the juices meant to feed trees, vegetables, fruits,
Unerringly proceed to their preappointed roots.

How awful the thought of the wonders under ground,
Of the mystic changes wrought in the silent, dark profound,
How each thing upward tends by necessity decreed,
And the world's support depends on the shooting of a seed.

The Summer's in her ark, and this sunny-pinion'd day
Is commission'd to remark whether Winter holds her sway;
Go back, thou dove of peace, with the myrtle on thy wing,
Say that floods and tempests cease, and the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth till her dreams are all of flowers,
And the waters look in mirth for their overhanging bowers;
The forest seems to listen for the rustle of its leaves,
And the very skies to glisten in the hope of summer eve.

Thy vivifying spell has been felt beneath the wave,
By the dormouse in its cell, and the mole within its cave,
And the summer tribes that creep or in air expand their wing,
Have started from their sleep at the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices from the valleys and the hills,
And the feather'd race rejoices with a gush of tuneful bills;
And if this cloudless arch fills the poet's song with glee,
O thou sunny first of March, be it dedicate to thee.

H.

CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.—NO. I.

THE many valiant names with which our pedigree was enriched, commencing with Ezekiel Thunder, adjutant in the Parliamentary army, who fell at Cropredy Bridge, and terminating with Captain John Thunder, who died of the cholera morbus in the campaign against Tippoo Saib, together with the warlike effigies of many a "Captain or colonel, or knight in arms," that filled an old lumber-room in my father's house, had early inspired me with an inclination for a military life. Eleven hundred pounds procured me a cornetcy. During the meridian of my martial ardour, one fine summer evening, a letter of very portentous dimensions was put into my hands. My eye immediately caught the authoritative words—"On his Majesty's service"—"Commander-in-chief's office;" and breaking the large official seal with eagerness, I read as follows: "Sir, I have the honour to inform you, that his Royal Highness the Prince Regent has been pleased to appoint you to a cornetcy in the — regiment of dragoons, and I am directed by the Commander-in-chief to order you to proceed without delay to Portsmouth, with your horses, to join a detachment of your regiment, under the command of Captain Baron Holster, in order to embark for the army under the command of his excellency Lieut.-General the Earl of Wellington. On your reaching Portsmouth, you will be pleased to report your arrival to the Adjutant-general on that station. I have the honour to be, &c. &c." "To Cornet Julius Wood Thunder, — Hall, Northamptonshire."

After bidding a hasty adieu, and receiving the usual cautions against the dangers of my new situation, I hastened to London to purchase my paraphernalia and equipments, and in about a week's time from the receipt of my orders I arrived at Portsmouth. I was informed by the adjutant-general, to whom I made the usual report, that the detachment of my regiment was then in a neighbouring village, where I must immediately join it. I proceeded instantly to the quarters of the commanding officer, at the Spread Eagle inn, where, without delay, I was ushered into the presence of Captain Baron Holster. It was about eight o'clock on a July evening, and the captain was in the full enjoyment of all the delights which a pipe and a bottle can bestow. Taking the pipe from his mouth, he arose on my entrance, and received me with great courtesy. As usual with military men, we soon became intimate: I speedily fathomed my companion's character. He might truly be called a soldier of fortune, for money seemed his great object, and profit and glory were in his vocabulary synonymous. Mars and Venus appeared to exercise a joint dominion over him, "both them he served, and of their train was he."

We were engaged the whole of the ensuing day in the embarkation of our horses. Surely some better mode might be discovered than swinging the noble animals in the air by ropes and pullies, to their infinite terror. It was surprising that no accident happened. We rode that night at anchor at Spithead, with the wooden walls of Old England all around us. At daybreak the next morning, convoy signals were hoisted on board a frigate, for all ships proceeding with our convoy to prepare for sea. It was nearly noon before all the vessels were under

weigh, and we shaped our course through the beautiful passage of the Needles, between the Isle of Wight and the main-land. Before dusk we could but imperfectly distinguish the cliffs of Albion, which ere morning had entirely disappeared. As usual in such cases, I suffered all the extremities of sea-sickness, which vanquished even the bravest of us all. Our accommodations and provisions were tolerable, considering our situation; and notwithstanding the dull monotony of sky and ocean, the novelty of a sea-voyage furnished us with considerable amusement.

On the fourth day after leaving Spithead, to the infinite joy of all on board, we discovered the mountains of Spain, at the distance of eighty miles, according to the captain's information. It was, however, four days afterwards ere our feet touched the Spanish soil. As we approached the shore, every eye was strained to discover the flag which floated on the summit of the sea-girt castle of St. Sebastian. Although we could not immediately distinguish whether the Gallic standard still maintained its lofty station, yet the constant cannonading which we heard, and the volumes of smoke which the land-breeze wafted towards us, gave us hope that we were not yet too late to share in the glories of the capture of the castle of St. Sebastian. On the morning of the day on which our convoy left us, the cannonading entirely ceased; but we still observed the tri-coloured flag waving above the battlements, when in one moment the flag-staff appeared perfectly bare, and in another, it was replaced by the British standard. One shout of exultation burst from the different vessels which were within view of this triumphant spectacle; but I must confess that my own patriotic feelings were dashed with a tinge of regret; for, heavy dragoon as I was, I had set my heart on being the first to drag down this pestilential ensign from its "bad eminence," and bearing it home, to hang in dread remembrance of my valour—fit companion for the fillebig which my great grandfather won from "a naked Pict," at the battle of Preston-pans, and the cannon-ball which my maternal uncle carried away with him from the siege of Quebec.

The signal was made by the commodore on the morning of his leaving us, for the masters of the transports to proceed on board his ship, where they received orders to land the troops at Passages, but to anchor in the bay of St. Sebastian's, or, to use his own phrase, "to bring up in four-fathom water," until the harbour was clear. We anchored about two o'clock in the afternoon, and the officers immediately proceeded on shore. The town and castle of St. Sebastian are nearly surrounded by water, connected by a narrow isthmus with the main-land. The bay lies to the west of the town, and in the midst of it rises the beautiful island of Santa Clara. The first attack on the town was made by our batteries, formed on the sand-banks, to the east of the place. After dislodging the enemy from a convent on the shore, which formed a sort of out-post to the town, and from their position in the island, our batteries on sea and land had played upon the castle and town from all sides; and after having been twice stormed, the town had at last yielded.

As we stepped upon shore, we found ourselves in a new world. The contrast between the people we had left, and those by whom we were now surrounded, was most striking. The quay was covered with

Spanish women, selling strings of onions, bread, wine and cider; their long plaited hair, reaching entirely down their backs, and their complexions of a sallow hue, impressing us with no very favourable idea of the vaunted Spanish dames. At a short distance from us, near the gate, a Spanish officer was marshalling his men, which, like Falstaff's soldiers, seemed excellent "food for powder." Their dress was not remarkable for its uniformity. The French soldiers who had fallen in action, had been stripped to furnish this motley corps; and wherever the eagle appeared in their appointments, it had been reversed. The commander, who seemed well worthy of the high station which he filled, perceiving we were Englishmen, took pains to let us know that his warriors were "*Espagnoles*," (a fact of which very little doubt could be entertained,) by continually addressing them by the title of "*primiero regimiento d'Araggon*." The appearance of every thing on the outside of the town was highly interesting and amusing; but the spectacle as we proceeded into the town became disgusting and terrific, to eyes which had not been accustomed to gaze upon the stern features of war. The houses were levelled with the ground, and amidst the ruins lay the dead bodies of English and French, in the last stage of putrefaction. Shocked as we were at this scene, the horrors which presented themselves on the breach were indescribable. The dead lay piled in heaps; and we were forced to step over the bodies of our brave fellow countrymen, which had lain parching beneath a fervent sun from the time of the storming of the town.

Sickening as the sight was to all of us, it did not seem to affect the stomachs of the Spanish soldiers, who sat, with the utmost composure, eating their meal, which consisted of a dried fish called *bacalao*, on the dead bodies, which supplied all the usual furniture of a *salle à manger*. We were fortunate enough, at the moment, to meet with an intelligent English officer of the First Regiment, who had been personally engaged in the storm. He pointed out to us the bodies of three sergeants who had formed part of the forlorn hope, and who seemed to have all fallen at the same instant. The officer who led the forlorn hope escaped the first onset, but was afterwards killed in the town by the enemy's fire. Our informant described very minutely the details of the attack. He pointed out to us the place where the French, by blowing up a mine too suddenly, had destroyed several hundreds of their own men.

We afterwards paid a visit to the castle, where we perceived the dreadful extremities to which the French had been reduced. Our perpetual firing had compelled them to excavate the ground, that they might obtain temporary repose and security. The castle presented nothing remarkable, except a clear spring of fresh water, which rose from the summit of the hill.

We returned to our vessel with no very favourable impression of the pleasures of a siege. The Baron frankly confessed that he by no means coveted the honourable fate of those heroes who had "filled the breach up with our English dead;" and shrewdly observed, that, considering the poverty of the land, he could not discover what honour there was in being engaged in a storming-party. During our dinner he appeared remarkably contemplative, but after a few hours smoking, and close application to the *waters of life*, his martial spirit seemed

to brighten within him; and between the whiffs of his pipe, he called the storming of St. Sebastian's a mere volunteer-day to some in which he had been no inconsiderable actor.

On rising the ensuing morning, I found our vessel just entering the harbour of Passages. The mouth of the harbour is not visible until you approach within a few yards of it, and you proceed nearly two miles up a narrow creek, running between rocks of stupendous height. After disembarking our party, we marched with our detachment to a farm-house, or, rather, what would be called a hovel in England, about three miles from Passages, and in this miserable place, in which only two beds were to be found, which were already sufficiently tenanted by various insects, we were expected to find accommodation for two officers and fifty men. The fumes of brandy and tobacco generally lulled the Baron to sleep long before he retired to his couch; but, for my own part, during the whole time we were quartered in this wretched spot, I knew not what it was to enjoy an hour's slumber during the night.

The quality of our first day's dinner was pretty much upon a par with our *logement*. Our fare consisted of ration pork, so hard and so fat that no teeth or stomach of ordinary strength could away with it. Cabbage of a saffron hue supplied the place of other vegetables. To counterbalance these privations, we had the privilege, like Gil Blas at Sangrado's, of drinking water *à discretion*, and we certainly did find it an *dissolvement universel*. To one, who had been used to call a dinner at Long's or Stevens's a bore, and who had professed himself *satisfied* with *Jacquiere's* cookery, such a banquet did not possess many attractions. The Baron, with a grin of singular expression, frequently exclaimed, during our feast, "'Tish very goot!" Towards the middle of the following day, I paid a visit to the town of Passages, in order to learn some intelligence from the army, and to purchase an animal to carry my baggage. On arriving in the town the novelty of the scene was extremely amusing. The head-quarters of Lord Wellington were then about eight miles from Passages, and the town at that time formed a sort of *depôt* for provisions. Parties of dragoons escorting provisions, Commissaries, French prisoners marching through, Generals departing for England, Portuguese and Spanish soldiers, servants buying provisions, passing and repassing before my eyes, gave the scene the appearance of a masquerade. Every one seemed regardless of the occupations of his neighbour. In one portion of the town, a party of German hussars had made a regular encampment, and were busily engaged dressing their horses, cooking their coarse viands, and smoking their long cum-de-mer pipes in the open air, quite as contented beneath the canopy of Heaven, as if they were housed under the most hospitable roof. Advancing a little farther, we saw several hundred French prisoners, guarded by a detachment of British infantry, headed by three officers, two of whom were mounted upon mules, and the other walking. In point of speed, these pedestrians seemed likely to outstrip their mounted leaders, as the miserable animals which carried them had many points in common with Yorick's mare. The clothing of our brave soldiers, which, by conjecture rather than by its present appearance, we judged to have been of the scarlet hue, had, by its numer-

ous patchings, at length assumed the semblance of an harlequin's coat, while the long coats of the officers, which, in their original state, had been of a grey colour, by the service they had seen, and long exposure to the sun, had become thread-bare and brown: the French prisoners were certainly horrid looking fellows; their unshorn beards, and their long *moustaches*, gave little encouragement to the unfledged valour of a stripling Cornet.

Cui frons turgida cornibus
Primis, et Venerem et prælia destinat.

All the detachments which we saw, seemed well content with the accommodations which were provided for them *al fresco*, with the exception of some newly-arrived English hussars, who appeared to entertain too lively a remembrance of the comforts of Hyde Park Barracks to allow them to think of taking up their lodgings "on the cold ground;" and after a vain struggle, for some hours, to procure the shelter of a roof, they were marched forward without having enjoyed even that repose which their less delicate companions had found on the cold pavement of the streets of Passages. The accounts which we received from the army were strangely contradictory. Now we heard that there was no doubt that we should be forced to retreat into Portugal; and now we were told, that within a few days we should be feasting in Paris. Every one seemed competent to approve or censure the plans of Lord Wellington, while all were blessed with an equal degree of ignorance; indeed, the English newspapers were, at this time, the only means by which we could gain any intelligence of our own motions—so necessarily confined was the information of each individual. This state of things was precisely what is described by Walter Scott—

When high events are on the gale,
Each hour brings a varying tale.

After making a purchase of all the delicacies which Passages afforded—namely, mutton, bread, and vegetables, and cheapening a few baggage-animals, which were enormously dear, I returned to our quarters, where I found the Baron, with his three horses in his hand, allowing them to crop the heads of a field of fine maize at the back of the house, never once adverting to the exploded doctrine of *meum* and *tuum*. In short the Baron was an old campaigner, and knew how to provide victuals both for himself and his horses. This, however, is a knowledge which is very speedily acquired in war; of which I witnessed an instance on my return from Passages. I beheld—oh! tell it not in St. James's—publish it not in Bond Street—I beheld the Hon. Captain Counterscarp, the amiable the accomplished Captain Counterscarp of the Guards, who always held it to be highly derogatory even to speak to an acquaintance who carried an umbrella—I beheld him, lost to all sense of shame, in his right hand bearing a leg of mutton, and in his left a haversack of cabbages!

Our detachment having received orders to remain a fortnight longer at this miserable station, for the purpose of refreshing the horses, and it occurring to me that the delay would by no means be productive of the same effects to myself, so unceasingly was I tormented by the lively activity of my body-guard, I resolved, with the permission of

my friend the Baron, to spend a few of those days with my brother, a captain in a Light Infantry regiment, which was then encamped near the head-quarters of Lord Wellington. In fact I had grown anxious to taste the sweets of war. I commenced my journey about mid-day, thinking eight miles would be as easily accomplished as in England, and hoping to arrive at the camp in good time for a five-o'clock dinner. Soon after I had got into the main-road, I was surprised to find my advance a good deal impeded by the roads being broken up. Dead oxen, which had been fortunate enough to end their labours a little time before they reached the camp, where they were to have been slaughtered—wagons broken down, and other vehicles of military desolation, were scattered along the way, and impeded the progress of passengers. Nor was my advance much accelerated by the convoys of bullocks and provisions, the long strings of mules, the sick, wounded and prisoners, coming from the army, and the stragglers about to join it, which altogether formed as dense and motley a group, although of a very different character, as the annual procession of the worthy inhabitants of London, eastern and western, on their road to Epsom races. It was nearly dusk ere I arrived at Lord Wellington's head-quarters, that were at a village through which the road passed. The names of the various general officers composing the staff of the army, chalked upon the doors of the meanest cottages, showed pretty plainly what must be the accommodations of the inferior officers. I soon learned that the light division, to which my brother's regiment belonged, was about five miles in advance; and I was particularly cautioned not to stumble upon the French instead of our own troops, as they were stationed close to one another. After leaving head-quarters, I found the road quite clear; yet, notwithstanding the expedition I made use of, it was quite dark before I arrived at the camp of the light division, which was situated upon the side of a hill. On reaching the summit of this hill, and looking around me, I paused, to observe one of the most striking and splendid spectacles which could possibly be imagined. For miles around me the country seemed to be one blaze of light, proceeding from the fires in the camps of both armies. There was almost a perfect stillness around me; and as I stood alone, in the silence of night, upon this foreign soil, I seemed to experience, for the first time, a strong and vivid feeling of mortality. The countless thousands which were stretched around me might, on this calm and beautiful night, be enjoying their last earthly repose. I could not help thinking how different these sensations were from those of an ordinary traveller, passing through the country in a time of peace and tranquillity. My brother's camp lay in a field to the right of the road: I found him, with his tent pitched to windward of a large fire, with one or two of his companions, anticipating the pleasure of devouring a couple of fine ducks, which they were roasting with considerable skill. After an absence of nearly two years, we enjoyed our meeting in this strange spot fully as much as we had ever done, in former times, beneath the peaceful shades of ***** Hall. I soon satisfied his inquiries; and, in return, begged to be informed, by what good fortune he had become possessed of the *deux gros canards* which promised so luxurious a feast. He informed me that an old campaigner, like himself, was generally a good forager. He had surprised a party of French

that morning in taking a village, and had discovered these treasures attached to the personal staff of one of the French officers, who resigned the promised enjoyment with the utmost complaisance, and in presenting the ducks to my brother remarked, "C'est la fortune de la guerre." A small hamper formed our table, while a piece of oil-skin, on which we sate *à la Turc*, prevented us from feeling the ill effects of the damp ground. Our dinner consisted of soup and bouille, and the aforesaid ducks, accompanied with the best sauce—a ravenous appetite. The old campaigners corrected the badness of the wine, by converting it into very delicious mull, by the aid of nutmeg and ginger, cinnamon and cloves. By the time we had finished the second kettle of this nectar, which operated as a composing draught after the fatigues of the day, we retired to rest, and for the first time I stretched my limbs in a *bonâ fide* camp. I lay in my brother's tent, and rolled in my cloak, I slept as soundly as in the softest bed in England, with "all appliances and means to boot." I was surprised on awakening the next morning to find it was already nine o'clock: we rose immediately, and enjoyed a cup of excellent tea. The regiment was ordered to stand to their arms, and waited to be supplied with provisions. A long string of mules, laden with bread, soon afterwards arrived, and a drove of bullocks were brought to be slaughtered in the camp. A certain number of men attended to assist in slaughtering the beasts, and receive their portion of the provisions. The whole affair is usually conducted with great despatch; insomuch that I have often since seen a bullock alive, slaughtered, dressed, and eaten, within a quarter of an hour. The bugles now sounded to arms, and the brigade was immediately formed. As over our mull, the preceding evening, I had expressed my determination to accompany the regiment, should it be called into action, I was now, by the contributions of several officers, fully equipped in the dress of my brother's corps. We marched forward, and soon deployed into an open field. Behind us towered the lofty chain of the Pyrenees, and before us lay the fertile plains of France. Some companies were sent forward to skirmish, and the firing soon became exceedingly warm. It was impossible to drive in the picquets, which kept up an incessant fire; but we gained ground by degrees. The French, perceiving the progress we made, brought a party of guns, supported by a detachment of cavalry, against us. A body of French infantry now moved upon our right, and opened a severe fire; and as I cast my eyes along the ranks I observed frequent chasms occasioned by the falling of the killed and wounded. Just before the enemy had formed upon the hill, I remarked a group of about six officers, in blue great-coats, with shabby cocked hats covered with oil-skin, ride past; and the leader of the party had scarcely passed the line of our column, when I heard Lord Wellington's name buzzed along the ranks, and saw a smile of exultation light up every countenance. The party halted upon a hillock close by us, and one of them, dismounting from his horse, reconnoitred the enemy through his spy-glass. I had an excellent view of our commander-in-chief: his features were perfectly unruffled, and his demeanour was that of a man engaged in the ordinary occupations of life. After taking a general view of the situation of the troops, he seemed to be communicating for a moment with one of his Aids, who immediately galloped forward

towards the brigade with which I was. An old officer who stood next to me, on seeing this movement, whispered in my ear, "You are in for it now, young man." A general order of "Steady, men, steady; fix bayonets," convinced me that he was a true prophet. The next order was, "The regiment will advance;" and the bugles struck up a lively tune. As we marched forward, the enemy still continued their fire, and our men kept dropping. We moved up steadily and coolly, with all the regularity of a common parade, till within forty yards of the enemy, when we gave our fire, and the order "Double quick" was given: the next word I heard was "Charge!" In an instant we were in the midst of them. I can from this moment only describe my own situation and that of those immediately around me. The first thing I observed, after the shock of the charge was over, was the butt-end of a musket aimed by a ferocious grenadier direct at my head: I was just raising my arm above my head as my sole means of protection, when a friendly bayonet entered the breast of my immense foe, and his upraised arm fell powerless by his side. I had scarcely time to rejoice at this deliverance, when an ancient French officer made a dead thrust at me in most scientific style, with a sword of awful length, which I parried with the back of my own weapon, and instantly cut at him in return. I fancy my blow must have taken effect, for I saw him staggering backwards, and lost him in the universal confusion. The whole of the transaction since we first closed with the enemy had not occupied more than three minutes; and I now began to perceive the confusion amongst our own men becoming less, as the French hurried from the field. There was soon nothing left for us to do, but to pursue the enemy, and capture all we could. By scampering in all directions after them, by wounding some, and terrifying others, we succeeded in making about seventy or eighty prisoners. I was not so fortunate as to surround ten men myself, like Sir John Falstaff; but nevertheless, heavy and tardy as I was, compared with some of my light associates, I managed to overtake a drummer, a wounded corporal, and a lusty major of the *Voltigeurs de la Garde*. The bugle at length sounded for the regiment to form again; and at the point of my sword I drove up my three disarmed and dejected prisoners, with all the pomp of a Roman Emperor with three kings at his chariot-wheels. The prisoners were placed under a guard; and every individual, as he came in, took his station in his own company. The first object after forming was to tell off the companies, and estimate our loss, and to ascertain who had fallen in the action. I looked around me with indescribable anxiety for my brother, and my fears for his safety were dreadful, when I could not discover him with the regiment. One of the sergeants told me he was close to him at the moment of charging, but he had not seen him afterwards. I had now little doubt that he had fallen.

ON THE OLD FABLES.

THE most delightful of moralists are the old Fables. Compared with these simple instructors, the theses of the early philosophers, later schoolmen, and modern theologians, are but subtle webs to entangle speculative and curious flies. Of all my young enjoyments, reading these fables with their picturesque interpretations of wooden cuts was one of the most precious; old, but always new and pleasant. I doubted the truth of my elder friends' observation, when they told me that the moral was the kernel of the fabulous shell: how sweet were the husks of the (oftentimes) bitter kernels. I needed no invitation to travel over this world of histories—this ever fresh gallery of pictures. A fable is *Æsop's* other name; hence more recent fabulists have been neglected; perhaps because they only retold what had been more sentimentally related before; or, perhaps, their refinements were not so honest as the pithy aphorisms of the Grecian slave. We cannot think of Gay as we do of the aboriginal *Æsop*: he is the text-book of morality; his brutes are Pythagorean animals, in whom dwell the souls of a generation of men. Fables are moral parables: parables, divine fables. When reading the beautiful parables in the New Testament, our fancy supplies the scene of the divine discourses—the corn-fields, the highway, the vineyard: our imagination becomes pristine; coeval with the unsophisticated state of mankind in that age of mighty events: we are passive beholders: we can even conjure up the persons in the great drama—all but the divine presence; which is only visible to our mind's eye, through the voice of truth. Our impressions on reading the inventions of human wisdom, are less real, as they are more enigmatical; and, of necessity, lack the exalted humanity and sentiment of the inspired narratives.—But to descend from the unequal comparison. The refinements of learning and science, are to these everlasting stories, but the pride and vanity of man; the superficial pomp of words; the mere straining of the wits; perplexing the reader, and puffing up the inventor. They have all “faded into the light of common day.” The maximum of an age has been displaced and annihilated by another set of “crabbed rules of dull philosophy,” produced by a generation of more enlightened theorists; who are now fast decaying before the practical (and real, they would have you believe) schemes of modern systematizers. Yet still we have the parables fresh as from the lips of their holy author: still we have the fables bred from the experience of their inventor. There is nothing in them but is applicable to all mankind at every period; and when applied, but gives birth to, or nourishes the first tender growth of neighbourly feeling and manly wisdom. Truth lies in a nut-shell: fallacy must be built up, a superstructure of folly and deceit, upon the foundation of pride: a huge glittering lie: an unsubstantial dream: itself a moral lesson to its fabricators.

The Egyptians were a nation of riddle-makers. Their most simple hieroglyphics are the finest, and most symbolical; and we may justly suppose they were among the earliest: as thus—a circle, eternity; a bull, agriculture; a horse, liberty; a lion, power, &c. These are some of the primogenitive parts of speech in their silent language. The extent of their hieroglyphics is unknown to us; but though they might have been multiplied to infinity, there could have been none more

beautiful or expressive than the first few begotten. Indeed, the idea is more grand than the reality.

The worthy successor of the ancient Egyptians, the Professor of the University of Lagado, mentioned by Gulliver, who proposed to converse by means of substances representing things, instead of by words, was a more substantial improver upon the ideal language; inasmuch as a *bonâ fide* image cannot but convey its impression to the mind, without the chance of its miscarrying in a hieroglyphic, or evaporating in a word. What a realm of solids would this world have then become, and mankind a nation of breathing puppets! What an assemblage of pedlars, each with his cosmographical wallet of signs, chests of conversation, wagons of debate, and warehouses of argument! Then should we have stood in need of rail-roads to lead to our senses, and tunnels to reach our understandings!

But to return to the Fables. We can never look at the pictures at the head of each, without being transported to the modern antiquity of time and scene: the cold vacuity of the long wainscotted rooms, with their solid oaken furniture, and large barred windows; the by-gone look of the houses; the quaint and uncouth dress of the figures; the terraced gardens, in all the square magnificence of geometrical proportion; the bright inland landscape; mingling a heap of distant and pleasing recollections drawn from their faithful portraitures. This should apply more especially to Gay; but the artist, scorning to be any thing but English, has transferred the scenes of *Æsop* to our own country: it is as honest an anachronism as the unsuspected mistakes of the old masters in this way: it makes us believe *Æsop* to be an old countryman of ours, who lived a long while ago; and with a harmless deceit we recognise the lion as having some other relation to our desert-less island, than as the typical supporter of our national badge of heraldry.

Let any one who despises the snug prospects of hedge-row landscapes, and the quiet retirement of a hamlet in a level country, look at the fresh morning aspect of these little views, and they will shake his high-seated contempt. They are true subjects for an English Teniers. There are the neat farm-houses, with their decorations of clean wooden pails and platters, bright inglenooks, white hearths; and the out-door accompaniments of poultry, pigs, fences, bird-bottles, and hen-coops; and the stacks of hay, granaries, distant fields, with the church spire crowning the landscape: and all this done with a homely faithfulness that charms with the imitation. Even in the print you enjoy the dewy coolness of the grass, the early morning air, the breaking clouds, or the dim twilight. The cuts partake of the raciness of the style, and are mated to the discourse. The only landscapes like them, that I know of, are those in Walton's *Angler*, one of which I remember—*Amwell* at sunrise, almost as fine as a painting. In the print at the head of the fable of "*The Stag and the Fawn*," they are gracefully delineated in the attitude of listening;

"The stag faint hears the pausing horn;"

and the accompanying landscape is, as are all of them, beautiful. In "*The Oak and the Reed*," we fancy that we hear the blast rustling through the weeds on the banks of the stream, and buffeting the oak's rooted strength.

How inviting are the titles of some of the Fables: "The Lark and her young ones;" "The Lion in Love;" "The Oak and the Reed;" "The wanton Calf;" "The Angler and the little Fish," &c. How productive of deep and serious thought are such as "The young Man and the Swallow;" "Cupid and Death;" "The old Man and Death." Were we to mention all that are good, we should name them all. The most mysterious to my young mind was "The Belly and the Members;" and I heartily commiserated the fate of the poor subject of dispute, who, between one and the other, seemed very likely to be forgotten: it remained for my riper experience to comprehend its meaning. One of Gay's, "The Miser and Plutus," ever haunted me in stormy nights, when the loud gusts shook the lattices of the old school-house; I thought with fearful iteration on the first line, "The wind is high, the window shakes," and had the apparition been any one but Plutus (who, though I knew it not, was not frightful) it would have been a minister of terror. In the "Ass eating thistles," we almost lick our lips at the "fine large thistle" which he so relishes, rather than at the pack-saddle of capons. We exult at the old mouse's escape from the wily cat's whiskers, who, being cunning beyond her sphere, must needs hang herself on a peg by the hind legs, to invite the curiosity of her simple enemies, and while they were exulting in her death, thought to spoil their sport by making them her prey.

The pleasant confabulations of the animals are replete with humanity; even the evil speeches have a redeeming quality of ignorance to take off the ugliness of vice. "The Elephant in the Bookseller's shop" is the most congenial of animals, in bulk and sagacity, for such an element; he looks grave and polite,—two especial qualities of wisdom: the bookseller seems conscious of the greatness of his guest (not customer). I mean a compliment when I say it reminds me of Dr. Johnson.

The *l'envoy* of Gay's political Fables is social: Æsop's are addressed to mankind. Gay's are easy and unassuming; his powers of sense and wit were well adapted to this species of profitable wisdom: and his poetical genius was not too vast. The Fables, and his immortal "Beggars' Opera," are akin, and are his best works.

The Fables of Æsop and others have been beautifully embellished by the industrious Mr. Bewick, the wood-engraver, in a style not a whit inferior to the old cuts in design, and superior in execution. The same identity of scenery is given with equal effect; and those delicious *morceaux*, the tail-pieces, are Hogarthian. "The History of Birds and Quadrupeds," by the same artist, (so well known to every admirer of wood-cuts,) must be included in this humble compliment to his ingenuity and perseverance.

GASTON.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER VIII.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

CONTENTS.

Reminiscence of White Conduit House.—Islington Wells versus Tunbridge.—Sir Solomon's Song.—Hugh Middleton and John Gilpin.—Cowper and the New River Company.—Bentham, Bonaparte, and Accum.—Lydia turns Reformer—American Ladies dancing Money-musk.—They mistake James Paine for Tom.—Episodical Eulogy of the former.—Ball at City Hotel, New York.—"All honourable Men."—Bear and Fiddle.

DEAR KATE, you remember Sir Solomon Souse,
 Who gave the tea party at White Conduit House;
 And swore, while we sat in the box of Apollo,
 That Islington waters beat Tunbridge Wells hollow.
 Papa, he, and we, leaving others to bowl,
 Walk'd out, toward the Wells, just by way of a stroll;
 He stopp'd us all three at the Middleton's Head,
 Then pointed aloft to the sign-post, and said,
 "The hooded old man, who is swinging up there,
 Set off, spade in hand, and took water to Ware:
 As Hercules valiant, he treated with scorn
 Dame Prudence, and took River Thames by the horn.
 John Gilpin, the Cit, who in calico dealt,
 And rode with two full bottles under his belt,
 Set off, whip in hand, in old Middleton's rear,
 But kept the Cheap-side, where the Knight kept the dear.
 Both wild-goose adventures, equally rash,
 The Cit lost his dinner, the Knight lost his cash;
 Will Cowper got many a pound by the first,
 The last has in gold quench'd the Company's thirst,
 Who now gain a hundred per cent. by his wealth,
 And don't even drink in the water his health.
 'Tis thus that projectors the game always give in,
 And fools run up houses—for wise men to live in.
 See sail to the Wells yonder pleasure-bound crew,
 All talk of Grimalkin, none think of Sir Hugh.
 Friend Barrow, take warning: keep snug in the storm:
 Cajole men and welcome; but never reform:
 With Bentham bewilder, with Bonaparte frighten,
 With Accum astonish: do all but enlighten:
 Who aims at enlightening, only out doles
 An ophthalmic drug to a nation of moles."
 This sermon, like most other sermons, dear Kitty,
 Went bolt through both ears of Papa—more 's the pity!
 With politics still he would make his old fuss,
 And settling the nation, he unsettled us:
 For, deeming long parliaments snares to entrap 'em,
 He made us put up with short commons at Clapham.
 Popt down in my Album, Sir Solomon's song
 Slept sound as a sexton, and might have slept long;
 But lately I've taken it down from the shelf
 To read, for—I'm turning *Reformer* myself!
 Nay, don't cry "Lord bless us!"—I don't mean to roast
 'Gainst cradle cotillions, like Miss Hannah More,
 Nor leave my own fish by Grimalkin to die,
 To dress other people's like good Mrs. Fry.

I leave hearts and heads to Reformers like those,
I only, dear girl, revolutionize toes.
Kitty Brown, would you think it? I don't say the fault's in
Themselves; but the girls here know nothing of waltzing.
I found them in *Money-musk* kicking their heels,
And when I named *Paine*, and his set of Quadrilles,
(I wonder what planet some people come from)
The poor ignoramusses thought I meant *Tom*.
How could, gentle *James*, the New York women be
So dull as to mix that *stay-maker* with thee?
What though Brother Richard, as usual, out plumps
A pun, and declares that you both deal in *Jumps*—
Shalt thou, who 'midst Negus and tapers of wax,
Art christen'd, *par excellence*, *Paine* of Almack's;
Who set, to an entre-chat—*La ci la mano*,
And jig'd the dead march on an open piano—
Shalt thou be mix'd up with that infidel Turk,
Who scribbled a pamphlet in answer to Burke?
Let *White* print his rival *La Poulle* and *Trenise*,
And dedicate humbly to Mrs. Charles Rees;
Let *Hart*, like Phil Astley, make horses turn dancers,
And play *Zitti Zitti* to Hussars and Lancers.
Fear nothing: cut capers: be frisky and merry;
Not even *Musard*, with his Duchesse de Berry,
His *Traversez*, *chassez*, *dechassez*, *La Cheine*,
Shall push from the music-stand gentle *James Paine*.
Long, long shalt thou flourish, the King of Quadrilles;
And when, over Styx, 'midst the virtuous of heels,
Thou 'rt borne to the meadows Elysian, with you
The daughter of Ceres shall dance a pas-deux:
While *Hermes* shall lend you his feather-bound shoes,
And whirl you to bliss in a Russian *Sauteuse*.
And now, my dear Kate, for the best news of all;
We have worried Papa into giving a ball.
As soon as he squeeze'd out a sad "Very well,"
Dick hired the rooms at the City Hotel.
We danced until midnight on Saturday last,
And, spite of a head-ache, I'll tell you what pass'd.
The Natives, who came about half-after eight,
Were duly announced by their titles of State.
Their Honours Mat Mite and Aminadab Mum,
The one dealt in cheese, the other in Rum.
His Honour Ben Block, who contracts with the Fleet,
And keeps a mahogany yard in State-street:
His Honour Luke Lambert, a huge lump of clay,
Who luckily happens to live in *Broad-way*.
They all seem'd amazingly shy of plain Mister;
Which made Brother Richard observe to my Sister,
That though they hate titles as much as O'Connor,
They cling like a Leech to the sound of "Your Honour."—
And now for my dress—but my paper's scrawl'd through,
So no more at present.—Dear Kitty, adieu!

L. B.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.*

THIS poem possesses the characteristics of fine talents; whether it can be said to show those of positive genius appears to us to be much more questionable. The whole of Mr. Milman's writings are calculated to afford interesting and instructive examples of cultivated intellect and taste, producing high effects of beauty without original powers of invention.

Higher poems of this author than the present, we conceive, would illustrate this position; but this production, we think, is remarkably calculated to prove it. The Martyr of Antioch belongs to that class of poetry which, perhaps, may be regarded as more valuable than any other that is not highly inventive, namely, that which places before us actual historical truth, rendered fresh and radiant to our perceptions by being clothed in a garb of imaginative beauty, which displays and sets off the form it covers, rather than conceals or gives it a false and deceitful appearance—a class which may in one sense of the words be called "Truth severe in fairy fiction dress'd."

The Martyr of Antioch is founded on the history of Saint Margaret; but Mr. Milman has merely availed himself of that portion of the history which relates, that she was the daughter of a heathen priest, and beloved by Olybius, the prefect of the East under the Emperor Probus. The rest of the legend has been discarded, and the outline filled up as the author's own imagination suggested.

The scene is laid at Antioch, and the poem opens before the celebrated temple of Apollo in the grove of Daphne; of which temple Margarita, the heroine, is at the outset of the poem supposed to be the chief priestess, and the especial favourite of the god. The scene is ushered in by a hymn, sung by the youths and maidens of Antioch, in the presence of the assembled priests, nobles, and people. This hymn is intended to indicate the close of the solemn rites which have just been paid to Apollo; and nothing is wanting to complete the splendid spectacle of the day, but

"The crown and palm-like grace of all,
The sacred virgin, on whose footsteps Beauty
Waits like a handmaid; whose most peerless form,
Light as embodied air, and pure as ivory
Thrice polish'd by the skilful statuary,
Moves in the priestess' long and flowing robes,
While our scarce-erring worship doth adore
The servant rather than the God."

The assembly wait for her for some time in breathless and admiring expectation; when at length a priest enters from the holy sanctuary, to announce that Margarita is not to be found, and that

"Trampled in the dust we found the laurel crown,
The lyre unstrung cast down upon the pavement,
And the dishonour'd robes of prophecy
Scatter'd unseemly here and there."—

In the midst of the general consternation occasioned by this unlooked-for absence, messengers arrive from Rome, bringing the Emperor's

* "The Martyr of Antioch, a dramatic poem, by the Rev. H. H. Milman, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford."

commands to Olybius for renewed severities against the Christians, who are known to have taken refuge in the neighbourhood of Antioch. While Olybius, who loves Margarita and is beloved by her, is, in pursuance of the new edict, denouncing the Christians and devoting them to death, she enters, clad in sackcloth and with ashes strewn upon her head. The multitude hail her with enthusiasm; but she, regardless of the scene before her, is rapt in her own thoughts—

"She hath fall'n down upon her knees; her hair
Is scatter'd like a cloud of gold; her hands
Are clasp'd across her swelling breast; her eyes
Do hold a sad communion with the heavens,
And her lips move, yet make no sound."

This we take to be as lovely and perfect a picture as was ever copied by the pen from the pencil. It is, without exception, the most finished passage in the poem: indeed it is one of the best that was ever executed in its way; but we do not attach any very high value to such pictures, as it relates to the talent required to produce them. The reader will, of course, recognise its original in several of the *Magdalenes* of Guido, Carlo Dolce, &c. The priests attribute the few incoherent words and the distracted manner of Margarita to a special visitation from the God; and they lead her away amid the shouts of the people in honour of Olybius, "the Christian's scourge."—We now meet with Margarita passing alone at night through the grove of Daphne, where she is joined by Olybius, who declares his love for her.

"On the Parthian's fiery sands
I look'd upon the blazing noontide sun,
And thought how lovely thou before his shrine
Wast standing with thy laurel-crowned locks.
And when my high triumphal chariot toil'd
Through Antioch's crowded streets, when every hand
Rain'd garlands, every voice dwelt on my name,
My discontented spirit panted still
For thy long silent lyre."

She seeks to disengage herself from him, and by her ambiguous words and manner, raises his suspicions of her faith and purity; but she dares not at present explain herself, or avow her new creed, because, as it appears afterwards, she is on her way to warn the Christians of their impending danger from the new edict of the Emperor. She therefore abruptly quits Olybius, and, arriving at the spot where the persecuted sect meet at night, relates the purport of her errand. At the close of this conference the Roman soldiers are heard approaching.

"They come:
Pale lights are gleaming through the dusky night,
And hurrying feet are trampling to and fro.
Disperse—disperse, my brethren, to your homes!—
Sweet Margarita, in the Hermitage
By clear Orontes, where so oft we've met,
Thou'lt find me still."

At daybreak Margarita returns to the Temple, where she meets her doting father, who finds her hanging over her accustomed lyre, and hails her with delighted pride.

The Martyr of Antioch.

"My child,
My own, my loved, my beauteous child! once more
Thou art thyself; thy snowy hands are trembling
On thy loved lyre, and doubtless thou art hailing
Our God, who from his golden eastern chamber
Begins to dawn. I have commanded all
The ministering priests and sacred virgins
Their robes and verdant chaplets to prepare.
Thou too shalt come with all thy richest songs
To hymn the triumph of our God around
The pile whereon these frantic Galileans
Writhe and expire."

This brings about an avowal of her falling off from *his* faith—he is the chief priest of the temple—and her determined adherence to that of the proscribed and condemned Galileans. When he can no longer doubt the truth of what he hears, he exclaims

"Lightnings blast—not thee,
But those that by their subtle incantations
Have wrought upon thy innocent soul! Look there!"

directing her attention to the image of the God, and asking

"Dar'st thou see
The terrible brightness of the wrath that burns
On his arch'd brow?"

She replies,

"I see a silent shape of stone,
In which the majesty of human passion
Is to the life express'd. A noble image,
But wrought by mortal hands, upon a model
As mortal as themselves.

CALLIAS.

Ha! look again, then,
There in the East. Mark how the purple clouds
Throng to pavilion him: the officious winds
Pant forth to purify his azure path
From night's dun vapours and fast-scattering mists:
The glad earth wakes in adoration; all
The voices of all animate things lift up
Tumultuous orisons; the spacious world
Lives but in him, that is its life. But he,
Disdainful of the universal homage,
Holds his calm way, and vindicates for his own
Th' illimitable heavens, in solitude
Of peerless glory unapproachable—
What means thy proud undazzled look,—to adore
Or mock?"

Still, however, she looks, unmoved; acknowledging the glories of the imagery before her, but acknowledging them only as the work of *her* God; and this best scene in the poem is closed by a high and solemn hymn in praise and adoration of the Saviour. We are now introduced to the Hall of Justice, where the Christians are brought before Olybius,—who prepares himself for the task of justice by swearing to discard from his breast all partial affection, and condemn to torture and death all who shall be found "guilty of the Galilean faith." Here ensues a lengthened and somewhat dull colloquy between Olybius and the chiefs of the Christians, in the midst of which some shepherds bring in a veiled maiden, whose robes and fillet indicate her to be a priestess of Apollo, but whom they have found in a cave by the Qrentes,

"Pouring upon the still and shudd'ring air
Her hymn to Christ."

It is Margarita.

"CALLIAS,
Great Judge! great Prefect!
It is my child—Apollo's gifted priestess!
Within that holy and oracular cave
Her spirit quaffs th' absorbing inspiration.
Lo, with what cold and wandering gaze she looks
On me, her sire—it chokes her voice—these men,
These wicked, false, blaspheming men, have leagued
To swear away her life."

She now avows her faith—the rest of the Christians exult in theirs—and the whole are led out to prison. We have now a scene in the prison, which is long, and we cannot help thinking, somewhat dreary and inefficient. But it contains one very pleasing passage, in which Margarita relates what she conceives to have been the occasion of her conversion to the new creed:—

"Dost thou not remember
When Decius was the Emperor, how he came
To Antioch, and when holy Babylas
Withstood his entrance to the Christian church,
Frantic with wrath, he bade them drag him forth
To cruel death? Serene the old man walk'd
The crowded streets; at every pause the yell
Of the mad people made, his voice was heard
Blessing God's bounty, or imploring pardon
Upon the barbarous hosts that smote him on.
Then didst thou hold me up, a laughing child,
To gaze on that sad spectacle. He pass'd,
And look'd on me with such a gentle sorrow;
The pallid patience of his brow toward me
Seem'd softening to a smile of deepest love.
When all around me mock'd and howl'd, and laugh'd,
God gave me grace to weep. In after time
That face would on my noontide dreams return;
And in the silence of the night I heard
The murmur of that voice remote, and touch'd
To an aerial sweetness, like soft music
Over a tract of waters. My young soul
Lay wrapt in wonder, how that meek old man
Could suffer with such unrepining calmness,
Till late I learnt the faith for which he suffer'd,
And wonder'd then no more."

This arbitrary blending together of the present feelings excited in her by the new faith, with the thoughts and images impressed upon her memory in early youth, and her afterwards dwelling upon this association till she comes to regard her present sentiments as the result of it, is very natural and poetical. Callias in vain urges her to return to her own worship; and he quits her to beg for mercy from the Prefect. Margarita is now privately led to the sumptuous palace of Olybius,—who, after pointing her attention to the horrors that await the condemned Christians on the morrow, and contrasting it with the rich and voluptuous delights that surround her, offers to make her his bride, and Queen of the East, if she will renounce her faith. But she is not to be moved, and returns to her prison; while Olybius debates with himself on the means of saving her.—We now come to the last and longest scene; which takes place before the Temple of Apollo, and in

sight of the Amphitheatre, within and around which the multitudes of Antioch are assembled to witness the sacrifice of the Christians.

"They come! they come! the universal yell
Of execration follows them along,
Deepening as it approaches, like the roar
Of thunders travelling up the cloudy heavens,
Till o'er our heads it bursts."

They enter, and among them Margarita,—though it appears that Olybius has determined she shall not die, and has devised a means of saving her, in case she does not herself relent on seeing the sufferings of the rest. After again urging them in vain to renounce their faith, and live, Olybius dismisses them to their respective places and modes of execution;—some to be cast to wild beasts, some to the stake, and others to the block. Among the latter Margarita is placed, attired in the bridal robes which had been placed in her prison by order of Olybius with far other views. She goes forth chaunting a wild and impassioned strain, depicting the visions that at this awful moment rush on her enraptured imagination. The lyrical effusion is undoubtedly the most poetical passage in the work. The catastrophe of the poem is now related—not witnessed on the scene. Different messengers enter, relating the various deaths of the sufferers; and the renouncement of his faith by one of them, whose vainglorious boastings had prepared us to expect this want of steady resolution. At last an officer enters, announcing the death of Margarita.—It appears that Macer, an officer of Olybius, had received orders to watch the execution, and to save Margarita in case she did not herself falter at the sight of the surrounding horrors—her execution being decreed as the last; but that, on hearing, from the cries of the people, that her father was approaching, she had frustrated this intention by rushing to the executioner, and prevailing on him to perform his office on her without delay. The poem ends by Olybius renouncing the sceptre and purple, and the whole of the citizens of Antioch being converted to Christianity as by a miracle, at the sight of Margarita's death. The catastrophe, and indeed this last scene altogether, is very indifferently and inefficiently managed. In particular, the sudden and simultaneous conversion of the whole multitude, who had the instant before been rending the air with shouts of exultation at the scene before them, is most unnatural and misplaced.

We have considered it due to the talents and reputation of Mr. Milman to give this somewhat detailed abstract of his new work; and have made it the vehicle for bringing before the reader some of the most poetical passages to be met with in the volume. Having done this, with great regard for the general character of Mr. Milman, as a poet, we have the following objections to offer to his present poem, which we cannot help considering as inferior both to his *Fall of Jerusalem*, and to *Fazio*. In the first place, the story of this poem is most unfortunately chosen—supposing it to be offered merely as a poem. The highest possible poetical powers could not have rendered such a story capable of exciting general sympathy; and the best that Mr. Milman has done for it, is to make it engender a confused and fatiguing feeling of painful and reluctant pity towards all the characters engaged in it. It includes scarcely a touch of real pathos, because it excites no spark of either genuine sympathy or genuine anti-

pathy—not even towards the martyr herself; for it nowhere appears that she embraces the new faith in preference to the old one, from any high and ennobling sense of natural duty, or because it is calculated to make her the better fulfil her appointed station on the earth; but simply because she believes that it will gain her a better station in heaven. Even when her poor father (who is the only person in the poem whose sorrows at all move us) is urging her to forswear her new faith, or at least to “dissemble—any thing but die and leave me,” all she has to reply is—

“—— who disown their Lord
On earth, he will disown in heaven.”

and when he replies to this

“—— Hard heart—
Credulous of all but thy fond father's sorrows!”

we scarcely feel that he is reproaching her wrongfully.

Indeed, Mr. Milman has hitherto been truly unfortunate in his female characters. Even Bianca, in *Fazio*, (which is incomparably his best work,)—even Bianca, with all her restless and passionate fondness for her lord, is but a selfish and unamiable sort of person,—for she evidently loves him, not for *his* sake, but her own; and would infinitely rather see him dead at *her* feet, than living and happy at the feet, or even in the thoughts of another. Such a character is any thing rather than a revival (as it professes to be) of those of the Elizabethan drama. Mr. Milman may in vain seek for such a character in Fletcher, or Ford—least of all in Shakspeare. There is no such thing. Even the Virgin Martyr, in Massinger's play of *that* name (which is evidently the prototype of the present poem)—even *she* has no doting father to leave childless and friendless behind her; for though the plot of that drama is liable to all the objections which apply to the Martyr of Antioch, Massinger had the judgment to make his heroine *alone* in the world, and, moreover, to endow her with a kind of half-human love for her ideal image of the Saviour, whose presence she is perpetually yearning after. But for this, and the deeds of charity and beneficence which she performs, she would, in spite of all her calm and noble resolution, go to heaven without that portion of our admiration and sympathy which she now carries with her.

With respect to the other characters (excepting Callias), we take no care or interest whatever about them. The only one who acts any thing like a prominent part is Olybius; and what can we feel for the disappointed passion of a man who exultingly condemns his fellow beings to torture and death, because they differ from him in faith? The author, it is true, has endeavoured to obviate this objection, by making him do all in compliance with the edicts of his Emperor, and in fulfilment of the duties belonging to his exalted station; and against his own feelings and judgment. But this, instead of mending the matter, evidently makes it worse; inasmuch as it takes away from him those sentiments of fanaticism which might have been urged as a palliation or an excuse.

As to the other Christians—they are merely introduced to swell the pageant of the sacrifice; and they add nothing to the poetical effect of the tale. In fact, there can be very little sympathy felt now-a-days towards persons who are represented as courting and exulting in that death which is to purchase them a crown immortal, at the expense of

neglecting or disregarding the mere mortal duties which arise from their natural and social ties. Even the feeling which brings about the catastrophe of Margarita's death,—namely, her eagerness to die before her poor doting and deserted father can arrive to take a last look and farewell of her,—is most unnatural and repulsive.

By all this we do not mean to express an opinion that the details of such events as that which forms the subject of this poem, should not be recorded; but only that such details are altogether unfit for poetry;—which, in fact, cannot subsist in the absence of general sympathy confined within the limits of delight. Upon the whole, then, overlooking some minor faults of careless versification and modes of expression, general diffusiveness, &c. the *Martyr of Antioch* is strikingly inferior both to *Fazio* and the *Fall of Jerusalem*; and, but for the existence of these latter poems, we should not have felt ourselves justified in saying what we have meant to convey at the beginning of the article, that Mr. Milman is a writer of highly cultivated mind, whose works have no chance of being forgotten in the annals of the age which he contributes to adorn.

TO MISS M. A. TREE.

DELICATE Spirit, thou wert made
For the gentle Viola:
And rue and rosemary to braid,
With poor Ophelia:
Or with sweet Juliet's faith to prove
The eye-enduring power of love.

Every softer, kindlier glow,
Finds its resting-place in thee:
So sweetly dost thou speak of wo,
It seems thy fitting ministry,
For ever thus the plaints to tell
Of maidens who have loved too well.

In Sorrow's touch so lightly press'd,
And Hope still lighter, burning still,
Where young Love liv'd, and Beauty bless'd
The fond enthusiast of his will,
We mark the changing thoughts that prove
The maid who "never told her love."

Or with Ophelia's fleeting mind,
To shrink at once before the blast;
To wither in an hour, and find
But one short grief,—the first and last:
To view the desolation wide,
And yield, nor dare to stem the tide.

Or, in fond Julia's shape to tell,
What woman's heart can do and dare,—
What tale hath ever told so well
The tyrant thrall that lovers bear?
And while I look on thee, I feel
'Twere rapture at some shrines to kneel.

Delicate Spirit, thou wert made
Thus to breathe thy noiseless spell,
That hovers round like fairy braid,
And binds although invisible,
Delicate Spirit, fare thee well,
Oh! breathe, for ever breathe thy spell.

W. O. F.

LECTURES ON POETRY. BY T. CAMPBELL.

LECTURE VI.

Continuation of the Synopsis of Greek Poetry.

Oracular Poetry.

THERE can be no doubt that the Greeks early possessed, and long preserved, prophetic compositions. The traditional history of their oracles goes as far back as that of their poetry; and we are told that those oracles first taught them the use of heroic measure. A cloud of fable however rests over the names of all their primitive soothsayers; and the first light of distinct history that dawns upon Greek affairs discovers those who promulgated prophetic verses, bringing them forward not as their own compositions, but modestly ascribing them to departed genius. Their early religious mystics had an excellent stalking-horse in the reputation of Orpheus and Musæus, for aiming predictions as well as doctrines behind the pretended authority of those bards. Onomacritus coined oracles under both of their names. The rascality of that priest, who deserted the cause of his country, and went over to Xerxes, exposed his mock-antique predictions to scrutiny and detection. But other prophecies were circulated about the same time among his countrymen, which were either better concerted, or, from being favourable to the Greeks, were more goodnaturedly examined. Among these there were some attributed to the very ancient name of Bacis, which Herodotus regarded as old and fulfilled predictions of the battles of Salamis and Plateæ. To these he appeals with as much confidence as a modern divine would feel in quoting holy writ, and with that air of sincerity which never leaves him, even when he is relating what is incredible: he subjoins, "*From this explicit declaration of Bacis (respecting the battle of Salamis) I shall never presume to question the authority of Oracles, nor patiently suffer others to do so.*"

Thucydides mentions that when Athens was greatly agitated at the breaking out of the Peloponnesian war, the soothsayers split into parties, singing all manner of prophecies. Pausanias, when travelling through Greece many centuries afterwards, heard the verses of several prophets recited, which passed for compositions of extreme antiquity. Those of Bacis were among the number: Pausanias has quoted them; but his date as a writer* makes his soothsaying scraps less valuable than those of Herodotus. About the age of oracular verses we can never be certain of much more than that they are as old as the writer who quotes them. But even for this assurance we prize those which are quoted by the father of history.

The ideas of prophetic and poetical inspiration were not identified by the Greeks, but they were evidently held to have some affinity. Plato considers Love, Poetry, and Prophecy, as the three great branches of divine transport or madness (*της θείας μανίας*). Verse was the earliest language of oracles, and was not superseded by prose till within the third century before the Christian era. The scenery of Delphi, incomparably the greatest of the Pagan shrines, was poetically hallowed, and its tutelary power was the god of song as well as of divination. It is true that Parnassus was partially consecrated to Bacchus as well as

* In the second century A. C.

Apollo;* but the mountain lost nothing of its poetical patronage by this participation of its empire; for Bacchus was invoked as the chief inspirer of the tragic muse. The Parnassian laurel was expressly denominated the "*prophetic plant*;" and, if we may believe Lycophron's Cassandra, its leaves were administered by Apollo as food to those whom he gifted with vaticination.† Whether the god ever treated his poets to this species of sallad, we are not informed; but the laurel was a token of honour in their vocation; and it is a moot point whether the name of a rhapsodist was not derived from the rod (ραβδος), which was a branch of laurel that he bore in his hand,—“Should you presume to ascend Parnassus,” says Lucian to an ignoramus, “the Muses *would not present you with a laurel-branch, but would whip you with a rod of a different description*.” Moreover, the Pythian priestess used to bathe in the Castalian fountain to prepare her for prophesying;‡ and the poets drank its waters as a tonic for inspiration, though it is to be hoped that they timed their draughts at due intervals from the old lady's lustrations.

But notwithstanding so many circumstances which denote the ideas of song and divination to have been connected in the minds of the Greeks, we have no traces of their having possessed prophetic works of a high or interesting poetical character. Indeed, where prediction is but a phantasy of human enthusiasm, we can hardly expect it to bear the genuine impress of poetry. Homer has justly denominated the Muses the daughters of Memory; and it is evident that their pictures of existence must be more vividly drawn from the substantial past, than from the shadowy future. Of this the Greeks seem to have been early aware; for even in the Homeric manners the offices of the bard and the soothsayer are completely separated. The renown of the Cretan Epimenides§ may suggest an idea, that he, though posterior to Homer, may have possibly united the two vocations. But within the clear verge of Greek history we meet with no man of distinguished genius accredited both as a bard and a seer. On the contrary, when priests or statesmen found it convenient to scatter predictions among the people, if they were not obtained from the Pythia, they were either fathered on a Bæcis or an Olen, or attributed to some Sibyl of conveniently remote antiquity. Greek politics were certainly not uninfluenced by oracles, but never to any such degree as among the Hebrews. The theocratic constitution of the Jews might be said to subsist upon prophecy. The prophets of that people blended the importance and utility of public orators, censors, patriots, philosophers, and even of historians, though they were the historians of futurity. Moses provided for their freedom of speech under the protection of the law. Samuel incorporated them into colleges when he renovated the Mosaic system from its first decline; and the prophets continued for many centuries to be efficient, either as the champions or martyrs of that system.—Not such champions of truth

* Parnassus gemino petit æthera collo
Mons Phœbo Bromioque sacer.

† Δαφνηθαλαμι φοιτᾷζειν ἐκ λαικῶν σπα.

‡ The office of Pythia could not be filled by a lady under the age of fifty. At the primitive institution of the Oracle this had not been the case; but a young and handsome priestess having been run away with by some sacrilegious lover, the requisite age was fixed at half a century, 49 being thought still too susceptible a period.

§ Vide Fabricii Biblioth. Græc. vol. i. p. 30, edit. Harles.

as Homer describes Calchas to have been, in the *Iliad*, when he bargains for safety before he will risk offending Agamemnon. A Hebrew prophet would have disdained to have sought shelter even behind the arm of Achilles.—The elevation of the prophetic character in Israel made it monopolize the national genius. All that was lofty and ideal in the Hebrew mind sprang upwards to meet the divine commission. Hence, prediction, which elsewhere was only verse, became in Judæa picturesque and imaginative poetry.

Surrounded though Delphi was with poetical associations, we are certain that its oracular responses were never poetically famous. Verse-makers were retained in the temple for the express purpose of putting the ravings of the Pythia into proper diction. Yet we find Plutarch apologizing for the mediocrity of the Delphic verses, and acquitting Apollo of blame, on the ground that he was answerable only for the meaning and not the metre. Lucian is not so good natured: he makes Momus rally the God of Delphi on the ambiguity of his style, alleging that it was a mere refuge from the distress of answering posing questions, and declaring the bad prosody of the Pythian measures to be a proof that the Muses and his oracular Godship were not on the best possible terms.

In the *Cassandra* of Lycophron we have no doubt an entire and regular Greek poem of a prophetic character, and one which we are certain to have been composed before the Christian era. It contains *Cassandra's* predictions of the misfortunes of Troy. This obscure work was written by a poet sometimes ranked in the poetical Pleiades of the court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, though the scholiasts are not agreed as to his having been one of the seven luminaries of that constellation, which, if all its orbs had been like Lycophron, would have been, indeed, rather a dim one. His poem, for aught that is known to the contrary, may be a learned imitation of the ancient soothsaying strains, but it is coldly elaborate, and gives us an idea more of the smoke than the fire of vaticination. It is in fact, however, merely a picture, and not a relic of Greek poetical prophecy. *Cassandra* speaks only at second-hand through a messenger in the poem, and we never think for a moment of the author having pretended to prescience. He figures before us only as one imagining the past predictions of past things, and enditing them either in his closet, or in a nook of the Alexandrian Library.

The short passages of oracular sayings and responses preserved to us by the Greek historians are, therefore, the only extant specimens of this class of their poetry. Those passages are exceedingly curious as historical documents; but they are few and brief, as we might expect them to be, and, as relics of poetry, are entirely insignificant. Nor is the slightest reliance to be placed on the pretended antiquity of the so called Sibylline verses. The eight books which are extant under that title, are palpable forgeries of the early Christians, or of subsequent compilers. The Sibyl muse, in those dull effusions, versifies portions of scriptural history, both from the Old and New Testament; describes the flood and the family of Noah with considerable minuteness; professes herself a Christian; inveighs against idolaters and Jews; preaches the crucifixion, and the coming of Antichrist; and intelligibly hints at the doctrine of the Trinity. It is painful to think of the advocates of a pure religion having ever resorted to means

so unworthy of its purity, and so unnecessary for its support. But, unless those books were written by Christians, it remains to be answered from whom they came. The Pagans certainly forged Sibylline verses, but none of this description. To call them genuinely inspired would be to place them blasphemously on a par with the Bible. That Paganism should have forged works against idolatry, is about as probable as that a man should forge a bill with a view to enrich his bitterest enemy, and get himself hanged. There are some things from the Old Testament in those fabrications, and it has therefore been alleged that the Jews may have got them up. But as the New Testament happens to be also pilfered, it would have been as wise to have suspected the Turks.

Elegiac and Lyric Poetry.

Poetry was much more universally and directly an enjoyment of the ear among the Greeks than it is with us. From the abundance of books, we can possess the poet's page in our retirement, and are therefore accustomed to follow his numbers with only a tacit and mental conception of their harmony. But the Greeks, even in the more cultivated state of their literature, seldom read poetry to themselves. They heard it publicly delivered either in song or recitation. In primitive times there seems to have been no recitation of poetry that was not musical to a certain degree, how rude soever the chaunt might be, and however short it might fall of perfect melody. The earliest appellation of the Greek bard was that of a singer (*αοιδός*), and he is always described by Homer as repeating his verses to the lyre. In a later state of the language, he is denominated a poet or maker (*ποιητής*), and the term Ode, or sung poem, is applied not generically to poetry, but distinctively to strains of a particular structure and character. This shows that, as music improved, and as poetry spread into various branches, some kinds of composition were found more expressly susceptible than others of musical accompaniment. Greek poetry, no doubt, possessed, upon the whole, an eminent aptitude for musical expression; but all its branches were not equally allied to music.—Aristotle, for instance, discriminates Epic poetry from Tragic by this circumstance (among others), of music not being essential to the Epos as it was to Tragedy. And from this distinction it may surely be inferred, that, though the rhapsodists may have long retained their lyre and chaunt as ancient usages of their profession, an Epic poem in the time of Aristotle would not have been regarded as robbed of its due honours in delivery, if it had been simply read to an audience. When Cicero tells us of Antimachus, the last but one of the classic Epics, rehearsing his poetry to Plato and other less patient auditors, he expressly describes him in the anecdote as reading his verses (*legendem suos versus*); and nobody, I suppose, suspects the poet, on this occasion, to have had a lute in his hand. In the latter classic ages of Greece, it was customary for poets to read their compositions aloud in public. They rehearsed them from an elevated seat to hearers placed on surrounding benches, who sometimes criticised the poet severely, but at other times were so warm in their admiration as to accompany him home with plaudits to his abode. The Greek word for elocution (*λίξις*) has sometimes, though rarely, a meaning apparently corresponding with our term recitative, but on those occasions the elocution was unquestionably mere declamation.

When we thus find Homer singing, or at least inviting his muse to sing, and Antimachus, at the close of the classic period, only reading his verses, it might appear from a hasty view of the subject, that Greek poetry was at first exceedingly musical, and that it grew less and less so as it descended downwards from Homer. It is certain, however, that this was not the fact, and that the age in which poetry and music were most intimately blended was considerably later than the Homeric. Yet, Homer and the Homeridæ, it will be said, were singers by their own declaration, as well as players upon the lyre; and why should they not be called Lyrical poets by as good a right as that subsequent dynasty to whom the appellation is assigned by distinction?

As poets, it will readily occur that the Greek Lyrics marked out a new era, by the novelty and variety of their metres, as well as by the matter and spirit of their compositions. But as composers blending music with poetry, how were they distinguished from their predecessors? To answer this question with perfect precision, would be, in other words, to state the exact difference in the state of music during the heroic and republican ages of Greece—a task which certainly has never been fulfilled by the most competent inquirers. It is certain, however, that there was a difference, which, perhaps may be thus estimated in very general terms. The lyre was an exceedingly rude instrument in epic times.* The majority of the ancients agree that, until the time of Terpander, it had not more than three or four strings. Music, both vocal and instrumental, was, till this time, traditionary, unfixed, and wholly dependant on memory. Terpander first gave notation, or written marks, to melody.† Professor Ilgen, in an elaborate disquisition on this subject,‡ has collated several ancient authorities, tending to show that Terpander was the first who substituted distinct air or song in public recitations of Greek poetry for simple chaunt or recitative, and the occasional touches of the lyre for a full and tuneful performance which made the instrument follow all the inflections of the voice in modulation. It is clear, to be sure, that even in the remotest times

* The Greek word *λύρα*, from which our term *lyre* is derived, is not found in Homer; but the instruments which he calls *φρέμιγγε* and *κίθαρα*, were certainly as nearly as possible the same with the lyre, only in a ruder state.

† Among several passages in Plutarch's Dialogue on Music, in which Terpander is mentioned, the following is the one which points most decidedly at his character as an improver of the art:—"καὶ γὰρ τοῦ Τέρπανδρον εἶπεν (ὁ Ἡρακλίδης) κιθαρῶν δίκων ποιητὴν ὅντα νόμον, κατὰ νόμον ἑκάστον τοῖς ἐπέσι τοῖς ἑαυτοῦ καὶ τοῖς Ὀμήρου μέλη περιτίθεντα, ᾄδειν ἐν τοῖς ἀγῶσιν."

Mons. Burette, who gives a translation of Plutarch's Dialogue on Music in the 10th vol. of the Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions, makes the following commentary on this passage. Translators, he says, have generally misunderstood it. "Ils ont pris le terme *Νόμοι* pour des loix ou des règles de composition musicale, et ont traduit sur ce pied la, faute d'être instruits de la véritable signification de ce mot; et en cet endroit et dans tout ce dialogue, où *Νεμος* n'est autre chose qu'un air ou un cantique. Voici donc ce que veut dire Plutarch: 'Terpandre composoit d'abord des poëmes lyriques d'une certaine mesure propres à être accompagnés de la cithare. Ensuite il mettoit ces poëmes en musique, de façon que celle-ci put s'accommoder au jeu de la cithare, qui alors ne rendoit précisément que les mêmes sons chantés par la voix du musicien.' Enfin, Terpandre notoit cette musique sur les vers mêmes des cantiques de sa composition, et quelquefois il en faisoit autant pour les poésies d'Homère, après quoi il étoit en état de les exécuter lui-même, ou de les faire exécuter dans les jeux publics." ‡ Ilgen, Disq. de Scol. Poesi.

the Greeks had melodies, or airs, which strongly affected themselves. But it is equally clear that their vocal melody must have been very imperfect, and their instrumental still more so. The age of Terpander, at least, possessed no traditional melodies that were thought worthy of the Homeric verses, for he is said to have first clothed them in melody.

Music was therefore obviously incapable, in that ancient period, of lending poetry that peculiar character which music, when established in definite beauty as an art, impresses on poetical composition. But when melody became noted and regulated, when the strings and compass of the lyre were increased, then the union between music and verse rose to reciprocal influence. Every syllable of the poet's numbers had its expression definitely adapted to the melody of the voice and string, and fixed beyond the reach of caprice. The consequence of poets addicting themselves to the composition of verse that should be best adapted for this intimate coalition with music was, that they studied more than their predecessors to give the pith of language, without its superfluities—to support emotion more continuously—to strike the fancy with quicker images—to diversify rhythm, and at the same time to heighten its emphasis. These still continue to be the main characteristics of Lyric Poetry.

That the rude music of Greece had previously possessed no influence on its poetry, is certainly not to be imagined; but it was a comparatively feeble influence. If (as the best judges interpret) what Plutarch says of Terpander clearly implies his having been the inventor of musical notation, the rescuing of the art from dependence on vague caprice and memory, was something like giving it a new creation. On the Homeric state of instrumental music, Dr. Burney pronounces a very sweeping judgment.—“*Singing, he says, there is in Homer, without instrumental music; but of instrumental music without vocal, there is not a trace to be found in the writings of Homer. Even the dance is never described as performed to the lyre alone, without the accompaniment of the voice.*” Either some passage of Homer on this subject has escaped me, or Dr. Burney's assertion is too unqualified. In the 18th book of the Iliad,* there is positively dancing to pipes and lyres, without a word about song; and the passage which Dr. B. quotes to prove that dance was struck up to the voice, is a mis-translation of Pope's. Still I am inclined to believe the fact, that instrumental was never separated from vocal music in the Homeric times, and that the ballet itself was inspired by the singer's voice; for though there are no precise and equivocal proofs, there are symptoms of this in Homer. The musician who inspires the dance, is always called a singer, and song and dancing are forever closely mentioned together. Many traits in Greek manners tend to confirm the supposition.

Terpander is said to have invented the Scolia, or convivial songs, of the Greeks, and is believed by Plutarch to have been older than even Archilochus, the commonly reputed father of Lyric Poetry.† As an inventor of songs, Terpander appears in the genuine light of a Lyric

* Καυροὶ δ' ἀρχηστῆρες ἰδύνουσιν, ἐν δ' ἄρα τοῖσιν
Αὐλοὶ φορμίσγεις τε βοῶν ἔχουσιν. Iliad. 18. 494.

† Καὶ τοῖς χρόνοις δι' ὁμοῦρα πάλαιος ἐστὶ (ὁ Τερπανδρὸς). πρῶτον γὰρ αὐτὸν Ἀρχιλόχου ἀποφαινέται Γλαῦκος ὁ ἐξ Ἰταλίας, ἐν συγγραμμάτων τινι τῶν περὶ τῶν ἀρχαίων ποιητῶν καὶ μουσικῶν. Plutarch. Dial. de Musica.

poet, which is more than can be said of him when regarded only as a musician, setting melody to the strains of Homer.—That he melodized entire rhapsodies of Homer, is much less probable than that he only selected impassioned and striking passages, and prefixed to them those lyrical proems or preludes which he is recorded to have composed. But the new impulse which poetry received from the improvement of music as an art, was not to be limited by the mere composition of melody for Homeric verse. The same progress of social life which improved music, also awoke new emulation in poetry, and pointed out to her a charm and resource of novelty, in substituting the concentrated eloquence of passion for the diffuse simplicity of the Epic style. The improvers of music, who wished to unite it with poetry, would soon find, that enthusiasm is the bond of union between the two arts, and that language is susceptible of musical expression, in proportion as it is the language of sustained emotion. The Muse of the Lyric age, therefore, quitted protracted legends and descriptions for the pure utterance of passions that came home to men's bosoms and business. Epic poetry has too large a compass to fulfil to be forever impetuous and fervid in its course. It excites and gratifies a deliberate and circumstantial curiosity, and though it lifts up the passions at times, it relieves them with agreeable intervals of repose. But, continuous and supported excitement of feeling, whether grave or gay, is the characteristic of Lyric verse; and, accordingly, Poetry of this elastic nature sprang up abundantly in Greece in the age that thrilled with the first spell of complete melody. Poetry and music, at this epoch, mutually aided the progress of each other.—Music excited poetic enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm of the poet sought to vent itself in variety of versification. This variety of metre reacted upon music, and enriched it. In the modern state of the art, it is true that music is, to a great degree, independent of the measure which it accompanies. But rhythm, as Burney (and Tartini before him) remarked, rigorously governed melody in the music of ancient Greece; so that new metres must have generated new airs. When we are told, therefore, that Archilochus first showed the example of accompanying transitions from one rhythm to another with the music of the lyre, we may regard him, even if his date was later than Terpander's, as eminently sharing in the honour of lyrical invention.

The cultivation of Elegiac poetry commenced early in the Lyric period of Greece. Indeed, if it were not easier to offer conjectures than to settle dates, I should surmise that the earliest elegies probably preceded the earliest Greek lyrical poems. This idea, it is true, presupposes Callinus to have been earlier than either Terpander or Archilochus, and the date of all those three poets is still a debateable point in chronology. But in formerly mentioning Callinus, I had occasion to notice some grounds for supposing that he lived as early as the first Olympiads, and this would make him anterior to any of the dates assigned to Terpander, either by Athenæus or Eusebius, or the Oxford Marbles. If Callinus was so early a writer, the fragment of his War elegy must be held to exhibit a specimen of Greek poetry in its intermediate state between the Homeridæ and the Lyric poets. In these pentameters we see the first deviation that was made from the old Homeric metre—a change, it is true, not productive of livelier harmony, but still suggesting a hint for farther experiments in versifica-

tion. Moreover, though the composition of the martial elegy did not at once lead the Greek Muse into the region of pure fancy and passion, it accustomed her to embody strong feelings in concise expression; it lopped the redundancy of epic diction, and prepared the Greek language for its forthcoming honours of lyric poetry.

Excepting Callinus, however, all the elegiac poets come unequivocally within the lyric period. The elegy was strictly a musical poem, and was sung to instrumental accompaniment. This will not seem so much at variance with our notions, as the fact of statutes and morals having been musically promulgated; for we attach to the term elegy the idea of profound, though not of impetuous feeling. It is therefore naturally congenial with music, and approaches, though it does not reach, the character of lyric poetry. To inquire whether the Greek elegy was sung to the lyre, or to any other instrument, and to determine from thence whether we should etymologically call it a lyric poem or not, would be to classify compositions not by nature, but by accident. The affinity between Elegiac and Lyric poetry lies in their being both the distinct effusions of the heart, more peculiarly couched than other poetry in the emphatic and harmonious language of supported sensibility. Their difference consists in elegiac sentiment being equable and deliberate, and in lyric feeling being lively, elate, and impassioned, and, from the alliance of fancy with enthusiasm, various and versatile in its range of associations.

The Elegy, therefore, marches to slow measure, and is not distinguished by rapidity of fancy. Whilst the Lyric poem may vary from rapid to slow movement, and is privileged to use either the tersest regularity, or the boldest variety of rhythm. It is the dream of genius in its most entranced and imaginative mood. There is this in common between the Greek ode and elegy, that both of them at times are solemn. Yet nothing can be well imagined more different than the simple and plain gravity of Tyrtaeus, and the high-rapt and visionary solemnity of the Tragic Choral Odes.

The term Elegy is applied to Greek poems of sterner stuff than we should call Elegiac, with the soft and tender associations which we attach to the term. The so called Elegies of Tyrtaeus and Callinus are purely martial. Mimnermus is the first elegiast whose style can be called plaintive. His fragments breathe the regrets of an eloquent though sensual genius for departed enjoyments. The elegies of Solon and Theognis lean to the Gnostic class of poetry, rather than to that of sensibility. Simonides wrote poems of this kind: and from the universal testimony of the ancients to his powers of pathos, we may believe them to have been excellent. But the choicest of his fragments is not elegiac. And time has revelled on the noble image of Simonides, so as to leave us but few lines of his symmetry, by which we can compute what it must have been. I submit a translation of one of the elegies of Tyrtaeus, though I am conscious how faintly it represents the fine spirit of the original. It is the elegy generally placed first in the publication of his fragments; beginning—

Τεινάρμιναι γὰρ καλὸν ἐπὶ προμάχοισι πεισσοῦτα.

How glorious fall the valiant, sword in hand,
In front of battle for their native land!
But oh! what ills await the wretch, that yields
A recreant outcast from his country's fields!

The mother whom he loves shall quit her home,
 An aged father at his side shall roam;
 His little ones shall weeping with him go,
 And a young wife participate his wo;
 Whilst scorn'd and scowl'd upon by every face,
 They pine for food, and beg from place to place.

Stain of his breed! dishonouring manhood's form,
 All ills shall cleave to him:—Affliction's storm
 Shall blind him wandering in the vale of years,
 Till, lost to all but ignominious fears,
 He shall not blush to leave a recreant's name,
 And children, like himself, inured to shame.

But we will combat for our fathers' land,
 And we will drain the life-blood where we stand
 To save our children:—fight ye side by side,
 And sceried close, ye men of youthful pride,
 Disdaining fear, and deeming light the cost
 Of life itself in glorious battle lost.

Leave not our sires to stem th' unequal fight,
 Whose limbs are nerved no more with buoyant might;
 Nor lagging backward, let the younger breast
 Permit the man of age (a sight unblessed)
 To welter in the combat's foremost thrust,
 His hoary head dishevell'd in the dust,
 And venerable bosom bleeding bare.

But Youth's fair form, though fallen, is ever fair,
 And beautiful in death the boy appears,
 The hero boy, that dies in blooming years:
 In man's regret he lives and woman's tears,
 More sacred than in life, and lovelier far,
 For having perish'd in the front of war.

The war hymns of Tyrtæus were so popular, that Lycurgus the orator informs us of their having been sung in their camp two hundred years after the time of the poet. They possess a sobriety more peculiar to the Spartan character than to that of Greece at large. There is nothing like transport in these military appeals, no summons to a hurried or headlong attack. That was not the character of Spartan discipline. Its object was to inspire a devoted magnanimity above impetuosity. Hence even the martial music of this people was purposely calculated not to inflame, but to soothe the spirit of the combatant. They used not the trumpet in their march into battle, says Thucydides, because they wished not to excite the rage of their warriors. Their charging-step was made to the "Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders." The valour of a Spartan was too highly tempered to require a stunning or rousing impulse. His spirit was like a steed too proud for the spur. Education had hardened his nature into a fortitude that could bear the last polish of serenity. Yet, stoic as he was, there was a holy enjoyment of patriotic battle, mixed with the calm of his self-possession. History minutely describes him advancing with a cheerful countenance and majestic pace to close with his enemy; and when he was about to kill or die for his country, he measured his last steps to music that filled him with sweet and solemn associations. It was at once a delightful and terrible sight, says Plutarch, to see them marching on to the tune of their flutes, without ever troubling their order or

confounding their ranks; their music leading them into danger with a deliberate hope and assurance, as if some Divinity had sensibly assisted them. The issue of those cool and musical approaches pretty generally showed them superior to the most furious onsets.

The Lyric poetry of the Greeks comprehended a vast variety of strains, extending from the most earnest and sacred, to the lightest festive character. Many of their religious hymns, as we have already seen by those of the Homeridæ, partook considerably of the Epic character, that is, they related the actions of the Deities, to whom they were addressed; and it is probable that the very ancient hymnic poetry of Bacis and Olen was of this narrative description. Greek superstition, however, often poured itself forth in Lyric numbers, and with the characteristic ardour, pride, and pomp of Lyric poetry. It was for furnishing strains of this kind that Pindar was allotted a seat of honour in the temple of Delphi, and a share of the offerings that were made to it. Nor whilst the lyre accompanied hymns at the altar, was it less the companion of song at the social board. The instrument was given from hand to hand at convivial parties; and to play it and sing to it well, was held amongst the most esteemed accomplishments that a Greek could bring into society. In this respect the national manners were widely different from those of the Romans, who, in later times at least, thought it disreputable to sing at banquets.* The Greeks considered music as a branch of liberal education, so that a supper at Rome, whatever it might have been to the palate, must have been much less agreeable to the ear than at Athens.

The singing at a Greek entertainment commenced with an anthem in honour of one or other of the gods, in which all the company joined.† This religious custom, a relic of sober antiquity, seems to have been kept up in ages less distinguished by habitual piety, just as "Non Nobis Domine" is sung after a modern dinner, or a grace repeated in our own graceless times. When the pæan was finished, the host gave the lyre to the guest beside him, and challenged him for a song; and the most learned authorities solemnly assure us that there was no possibility for the bashful or bad singer to escape obeying this command. When he had complied, he had a right, in turn, to compel his neighbour to warble; and thus the song went completely round. If any one was awkward at the lyre, he was permitted to sing without it, simply holding a myrtle branch in his hand; but from singing there was no refuge, as under the milder system of modern manners, either in the apology of a cold, or the offer to tell a story. There was another species of songs to which the name of *Scolia* seems most particularly to belong; which did not circulate regularly, but partook more of the nature of wit combats.‡ Some one of the company sung a strain, and gave the lyre and challenge to any one he chose, who, if he wished to support his credit, sung different words and turns of thought on the same

* This was not always the case, however:—"Utinam extarent," says Cicero, "illa carmina quæ multis sæculis ante suam ætatem in epulis esse cantitata à singulis conviviis de clarorum virorum laudibus in originibus scriptum reliquit Cato."

CICERO, Brut. 19.

† Plutarch Sympos. I. Qu. 1.—*πρωτοι μιν ηδον αυτη κοινης απαντες μια φωνη παιωνιζοντες.*

‡ Ilgen de Scol. Poesi.

subject, either from memory or extemporaneously. This kind of song, Professor Ilgen maintains, derived the name of Scolion from the oblique direction in which it passed among the rival songsters. The Scolion was of all different characters, from the utmost gravity of morals and mythology to the loosest jollity.

When the wine had circulated for a certain time however, we may conceive that a rivalry, which was likely to be confined to the wits of the party, would be felt rather unsociable; and that the songs which required neither a retentive memory nor powers of improvisation would be resumed, and conclude the entertainment. The Kōmos was the song peculiar to the mellowest state of inebriety; and, according to Suidas, was the serenade which the tipsy lover sung at untimely hours before his mistress's habitation, sometimes concluding it, when she was unkind, with smashing her windows.

The example of Terpander, Archilochus, and Alcman, in Lyric poetry, was followed by a rich and numerous succession of poets in the same walk of composition; of whom Stesichorus, Alcæus, Sappho, Simonides, Ibycus, Bacchylides, and Anacreon, are the names of most eminent reputation. Their united æras fill up a space of about two hundred years; during which time they peculiarly enriched three out of the four dialects of Greek.—In the Ionic, we have still the gay relics of Anacreon. Lesbos gave Alcæus and Sappho as ornaments to the Æolic dialect; and that island must have been a favourite haunt of the Lyric Muse, since it also claimed the memory of Terpander and Arion. Pindar, in the Doric dialect, perfected this species of poetry, and stands at the head of it in the universal estimation. Yet, if it be not treason to his acknowledged supremacy, I would say, that deplorably scanty as are the relics of the preceding lyrists, there are traits in them of a simple power over the affections, which are not to be met with in the more magnificent art with which Pindar addresses the imagination.—Of the Lyric poets I shall treat more in detail in another Lecture.

PETER-PINDARICS.

The Milk-Maid and the Banker.

A Milk-maid with a very pretty face,
 Who lived at Acton,
 Had a black Cow, the ugliest in the place,
 A crooked-back'd one,
 A beast as dangerous, too, as she was frightful,
 Vicious and spiteful,
 And so confirmed a truant, that she bounded
 Over the hedges daily, and got pounded.
 'Twas all in vain to tie her with a tether,
 For then both cord and cow eloped together.
 Armed with an oaken bough, (what folly!
 It should have been of birch, or thorn, or holly,)
 Patty one day was driving home the beast,
 Which had, as usual, slipp'd its anchor,
 When on the road she met a certain Banker,
 Who stopp'd to give his eyes a feast
 By gazing on her features, crimson'd high
 By a long cow-chase in July.

Peter-Pindarics.

"Are you from Acton, pretty lass?" he cried:
 "Yes,"—with a curtesy she replied.
 "Why then you know the laundress, Sally Wrench?"
 "She is my cousin, Sir, and next door neighbour."
 "That's lucky—I've a message for the wench,
 Which needs despatch, and you may save my labour:
 Give her this kiss, my dear, and say I sent it,
 But mind, you owe me one—I've only lent it."
 "She shall know," cried the girl, as she brandish'd her bough,
 "Of the loving intentions you bore me;
 But as to the kiss, as there's haste, you'll allow
 That you'd better run forward and give it my Cow,
 For she, at the rate she is scampering now,
 Will reach Acton some minutes before me."

The Farmer's Wife and the Gascon.

At Neuchatel, in France, where they prepare
 Cheeses that set us longing to be mites,
 There dwelt a farmer's wife famed for her rare
 Skill in these small quadrangular delights.
 Where they were made, they sold for the immense
 Price of three sous a-piece;
 But as salt water made their charms increase,
 In England the fix'd rate was eighteen-pence.
 This damsel had to help her in the farm,
 To milk her cows and feed her hogs,
 A Gascon peasant, with a sturdy arm
 For digging or for carrying logs,
 But in his noddle weak as any baby,
 In fact a gaby,
 And such a glutton when you came to feed him,
 That Wantley's dragon, who "ate barns and churches,
 As if they were geese and turkies,"
 (Vide the Ballad,) scarcely could exceed him.
 One morn she had prepared a monstrous bowl
 Of cream like nectar,
 And wouldn't go to church (good careful soul!)
 Till she had left it safe with a protector;
 So she gave strict injunctions to the Gascon,
 To watch it while his mistress was to mass gone.
 Watch it he did—he never took his eyes off,
 But lick'd his upper, then his under lip,
 And doubled up his fist to drive the flies off,
 Begrudging them the smallest sip,
 Which if they got,
 Like my Lord Salisbury, he heaved a sigh,
 And cried—"O happy, happy fly,
 How I do envy you your lot!"
 Each moment did his appetite grow stronger;
 His bowels yearn'd;
 At length he could not bear it any longer,
 But on all sides his looks he turn'd,
 And finding that the coast was clear, he quaff'd
 The whole up at a draught.

Scudding from church, the farmer's wife
 Flew to the dairy;
 But stood aghast, and could not, for her life,
 One sentence mutter,
 Until she summoned breath enough to utter
 "Holy St. Mary!"
 And shortly, with a face of scarlet,
 The vixen (for she *was* a vixen) flew
 Upon the varlet,
 Asking the when, and where, and how, and who
 Had gulp'd her cream, nor left an atom,
 To which he gave not separate replies,
 But, with a look of excellent digestion,
 One answer made to every question—
 "The Flies!"

"The flies, you rogue!—the flies, you guttling dog!
 Behold, your whiskers still are cover'd thickly;
 Thief—liar—villain—gormandizer—hog!
 I'll make you tell another story quickly."
 So out she bounced, and brought, with loud alarms,
 Two stout Gen-d'Armes,
 Who bore him to the Judge—a little prig,
 With angry bottle nose,
 Like a red cabbage rose,
 While lots of white ones flourished on his wig.
 Looking at once both stern and wise,
 He turn'd to the delinquent,
 And 'gan to question him, and catechise
 As to which way the drink went.
 Still the same dogged answers rise,
 "The flies, my Lord,—the flies, the flies!"

"Psha!" quoth the Judge, half peevish and half pompous,
 "Why, you're *non compos*.
 You should have watch'd the bowl, as she desired,
 And kill'd the flies, you stupid clown."
 "What! is it lawful then," the dolt inquired,
 "To kill the flies in this here town?"
 "The man's an ass—a pretty question this!
 Lawful? you booby!—to be sure it is.
 You've my authority, where'er you meet 'em,
 To kill the rogues, and, if you like it, eat 'em."
 "Zooks!" cried the rustic, "I'm right glad to hear it.
 Constable, catch that thief! may I go hang
 If yonder bluebottle (I know his face,)
 Is n't the very leader of the gang
 That stole the cream;—let me come near it!"
 This said, he started from his place,
 And aiming one of his sledge-hammer blows
 At a large fly upon the Judge's nose,
 The luckless bluebottle he smash'd,
 And gratified a double grudge;
 For the same catapult completely smash'd
 The bottle-nose belonging to the Judge!

GRIMM'S GHOST.

LETTER IX.

CAPTAIN Augustus Thackeray did not escape from some more of those casualties into which novices in dinner-giving are apt to initiate their guests. Allured by the syren smiles of a dark-green wine-glass at his elbow, betokening hock in front, he ventured to tilt part of the contents of a slim-throated bottle into his glass. The mower down of multitudes had no sooner steered the beverage into his mouth, between the Scylla and Charybdis of his two mustachios, than he suddenly halted in his swallow, ejaculated "Geud Gad!" (his customary exclamation when any thing much amazed him,) and delivered the green deceiver, with its nauseous contents, to the hot and hurried Jane, who happened, at that moment, to be whisking past his chair. The cod-fish which Mrs. Culpepper had cruelly mangled in quest of its liver, now disappeared, and was succeeded by that respectable bird, whose cackling saved the Roman capitol. Had Cæsar, at the head of his legions, followed in its rear, Captain Thackeray would never have looked half so aghast. He guessed, with fearful accuracy, how well Mrs. Culpepper could carve; and foreboding certain splashings, of which he wished to be the giver rather than the receiver, he made a military movement, with his left hand, to get possession of the carving-knife and fork. The lady, however, outflanked him. In vain did he entreat that he might be allowed the honour of saving her that trouble: the lady was inexorable. "The Captain was very polite: indeed, all the gentlemen of the army were very polite. Captain Buckram, of the Loyal London Volunteers, was politeness itself: and Major Indigo, of the Cripplegate Sharpshooters, was the very pink of politeness. They always asked her to let them carve, and she always refused: it was a thing she never did, (and what's more, she never would)—let any body carve but herself. Her uncle, the Serjeant, was a capital carver—nobody better; but she never would let him; she once contested the point with him so long, that the gravy beef looked like a patty-pan of potted: No! it was a thing she never did, and what's more, she never would: she particularly piqued herself upon her carving!" The conflagrator of female bosoms was not wont to be so rebuffed; but the impenetrable Mrs. Culpepper spiked all his artillery. He therefore, like a prudent warrior, determined to "bear a wary eye" upon the enemy's motions. The first four slices, from the breast, passed off without much danger, and Mrs. Culpepper's embroidered neighbour began to hope that the limbs would not be called for. Alas! "what are the hopes of man!"—"Give me a leg," ejaculated Mr. Culpepper. "Now for the tug of war," muttered the Captain to himself. "I guess that there will soon be a slop-seller at both ends of the table." The prophecy was destined to be verified. The common race of men who haunt dinner-tables, dressed in blue or black, are not over indifferent to the consequences of sitting in the purlieus of a goose. What then must be the feelings of a wretch habited like Capt. Thackeray? If Necessity is the mother of Invention, Danger is the school-mistress who sets her to work. The dilemma did not admit of delay. Already had our hostess dived into the receptacle of sage and onions: already had she made an incision near the *os femoris*: and already was she grasping the extremity of the bird's

leg, with a firm, though greasy, left hand; when the Router of Armies drew hastily from his sabre-tash the crimson silk pocket handkerchief, of which honourable mention was made in my last Epistle, and tying two of its corners behind his neck, caused it to hang like an ægis, to guard his bosom from the random shot of Mrs. Culpepper's knife and fork. "What is he about?" whispered Culpepper to his son; "if he means to take my hint about shaving, I think he might wait till dinner is over." The deed, however, soon proved the wisdom of its perpetrator. The fair carver, by dint of hacking and twisting, had nearly severed the leg from the body: and, essaying all her remaining strength, now accomplished the feat, but with such an accelerated momentum, that leg, fist, and fork descended, like lightning, into the dish. The sage, onions, and gravy, thus assaulted, fled for their lives, and fastened themselves, in many a stray spatter, upon all who happened to be near them. "La! Mamma! how excessively awkward!" cried Miss Clara, hastily raising the flap of the tablecloth (for napkins there were none), to dislodge a trifle of sage and onion from her eyelid. The rapidity of this action overset the contents of a salt-seller into a dish of lemon cream. "Say nothing about it," whispered her prudent father. Every body at table was more or less wounded by the explosion, which, but for his crimson silk cuirass, would have been as fatal to the Captain as the bursting of the gasometer in Wellington-street, Blackfriars, was to the South London Gas Company. "It is fortunate that I adopted this expedient," cried the soldier; "otherwise Captain Thackeray would have been Captain Talbot, alias 'the spotted dog.'" "Well, Sir, you may take off your handkerchief *now*," said the half-vexed hostess. "Excuse me, Madam," answered he of the crimson breast-plate: "both the enemy's wings, and one of his legs, are still in the field." "My dear," said Culpepper to his wife, "you began with piquing yourself upon your carving: and you have ended with piquing other people. Come, I call that not so bad. I speak my mind, Captain Thwack-away"—"Thackeray, Sir, is my name"—"Well then, Thackeray, if you like it better: I speak my mind: I'm not ashamed of myself: my name is Culpepper: I'm a slop-seller, and I live in Savage-gardens." "That's pretty plain," muttered the Captain. "It's odd enough," resumed the old gentleman, "that my wife never could lop off the limb like other people. It happens regularly once a year. Her uncle, the Serjeant, of whom you observe she is always talking, dines with us once a year—on Michaelmas-day: we always have a goose: he always sits where you do (I mean the Serjeant, not the goose): my wife always carves, and he always gets splashed: but as he is a Serjeant, and therefore dresses in black, it does not so much matter."—"A Serjeant in black!" exclaimed the Knight of the ponderous sword: "Geud Gad! Pray, of what regiment?" "The Devil's own," roared Culpepper; "he's a Serjeant at Law." This sally forced a slight laugh from the soldier; but he forthwith recollected himself, and resumed his accustomed air of decorous insipidity. No farther calamity occurred, until, in an evil moment, Captain Thackeray required to be helped to some lemon-cream. The upset salt had by this time insinuated itself into the interior of that compound, so that it presented a smooth, smiling, yet treacherous surface, like the ocean, of which Gay's deploring Damsel thus complains:

"No eyes those rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wretched lover,
And give the maid to weep."

The Captain had hitherto eaten with considerable caution. It would have been a breach of manners had he lifted to his eye the glass which hung at his bosom. But, as he was not really short-sighted, a single glance of his naked optics was sufficient to inform him that the veal olives, the patties, and the curry, were best admired at a distance. But the lemon-cream threw him off his guard. He expressed himself decidedly partial to lemon-cream. "Lemon-cream, madam," said he, turning to the Lady President, "is a standing dish at the United Service: so it is at Count Stuppenough's, the Ambassador from Hungary: so it is at Lady Sarah Surfeit's; I eat it there twice a week. I wonder the Duke of Doublecourse never has it; I frankly told him, last Wednesday, that I would not dine with him again if he had it not. Miss Culpepper, pray help me bountifully, and then I shall not incur the malediction poured by Brummel upon the heads of those who are helped twice." Clara cast a conscious look at her father, who winked his left eye, in token of secrecy and compliance. Thus urged, the unhappy girl deposited about one-eighth of the contents of the dish upon the Captain's plate, which, thus freighted, was re-delivered by Jane over the wrong shoulder of the gorgeous *gourmand*. A table-spoon, large enough for the jaws of Grimaldi, lay before him; with this he tilted a tolerable lump of the lemon-cream into his mouth; when, lo! in lieu of that soft, melting, and lemon-shaded sweetness, which his fond imagination had anticipated, all the mines of Poland seemed to descend upon his palate. Regurgitation was impracticable. The false solid had, like a quicksand, become liquid, and he was forced to gulp it down "with what appetite he might." His throat swelled, during the process, like that of the sword-digesting juggler; and it was full three quarters of a minute before the sacker of cities had regained breath sufficient to ejaculate "Geud Gad!" At this eventful moment, Mr. Culpepper's foot-boy rushed into the room with a letter, addressed to his Young Master. The youth opened it, and exclaimed with delight, "Five Tickets for Tom and Jerry! Five Tickets for Tom and Jerry!" "What night?" inquired Clara—"To-morrow," answered George—"It is a rule with me," said the father, "to go any where, provided I get in for nothing. Your mother, Clara, and yourself, George, will make four; and, Captain, I hope you'll make the fifth."—"With great pleasure," answered the latter, who had just swallowed a whole tumbler of water, "provided there is no lemon-cream in the bills." The party was forthwith arranged; and I conclude with re-echoing the wish of Gilpin's Bard,

"May I be there to see!"

MR. P.'S VISIT TO LONDON.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. EDITOR—For thirty years I manfully resisted the temptations of London, though I had lived there from my birth to the latest period of my bachelorship. They say, a wife makes a strange alteration in a man; and so it was with me. After my wedding-day I led a new life, and neither balls, masquerades, circulating libraries, theatres, nor even our weekly club, were attractions for me;—all these things, said I, like Acres' "damns," (with my own to boot,) "have had their day." While in Pembrokeshire, for I retired to that county, I never desired to visit the Metropolis, except for the sake of its exhibitions of painting and sculpture, and to witness the progress of the arts, which the magazines and newspapers constantly affirmed, were hastening to perfection so fast, that in a year or two more, (such was their yearly prophecy,) there would be an end to all criticism on the subject. I knew the rogues too well to confide in their sublimated hopes; yet it was with difficulty I conquered my yearning after the glorious works they described, and sorely regretted (fool that I was!) I could not pay the expense of a trip to town and my quarter's rent at the same time. Still my love of the country, my wife, and my books, together with the straitness of my income, compelling me to live in a cheap part of the kingdom, and remain quietly at home, kept me tolerably contented. Perhaps you are thinking of an old common-place against me—that there is no virtue in yielding to necessity.—Well, be it so. However, my two sons being now out in the world, my daughter having lately picked up a thriving husband, and the expenses of housekeeping being so much reduced, while my income still continued the same, I began to suspect it was indolence, or old age, or avarice, and not prudence, that withheld me from putting my long-wished-for journey into execution. The fact is, I believe I did ponder too deeply on stage-coach fares, the extravagance of inns, and the necessity of sporting a new coat on the occasion. But, while in this wavering mood, a neighbour lent me an Essay on the Elgin Marbles, and there appeared to be such unanimity of opinion, not only as to their intrinsic excellence, but as to their being models for our Artists, and the sure and certain means of correcting and refining our national taste, that I hesitated not a moment to pay them a visit, and witness the grand effect they had on my countrymen.

Accordingly, a letter to my cousin in Queen Square was immediately written, apprizing him of my intention; and, before the ink was dry, I called in my wife, and read it to her with that sort of resolute frown which a man puts on when he expects his lordly will and pleasure to be combated by a thousand objections and entreaties. Then, (for even in the happy connubial state a little manœuvring is indispensable, for the sake of peace and quietness,) before she had time to utter a word, I took her gently by the hand, suddenly changing my frown into a smile, and said—"Why my dear, I shall be back again in five days. Besides, it will not cost much. John Davis will take me in his cart as far as Cardiff,—a trifle carries me to Bristol,—and an outside place on the coach cannot ruin us." To my surprise, she was delighted at the idea, promising herself, as I quickly discovered, argu-

ment for a twelvemonth on London wonders and London novelties, first to be carried on between ourselves, and afterwards retailed among her neighbours, severally and collectively, "a happiness that often *woman* hits on." I began to rub my beard, for a suspicion darted across my mind, that she looked forward, as a matter of course, to taking the jaunt with me. With great prudence, therefore, I broached the subject beforehand, that I might possess the right of arguing it down by degrees, and at last give my *veto*, if necessary, with a better grace. "Ah, my dear old girl," said I, "can't you contrive to bear me company? I have been thinking, all this time, if you could not somehow or another manage it. What say you?" She instantly put on a serious face, and deliberated much too long for my entire satisfaction; but however at last she told me, with a profusion of thanks for such kindness from the best of husbands, (and she never had any reason to complain,) that she really did not know how it was possible to leave the house by itself; and then again the cow had just calved,—and it was the busiest season of the year with her poultry,—and, moreover, she doubted if the old Poland hen would be set by any one but herself. So it was settled I should go to town "without incumbrance," as the advertisements have it, and yesterday forenoon I arrived at the Saracen's Head.

Do not imagine I am come here as a professed connoisseur in painting and sculpture. I merely like to look at them because they give me pleasure; and even that pleasure, for the most part, arises from a consideration of their effect on society. Of what importance would it be, that certain excellent works adorn the galleries of the rich, if their influence never extended beyond the walls? But this is not the case: and they are, or ought to be, multiplied, in engravings and casts, over the whole country. This is a natural consequence wherever the fine arts may be said to flourish:—I am afraid they are on the decline among us. Had the Elgin Marbles been inscribed, after the manner of the golden apple, "*dentur digniori*," they could never have reached London, at least according to the judgment of Paris. I have been here only a few hours, yet I have seen enough to prove our unworthiness. In coming to this conclusion, I do not inquire into the number of our artists, nor how many pictures they paint, nor what sums of money are given for them: I simply look for an elegance, a purity of taste, among the better classes of the inhabitants; and if I find them deficient in these, nothing can persuade me they have a true feeling for the art, or that any thing beyond portrait-painting is really encouraged. When we call to mind the large and flowing wigs of our grandfathers, intended to look like the flaxen curls of Arcadian swains—the buttons on their coats embroidered with lambkins—their walking-sticks tipped with a crook—and their pastoral compliments to our grandmothers, in hoop-petticoats, with their hair plastered up two feet above the head, surmounted by a shepherdess' cap: and that these fantastical ladies and gentlemen addressed each other by the names of Corydon and Phyllis, Philander and Amaryllis,—I say when we recollect that such was the fashion of the day, we cease to wonder at the hard struggle of the fine arts against shell-work, filigree, samplers, and Chelsea china. Hogarth, in his "*Marriage à la mode*," places, as ornaments on a nobleman's chimney-piece, a hideous collection of disproportionate and discordant prodigies; and the satire sufficiently marks the character of

the time, without being told that this very work, the master-piece of his genius, was neglected by his contemporaries. Now, Mr. Editor, I contend we are not a jot better than our forefathers. It is true we do not wear wigs, unless from necessity—lawyers and divines excepted; and we have, thanks to the great Mr. Pitt, left off hair-powder; yet I am convinced our national taste has been retrograding for the last thirty years. In my younger days, though in many respects we were ridiculous and uncouth, there were few of those violations of sentiment, so prevalent at the present time, in transformations of every article of furniture and dress into its contrary, and thus creating unpleasant, if not painful associations. Nothing can be more unpardonable, more barbarous; and wo unto the artists, if they possess merit, who live among such a people. I foresee that nothing great can be done in England. This utter disregard of taste is proof palpable of our incivilization. Those monstrous metamorphoses, towards which I always felt the most feverish antipathy, stare me in the face at every turn. What! I find you still make your tables for backgammon, that noisy game for idlers, in the shape of two quiet-looking studious folios; do you not blush at such an everlasting enormity? And you have not yet forsworn that old sin, a pine-apple cheese: how, in the name of hot-beds and dairies, can you reconcile so juicy a fruit to that thirsty accompaniment to ale and porter? No, never will I forgive such perverse crimes. I knew a lady, estimable in other respects, who, on a sultry summer's day, began, in my presence, to ventilate herself with a fan, whereon was painted an eruption of Mount Vesuvius—what a sudorific! Before my honey-moon was half over, I nearly quarrelled with my wife about her pincushion; it was in the shape of a heart, and it made my blood run cold to see her stick pins and needles in it, and that too with so unconcerned a countenance. But these are trifles to what I endured yesterday; and as once I made a vow, in the event of my travelling on the Continent, never to visit Madrid, on account of its gridiron-palace, so I now solemnly promise never to return to London, and its wilful discrepancies.

Within half an hour after the coach had set me down, I sallied forth, in my new coat, and with a clean cravat, to my cousin's in Queen Square. Now, though he had called on me in Wales, and stayed with me nearly three days, yet, as that took place nine years ago, I could not drive from my mind a suspicion that I might not be well received. In the midst of these doubts I arrived at his door,—when lo! a head of a maniac grinned at me from the knocker, as if placed there to scare away both friends and relations. This shocked me not a little. I am aware it is the office of a gentleman always to give a loud flourishing rap; nevertheless, under the circumstances, I preferred ringing the bell, and entered the house with a gloom upon my face, extremely unsuitable to the occasion. However I experienced a more cordial welcome than is generally bestowed by a rich man on his poor relation, though I instantly perceived there was a snake in his bosom, which he wore as a brooch. After a round of inquiries and compliments, I was asked to sit near the fire; when my attention was directed towards the figure of a negro, in the middle of the mantle-piece, bearing on his back a basket, on the side of which appeared a time-piece. I ventured to give an opinion that old father Time, with his scythe and

hour-glass, would be more appropriate; when my cousin laughed at my antique notions, and called this new idea "a very pretty one and uncommonly droll." To this I returned no answer, but got up for the purpose of examining into some more "pretty ideas" to the right and left of the negro. There I found castles with hyacinths growing out of the turrets, an ink-stand like a cottage, with pens thrust into the chimney-pots, two Cupids with candle-sockets jammed into their brains, and ships for card-racks, where a Mrs. Thompson was hanging from the yard-arm, and a Reverend Mr. Somebody lying upside down in the stern. I was astounded, and looking round the room, saw death-doing spears and Egyptian mummies about the window curtains, the pattern of a comfortable carpet in imitation of cold marble, and a tiger on the hearth-rug. You may imagine my sufferings, and will give me credit for forbearance, for hitherto I said nothing, but bit my lips, and fumed inwardly. As a temporary relief, I began to play with the eldest boy, and this familiarity induced him to show me papa's present,—a knife in the shape of a greyhound. It struck me it was an emblematic reward for his skill in running-hand, but still I thought it a silly conceit;—worse and worse! the boy was not out of round-hand. My notice of the greyhound was the occasion of his younger brother's pulling out his knife, which was offered to my admiration in the shape of a fish. I quitted the urchins with disgust, and sat down by the side of their sister, who was busy at needle-work. The beauty of this girl banished all disagreeable reflections, until I discovered that the little cat upon the table was her pincushion. Just at that moment the father invited me to take a pinch of snuff, and, turning round suddenly, I was horror-struck to see a double-barrelled pistol presented at my body! Soon afterwards he produced his handkerchief, and sneezed on the battle of Waterloo. The more to exasperate me, I was compelled to listen to his account of the Elgin Marbles, telling me I should be enraptured, and lauding them to the skies with a mawkish pretence at enthusiasm. When dinner was served up, the soup tureen was a goose, the butter-boats a pair of ducks, the salt-cellars foot-tubs, with handles, staves, and hoops, all cut in glass; and I observed, among other animals on my blue-and-white plate, a pig feeding out of a trough. After the cloth was removed, I began to expostulate, at some length, with my cousin upon his bad taste, enumerating the many deplorable evidences of it, and entreating him, in the mildest manner in the world, to throw them behind the fire. To my astonishment he let me know they were quite the fashion every where, and expressed so much displeasure at my comments, which I could not but treat with contempt, that our conversation was fast fretting itself into a quarrel. We were interrupted by the lady of the house, who, swayed by an awkward feeling of politeness, made a show of taking my side of the question. I knew her to be insincere, because she wore, as ear-rings, a couple of puppies curiously carved in cornelian; but her interference so angered the husband, that I got a reprieve from his tongue at her expense. A dead silence ensued; and, collecting all my philosophy, I determined not to provoke him further, seeing it was of no avail, and remained quiet till tea-time. Heavens! what a display! The milk-pot was a cow, and the tea-pot a dragon, from whose horrid mouth the "smoking tide" was to gush forth; the urn

was exactly like one of those which used to contain the ashes of the dead; a lachrymal served them for a coffee-pot; and there was a painting on the tea-board which represented the funeral of the Princess Charlotte. I rose indignantly from my chair, and insisted upon leaving the house. The lady declared she was confounded at my refusal to take a bed, that the sheets were—"bed-sheets!" I exclaimed, (for how could I control myself?) "a bier and winding sheets you mean,—they can be nothing else! But, cousin, let me give you a little advice at parting. Every man ought to be consistent, even in his inconsistencies. There is one piece of furniture, the *piano-forte*, quite out of keeping with the rest. Agreeably to your 'pretty ideas,' let it be moulded into the form of a coffin, plentifully studded with black nails, and adorned with death's-heads and cross-bones at the corners;—and buy also a pall, in lieu of that leathern cover, to keep it clean; you can get one at the undertaker's!" With these words I hurried out of the house, without bidding adieu to my host or his dog's-eared wife, and tumbled against a boy at the door, who was bringing a sarcophagus for a wine-cooler. The poor boy was hurt to be sure, but I rejoice at the accident, for I broke the sarcophagus.

Alas! Sir, my miseries did not end in Queen Square. I had a dream in the Saracen's-head, to which a night-mare were a luxury. Owing to that foolish cousin of mine having held forth in praise of the Elgin Marbles, and in defence of his perverted taste, I laid my head on my pillow with such a confusion in my brain, that scarcely had I fallen asleep before I thought I went to the British Museum, where Pericles, in the costume of a parish beadle, opened the door, and made me a profound bow. Upon entering the room, I found it thronged with Athenians, all in English characters and English dresses, and talking Greek in a broad Scotch accent, so that it was with difficulty I could understand them. The figure that first caught my eye was a harlequin, rolling his head over his own shoulders, and then leaping over the shoulder of others,—it was Socrates. Presently I discovered Diogenes, turned Dandy, and combing his whiskers in a pocket-mirror. I heard a bawling voice behind me cry out—"Oh, such marchings and counter-marchings! from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge!"—and, turning round, I recognised Xenophon in the character of Major Sturgeon. Zeno and Epicurus, looking sly at each other, walked arm-in-arm like two archbishops; and Plato, in the uniform of a light-horse volunteer, talked with infinite disdain against Brougham's Bill for the Education of the Poor. Alcibades, as a stock-jobber, put down his name to the Constitutional Association; and Lais, as an old maid, paid her subscription to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. I should have touched my hat to many more of my classical acquaintances, had it not been that, all at once, the attention of every body was directed to the middle of the room, where, slowly and gravely, the ghost of Phidias arose from the floor. His finger pointed to the several spoils of the Parthenon, and then he burst into so violent a fit of laughter, that he split his sides to pieces. I looked up, and saw that Apelles had just finished a "fine piece of work," as the company called it:—he had daubed the Centaurs and Lapithæ with flesh-colour, giving them red cheeks and staring eyes, and made all their broken limbs appear like

so many bloody stumps. But not only were they painted, they also wore head-dresses of cocked hats, hussar caps, and old women's bonnets. The Theseus had the Lord Chancellor's wig, hind part before; and an Athenian matron was busily employed in nailing the Duke of Wellington's head on the trunk of the Ilissus,—the noise of her hammer awoke me.

O that I were again in Pembrokeshire! Not for the world would I venture among the Elgin Marbles, lest there should be some distorting object, something to occasion a squint in "my mind's eye," and recal the horrors of my last night's dream. Nor will I have any thing to do with your exhibitions,—no, nor with your grand new streets; for I have a suspicion that all the orders of architecture, and all the different styles, Grecian, Saxon, Gothic, and Arabesque, are jumbled together in the same buildings; and, for aught I know, there may be a Chinese pagoda on one of your bridges. I return to my wife by to-day's coach, and this letter serves to employ my time till it sets off, and to give vent to my spleen.

*Seracen's Head Inn,
Wednesday, 13th March.*

P.

P. S. I promised Mrs. P—— a present from London, and it was my intention to purchase a pair of scissors; but I suppose it is impossible to procure any in this city, unless in the shape of the fatal sister Atropos, with her arms a-kimbo for the bows. If so, I must make my "quietus with a bare bodkin,"—they cannot surely have metamorphosed that.

THE LAWYER AND THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

A ROGUISH old Lawyer was planning new sin,
As he lay on his bed in a fit of the gout,
The mails and the daylight were just coming in,
The milkmaids and rushlights were just going out :—
When a Chimney-sweep's boy, who had made a mistake,
Came flop down the flue with a clattering rush,
And bawl'd, as he gave his black muzzle a shake,
"My master's a coming to give you a brush."
"If that be the case," said the cunning old elf,
"There's no moment to lose—it is high time to flee;
Ere he gives me a brush, I will brush off myself,
If I wait for the Devil, the Devil take me!"
So he limp'd to the door, without saying his prayers;
But Old Nick was too deep to be nick'd of his prey,
For the knave broke his neck by a tumble down stairs,
And thus ran to the Devil by running away.

H.

SELECTIONS FROM ANCIENT SPANISH POETRY.*

THE ballads, and early compositions of every country, are interesting, as the most open and unstudied expression of natural feeling. They are the first accents of the infant muse, and they breathe the winning simplicity and artlessness of childhood. Like the language of infancy, they reveal to us the character of a nation, before its peculiarities become disguised by the influence of external intercourse and the cautious reserve of riper years. There can be no more lamentable proof of poetical insensibility in any nation, than the neglect of its early productions; that nervous delicacy of *goût*, which seeks to consign every thing to oblivion until the arrival of some favoured era, which is considered as the advent of good taste, and to hold out to other nations the opinion, that with it Poetry sprang forth at once, armed at all points, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter. It is as if man, in the pride of his reason and judgment, should wish to blot from the tablet of memory all the bright visions of youth, and to persuade himself and others that he had never been a child. But could he even succeed in thus deluding himself, others will recollect that there was a time when nature and simplicity prevailed instead of the present cold and laborious precision—when a certain audacity of genius supplied the place of a faultless mediocrity; and will question whether the loss of the freshness and originality of nature has been compensated by the improvement of judgment, and the refinement of taste. Thus it is, that while the French critics of the Academy scarcely deigned to recognise the existence of any poet antecedent to the age of Louis the Fourteenth, and confidently decreed universal admiration and immortality to the writers of that happy period, foreigners bestow but a cold and passing glance on most of these immortal productions, and turn with enthusiasm to the simplicity and pathos of Clement Marot, and his more celebrated imitator, La Fontaine. We will venture to say there is no piece in the whole range of French poetry so exquisitely pathetic, as the old ballad of Alexis and Alix, by Moncrif. The very flow of the verse almost calls tears into the eyes. Moliere was well aware of the merit of these old compositions. The readers of the “*Misanthrope*” will recollect the fine stanzas quoted by Alcestis, in his critique on the sonnet of Orentes:—

“ Je prise bien moins tout ce que l’on admire
 Qu’une vieille chanson, que je m’en vais vous dire.
 † Si le Roi m’avoit donné
 Paris sa grande ville,
 Et qu’il me fallût quitter
 L’amour de ma mie;

* Floresta de Rimas Antiguas Castellanas, ordenada por Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, de la Real Academia Espanola, Hamburgo 1821.

† These stanzas are happily rendered in the English translation—

“ If King Henry would give to me
 His Paris large and fair,
 And I for it behoved to quit
 The love of my true dear:
 Take back, I’d say, take back, I pray,
 Your Paris great and fair;
 Much more I love my own true dove—
 Much more I love my dear.”

Selections from Ancient Spanish Poetry.

Je dirois au Roi Henri,
 Reprenez votre Paris—
 J'aime mieux ma mie—oh gay !
 J'aime mieux ma mie.

La rime n'est pas riche, et le stile en est vieux,
 Mais ne voyez vous pas que cela vaut bien mieux
 Que ces colifichets, dont le bon sens murmure,
 Et que la passion parle là toute pure." Act 1. Scene 2.

No nation can boast of so rich and interesting a collection of these relics as Spain. From the rude simplicity of the romance of the Cid, to the polished trifles of Gongora and the Prince of Esquilache, we can trace the gradual changes of the ballad through the hands of the most distinguished Spanish poets. The Italian taste, which had been introduced by Boscan and Garcilaso, and which had for a time obscured the reputation of the early writers, although it undoubtedly communicated a permanent impression to Spanish poetry, could not long prevent the general feeling from recurring with enthusiasm to the old national ballads. In fact they possessed every feature likely to captivate a whole nation, and to unite the suffrages of the learned and the ignorant. They were, as Quintana observes, the only real lyric poetry of Spain. "It was on these that Music employed her accents: they were sung in the streets and lanes to the sound of the harp and the guitar; they served as the vehicle and incentive of love, the shafts of satire and revenge; they painted in lively colours Moorish customs and pastoral manners, and preserved in the memory of the people the prowess of the Cid and other heroes. More flexible than any other poetry, they adapted themselves to every subject, availed themselves of a rich and natural language, a mellow and harmonious colouring, and presented in every part that ease and that freshness, which belong only to an original character, unconstrained and unstudied." (Quintana, *Introduccion a las Poesias Castellanas*.) The defects of these compositions spring from the same source as their beauties. Their extreme ease frequently degenerates into carelessness, their simplicity into coarseness, their ingenuity into affectation; and conceits and quibbles were too likely to be regarded as excusable in compositions which had all the air of extempore effusions.

We have been led into these remarks by the late work of Don Juan Nicolas Böhl de Faber, who, after devoting the leisure of twenty years to the study of Spanish poetry, has now communicated to the world the first part of the result of his labours. The present volume contains a rich collection from the works of the ancient poets, and we cannot but anticipate, with the highest pleasure, the completion of the interesting plan which he announces in his preface, and the possession of a body of Spanish poetry, less voluminous perhaps, but more interesting, than any of its predecessors. As yet the small work of Quintana is the best we possess. The collection of Fernandez is by far too indiscriminate, and the arrangement of the *Parnaso Espanol* is, candidly speaking, the very worst we have ever met with. "Tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral," are blended together in the most inextricable confusion: "a mighty maze," and all "without a plan;" for we have not even the assistance of an index to guide us through the labyrinth.

M. de Faber has classed his present selections under the heads of

Religious, Didactic, Amorous, and Convivial Poems. Without entering on the merits of his general principle of classification, we must say we are very much at a loss to perceive why the Moorish ballads, which to us appear the most interesting relics of early Spanish poetry, should be thus summarily excluded from his collection. They are distinguished by possessing, in a peculiar degree, the vigour and beauty of style, the fertility of invention, and the happy brevity of expression, which are common to the whole class of Spanish romances. "Those manners which displayed so fine a union of bravery and love—those Moors so gallant and so tender—that country so beautiful and so delightful—those names so sonorous and so melodious," might surely have claimed an honourable situation in a work like the present, professing to embody the beauties and peculiarities of national poetry.

It is not our intention to enter into a regular review of M. de Faber's work, which our narrow limits would render impracticable, but merely to lay before our readers a few specimens from these "Selections." There is no part of the work more strongly impressed with the image and superscription of the national character, than the religious poems with which it opens. They are written in such a style of mingled devotion and gallantry, that many of them might, without any impropriety of arrangement, have been transferred to the department of "*Rimas Amatorias*." It seems to be the very spirit of Spanish Catholicism to blend mere physical excitement with moral enthusiasm; and, by this insidious and dangerous union, to transfer the glowing ideas and language of passion to the pure and holy services of religion; to substitute familiarity for fervency; and to connect ideas of the most awful importance with base and degrading conceptions. In reading the Spanish poets, while the most sacred names are

"Familiar in our mouths as household words,"

we find them in perpetual juxtaposition with expressions of the most inconsistent nature. Such of our readers as are familiar with the canzoni of Petrarca, where it is frequently impossible to say whether the Virgin or Laura be the object of the poet's idolatry, will have an idea of the very equivocal style in which the Virgin is generally addressed in these singular compositions. In one of them Adam is described as hearing the news of the birth of Christ in limbo, and running up and down among the patriarchs, communicating the intelligence, and requesting their congratulations. We remember a strange sonnet of Onofrio Menzoni, in which a similar idea is carried still farther. Adam, awakened by the earthquake at the crucifixion, looks up, and inquires who it was that was thus expiring on the cross; and, being informed, he turns furiously to Eve and exclaims—

"Io per te diedi al mio Signor la morte."

Some sonnets of the pious Luis de Leon on Trans-substantiation would with us, have assuredly subjected the worthy friar to an *ex-officio* information on the score of blasphemy. We are far from meaning to insinuate that the authors of such compositions were influenced by any spirit but that of the sincerest piety; but we are at the same time convinced that it would be impossible to present them in translation, without exciting ideas of a very different nature, and we therefore have not attempted the task. We were a good deal surprised to find only one

dull and common-place ode selected from Luis de Leon, the *facile princeps* of Spanish lyric poets. It seems to possess no recommendation but its rarity (being taken from an unpublished manuscript), and is in every respect inferior to those selected by Bouterwek and Sismondi, and the fine odes in Quintana's collection. We cannot resist the temptation of attempting to supply this defect by some extracts from the ode entitled "Noche Serena," which appears to us the finest of all.

"Quando contemplo el cielo."

I gaze upon yon orbs of light—
The countless stars that gem the sky ;
Each in its sphere serenely bright
Wheeling its course—how silently !
While in the mantle of the night
Earth and its cares and troubles lie.

Temple of light and loveliness,
And throne of grandeur, can it be
That souls, whose kindred loftiness
Nature hath framed to rise to thee,
Should pine within this narrow space,
This prison of mortality ?

What madness from the path of right
Forever leads our steps astray,
That, reckless of thy pure delight,
We turn from this divine array,
To chase a shade that mocks the sight—
A good that vanisheth away ?
• • • • •

Awake, ye mortals ! raise your eyes
To these eternal starry spheres ;
Look on these glories of the skies,
And see how poor this world appears,
With all its pomps and vanities—
With all its hopes and all its fears.

Who can look forth upon this blaze
Of heavenly lamps, so brightly shining,
Through the unbounded void of space—
A hand unseen their course assigning,
All moving with unequal pace,
Yet in harmonious concord joining.

Who sees the silver chariot move
Of the bright Moon ; and, gliding slow,
The star whose influence from above
Sheds knowledge on the world below ;
And the resplendent Queen of Love
All bright and beautifully glow :—

Or, where the angry God of War
Rolls fiercely on his bloody way,
And near the mild majestic star
That o'er the Gods of old held sway ;
That beams his radiance from afar,
And calms the heavens beneath his ray.

Where Saturn shows his distant beam,
God of the golden days of yore ;
Or where the countless stars, that seem
Thick as the sand upon the shore,

From their eternal seats a stream
Of glory and of radiance pour.
Who that hath seen these splendours roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sigh'd to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawn'd between?

Our readers will, perhaps, remark the striking coincidence between the last of these stanzas and some lines of the brilliant moonlight scene in the "Siege of Corinth."

"Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turn'd to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?"

The didactic poems, which form the second division of Faber's work, are the least interesting part of the collection. And if, as the author informs us in his preface, they contain the quintessence of human wisdom, we cannot help thinking that it is here alloyed by an uncommonly liberal allowance of tediousness and common-place. We shall hardly think of extracting poems upon death, where the reader is consoled for that inevitable consummation by the assurance that Samson, Hercules, Gideon, Judas Maccabæus, Cassandra, Helen and the Virgin Mary, for such is the orthodox arrangement of Fernan Perez de Guzman, have preceded him. We are not a little tempted, however, to enlighten them by a very luminous production of Cartagena, in which the great question of man's freewill is discussed in four stanzas, the combat between our good and evil inclinations being likened to a game at rackets, and God's prescience, by a very conclusive analogy, compared to the knowledge of a spectator, who infers from the superior dexterity of one of the parties that he will be the conqueror, but whose knowledge does not in any way influence the issue of the game. This, we certainly think, *sets the question at rest*. One of the most poetical pieces in this department is the old poem of Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father Don Rodrigo, which breathes a fine spirit of pathos and morality, and wears an air of venerable simplicity. We have attempted to translate the opening stanzas, following the peculiarities of the rhyme; but we fear our readers will perceive more good sense than good poetry in our translation.

"Recuerde et alma dormida."

O let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses, and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Fades from our grasp, and leaves behind
But grief at last:
How still our present happiness
Seems to the wayward fancy less
Than what is past.

Selections from Ancient Spanish Poetry.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our hasty minutes glide
Away so fast,

Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind,
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day :
Our golden dreams of yore were bright ;
Like them the present shall delight,
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doom'd to fall :
The sea of death, whose waves roll on
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide,
To that sad wave ;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

The following little ode of Francesco de Medrano is written with much tenderness and simplicity.

" O mi! paces con migo reducido."

O tried in good and evil hour,
My partner through life's thorny track,
Propitious to my prayer, what power
Hath given thee to thy country back ?

O partner of my soul, how soon
With thee the dancing moments flew ;
Unfelt the burning breath of noon,
Unfelt the icy breezes blew.

Companions in calamity,
We fled the stormy ocean's roar :
Me from the terrors of the sea
Fate bore in safety to the shore.

Thee hapless, the retreating wave
Swept to the ocean as it pass'd,
Again the watery war to brave,
Again to buffet with the blast.

Santiso, let thy grateful vow,
Thy thankful tear and prayer be given.
Safe at the last I see thee now,
And pour my silent thanks to Heaven.

O might we find in this repose
A home and harbour for our age,
Here might we rest, and calmly close
Our passions with our pilgrimage !

Here, where the early roses blow,
The first to bloom, the last to die :
Here, where the favouring heavens bestow
A constant spring and cloudless sky,

Then come, the hasting moments flee,
The rustic board and wine invite :
How sweet with such a friend as thee
To steep those moments in delight !

The amorous poems are in general exceedingly interesting. Though disfigured by occasional conceits or *agudezas*, as they are gently styled by the Spanish critics, their defects are much more than redeemed by frequent pathos, and by a constant gracefulness of conception and expression, which is very much increased by the melody of the regular recurrence of the rhymes and choruses. The following anonymous little piece affords a fair specimen of this class.

"Ebro caudaloso."

O ! broad and limpid river,
O ! banks so fair and gay,
O ! meadows verdant ever,
O ! groves in green array,
O ! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.
O ! clear and crystal dew
That in the morning ray,
All bright with silvery hues,
Make field and foliage gay :
O ! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

O ! elms that to the breeze
With waving branches play,
O ! sands, where oft at ease
Her careless footsteps stray :
O ! if in field or plain
My love should chance to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.
O ! warbling birds that still
Salute the rise of day,
And plain and valley fill
With your enchanting lay :
O ! if in field or plain
My love should hap to be,
Ask if her heart retain
A thought of me.

We shall conclude our extracts with two "*chanzonetas*," from the amorous department.

"Aunque con semblance ayrado."

Bright Eyes ! though in your glances lie
Disdain and cruelty :
Bright Eyes ! ye cannot now deny
That ye have look'd on me.
Though death within that frozen air,
And angry glances lay :
What wo could with the bliss compare,
Of gazing on their ray ?
Though pierced with mortal agonies
My wounded bosom be,
I smile amidst my pain—bright eyes !
For ye have look'd on me.
Ye look'd on me with angry gaze,
And hoped to work me wo,
But good for ill, those heavenly rays,
And life for death bestow :
For though your angry glances show
Disdain and cruelty ;
Fair Eyes ! I cannot feel my wo,
Since ye have look'd on me.

The next forms an excellent pendant to the preceding.

"Ojos bellos no os fiais."

Fair Eyes ! be not so proudly gay
In these your golden years :

On Lips and Kissing.

The smile that gilds the cheek to-day,
 To-morrow turns to tears.
 My love thou knowest not, thou art
 So used to victories,
 How heavy on a lover's heart
 His love's unkindness lies.
 Soon will thy coldness waste away
 My few remaining years,
 And thou, when I have pass'd away,
 May'st yet lament in tears.
 Thou art so strong in loveliness,
 So bright with beauty's arms,
 Thy haughty coldness is not less
 Than thy resplendent charms.
 Yet think, ere death at rest shall lay
 My sorrows and my fears,
 That thou, when I am gone for aye,
 May'st yet lament in tears.
 Thy mirthful mood shall change when thou
 Shalt with sad eye discover
 The death, alas! not distant now
 Of thy too faithful lover.
 Then shall the cold disdain give way
 That in thine eyes appears;
 Fair Eyes! although in smiles ye slay,
 Ye shall repent in tears.
 More deep, more bitter grows my care,
 As grows thy cruelty;
 My sighs are scatter'd on the air,
 My hopes decay and die.
 And can thy cheek be calmly gay
 While mine such sadness wears?
 And canst thou bid me die to-day,
 To wail that death with tears?

ON LIPS AND KISSING.

"But who those ruddy lips can miss,
 Which blessed still themselves do kiss."

As the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine inserted a paper upon Noses in one of his earlier numbers, I hope he will think I am rather advancing than receding in dignity of subject, if I request admission for a few remarks on lips, an appendage that administers so much more copiously to our gratifications than that cartilaginous projection which in many human subjects may be defined as a mere carneous snuff-box, affixed between the two eyes. How various, delicate, and delightful, on the contrary, are the functions of the lips! I purpose not to treat them anatomically, or I might expatiate on the exquisite flexibility of those muscles, which by the incalculable modulations they accomplish, supply different languages to all the nations of the earth, and hardly ever fatigue the speaker, though they so often prove wearisome to the auditor. Nor shall I dwell upon the opposite impressions which their exercise is calculated to excite, from the ruby mouth of a Corinna "warbling immortal verse and Tuscan air," to the lean-lipped Xanthippe deafening her hen-pecked mate, or the gruff voice of the turnkey

who wakes you out of a sound sleep, to tell you it is seven o'clock, and you must get up directly to be hanged. But I shall proceed at once to external beauty, although it must be admitted, before I enter into the mouth of my subject, that there is no fixed standard of perfection for this feature, either in form or colour. Poor Mungo Park, after having turned many African women sick, and frightened others into fits, by his unnatural whiteness, was once assured by a kind-hearted woolly-headed gentleman, that though he could not look upon him without an involuntary disgust, he only felt the more compassion for his misfortune; and upon another occasion he overheard a jury of matrons debating whether a female could be found in any country to kiss such emaciated and frightful lips. How Noah's grandchildren, the African descendants of Ham, came to be black, has never yet been satisfactorily explained, and it were therefore vain to inquire into the origin of their enormous lips, which do not seem better adapted to a hot climate than our own; but there is good reason to believe that the ancient Egyptians were as ponderously provided in this respect as their own bull-god, for the Sphinx has a very Nubian mouth, and the Memnon's head, so far from giving us the idea of a musical king who could compete with Pan or Apollo, rather tempts us to exclaim in the language of Dryden—

"Thou sing with him, thou booby! never pipe
Was so profan'd to touch that blubber'd lip."

Belzoni may grub for ever in the ruins of Thebes before he will find the representation of a single Egyptian half so well made as himself; for a more angular and awkward set of two-legged animals seem never to have existed. They must have worshipped monkies on account of their resemblance to their own human form divine; and we cannot attribute their appearance to the unskillfulness of the artist rather than the deformity of the subject, for the drawings of animals are always accurate, and sometimes extremely graceful.

All this only makes it the more wonderful that Cecrops, by leading a colony from the mouths of the Nile to Attica, should found a nation which, to say nothing of its surpassing pre-eminence in arts and arms, attained in a short period that exquisite proportion and beauty of form of which they have left us memorials in their glorious statues, and have thus eternally fixed the European standard of symmetry and loveliness. The vivid fancy of the Greeks not only peopled woods, waves, and mountains with imaginary beings, but by a perpetual intermingling of the physical and moral world, converted their arms, instruments, and decorations into types and symbols, thus elevating inanimate objects into a series of hieroglyphics, as they had idealised their whole system of mythology into a complicated allegory. To illustrate this by recurring to the subject of our essay. Many people contemplate the classical bow of the ancients without recollecting that its elegant shape is supplied originally by Nature, as it is an exact copy of the line described by the surface of the upper lip. It is only by recalling this circumstance that we can fully appreciate that curious felicity which appropriated the lip-shaped bow to Apollo the god of eloquence, and to Cupid the god of love, thus typifying that amorous shaft, which is never so powerfully shot into the heart as through the medium of a kiss. It is in this spirit of occult as well as visible beauty that classical

antiquity should be felt and studied. No upper lip can be pronounced beautiful unless it have this line as distinctly defined as I now see it before me in a sleeping infant. I am sorry to be personal towards my readers, particularly those of the fair sex, but, my dear Madam, it is useless to consult your glass, or complain that the mirrors are not half so well made now as they were when you were younger. By biting them you may indeed make "your lips blush deeper sweets," but you cannot bid them display the desiderated outline. Such vain endeavours, like the formal mumbling of prayers, "are but useless formalities and lip-labour." Yours are, in fact, (be it spoken in a whisper) what a friend of mine denominates sixpenny lips, from their tenuity, and maintains them to be indicative of deceit. He, however, is a physiognomist, which I am not, or at least only to a very modified extent. All those muscles which are flexible and liable to be called into action by the passions may, I conceive, permanently assume some portion of the form into which they are most frequently thrown, and thus betray to us the predominant feelings of the mind: but as no emotions can influence the collocation of our features, or the fixed constituents of our frame, I have no faith in their indications. As to the craniologists and others who maintain that we are made angels and devils, not by wings at our shoulders or tails at our backs, but by the primitive bosses upon our skulls, I recommend them a voyage to one of the South Sea islands, where they will find the usual diversity of individual character, although all the infants' heads are put into a frame at the birth, and compelled to grow up in the shape of a sugar-loaf. Not that Spurzheim would be embarrassed by this circumstance. He would only pronounce from their mitre-like configuration that they had the organ of Episcopateness.

Nay, Miss, I have not been so absorbed in this little digression, but that I have observed you endeavouring to complete the classical contour of your mouth by the aid of lip-salve, as if bees-wax and rouge could supply what the plastic and delicate hand of Nature has failed to impress. Cupid has not stamped his bow upon your mouth, yet I swear by those lips, (I wish you would take a hint from one of our LITTLE though by no means one of our minor poets, and call upon me to kiss the book,) that they are beautifully ripe and ruddy,

"Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
And yet an union in partition."

They are such as Cornelius Gallus loved;—

"*Flammea dilexi, modicumque tumentia labra,
Quæ mihi gustantia basia plena darent:*"

and if any one should object that an Egyptian præfect was a bad judge of beauty, you may safely maintain that the elegies which bear his name, were in fact composed by monks of the middle age, whose competency to decide upon such a subject will hardly be disputed. Those lips are full and round, but beware of their being tempted into a forward expression, for, if

"Like a misbehaved and sullen wench
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love,"

I will supply thee with no more eulogiums from either monks or præ-

fects. "The slumberous pout" which Keats has so delightfully described in his sleeping Deity is the only one which is becoming.

I see another of my readers mincing up her mouth, with that toss of the head and self-satisfied air, which assure me that she is a flirt and a coquette; and though her lips be ruddy, "as they in pure vermillion had been dyed," I entreat her to recollect, that "lips though rosy must still be fed," and recommend her "to fall upon her knees and thank heaven fasting for a good man's love." If she make mouths at me as well as at her lovers, and heed not my counsel, I can only exclaim

"Take, O take those lips away,
Which so often were forsworn," &c.

and have nothing to thank her for but the recalling of those exquisite lines, whether they be Shakspeare's or Fletcher's.

Now, however, I behold a nobler vision hanging over and irradiating the page. It is of a lovely nymph, in whose looks and lips the bows of Apollo and Cupid seem intertwined and indented. She does not simper from affectation, nor smile because it is becoming, nor compress her lips to hide a defective tooth, nor open them to display the symmetry of the rest; but her mouth has that expression which the painter of Bathyllus, in the Greek Anthology, was instructed to catch,—

"And give his lips that speaking air
As if a word were hovering there."

Hers is not of that inexpressive doll-like character, which seems to smirk as if it were conscious of its own silly prettiness; nor has she the pouting come-kiss-me under-lip of sealing-wax hue which one sees in the portraits of Lely and Kneller; but while in the animation of her looks intelligence seems to be beaming from her eyes, enchantment appears to dwell within the ruby portals of her mouth. Its very silence is eloquent, for hers are the lips which Apollo loved in Daphne, and Cupid in his Psyche,—which Phidias and Praxiteles have immortalised in marble, and which immutable Nature still produces when she is in her happiest and most graceful moods. Hers is the mouth, in short, which, to use an appropriate botanical phrase, conducts us by a natural and delightful inosculatation to the second division, or rather union of my subject—Kissing.

This is a very ancient and laudable practice, whether as a mark of respect or affection. The Roman Emperors saluted their principal officers by a kiss; and the same mode of congratulation was customary upon every promotion or fortunate event. Among the same people, men were allowed to kiss their female relations on the mouth, that they might know whether they smelt of wine or not, as it seems those vaunted dames and damsels were apt to make too free with the juice of the grape, notwithstanding a prohibition to the contrary. The refinement of manners among these classical females was probably pretty much upon a par with that depicted in the Beggar's Opera, where Macheath exclaims, after saluting Jenny Diver,—“one may know by your kiss that your gin is excellent.” The ancients used not only to kiss their dying relations, from a strange notion that they should

inhale the departing soul,* but repeated the salutation when dead, by way of valediction; and, finally, when they were laid upon the funeral pile. There is no accounting for tastes; but for my own part, I would rather salute the living; and I even carry my singularity so far as to prefer the soft lips of a female, to that mutual presentation of bristled cheeks to which one is subject by the customs of France. A series of essays has been written on the rational recreation of kissing, by John Everard, better known as Johannes Secundus, the author of the *Basia*, which has the disgrace of being even more licentious than his prototypes, Propertius and Catullus. This gentleman held the same situation under the Archbishop of Toledo; that Gil Blas filled under the Archbishop of Granada; but instead of devoting his time to the improvement of homilies, he employed himself in describing kisses of every calibre, from the counterpart of that bestowed by Petruchio upon his bride, who

—— “kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church echo’d”——

to the fond and gentle embrace described by Milton, when Adam, gazing upon our first parent in the delicious bowers of Eden—

——“in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smiled with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flowers; and press’d her matron lip
With kisses pure.”

Old Ben Jonson, unlike Captain Wattle, preferred the taste of his mistress’s lip to Sillery or Chateau-Margaud, for which we have the authority of his well known song—

“Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I’ll not ask for wine.”

And Anacreon himself, tippler as he was, did not relish his Chian, “had not the lips of love first touched the flowing bowl.” The poets in general can hardly be supposed to have possessed “lips that beauty hath seldom bless’d;” and if they have not always recorded this fact, they were probably restrained by the sanctitude of that injunction which orders us not to kiss and tell. Yet there ought to be no squeamishness in the confession, for Nature herself is ever setting us examples of cordiality and love, without the least affectation of secrecy—

——“This woody realm
Is Cupid’s bower; see how the trees enwreath
Their arms in amorous embraces twined!
The gugglings of the rill that runs beneath,
Are but the kisses which it leaves behind,
While softly sighing through these fond retreats,
The wanton wind woos every thing it meets.”

We may all gaze upon the scene, when, according to the poet,

“The far horizon kisses the red sky,”

or look out upon the ocean

“When the uplifted waters kiss the clouds.”

* Plato seems to have thought that this interchange might occur among the living, for he says when he kisses his mistress,

“My soul then flutters to my lip,
Ready to fly and mix with thine.”

There was doubtless an open footpath over that "heaven-kissing hill," whereon, according to Shakspeare, the feathered Mercury alighted; and there were, probably, many enamoured wanderers abroad on that tranquil night recorded by the same poet—

"When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise,"

Even that phlegmatic compound, a pie, has its kissing-crust. There is no kissing, indeed, animate or inanimate, that has not its recommendations; but there is a nondescript species, somewhat between both, against which I beg to enter my protest—I mean the degrading ceremony of a man made in God's image, kneeling to kiss the hand of a fellow mortal at Court, merely because that mortal is the owner of a crown, and the dispenser of places and titles. Nay, there are inconsistent beings who have kissed the *foot* of the Servant of servants at Rome, and yet boggled at performing the ko-tou at Pekin, to the Son of the Moon, the Brother of the Sun, and the Lord of the Celestial Empire. Instead of complaining at knocking their nobles upon the floor before such an august personage, it seemed reasonable to suppose that they would conjure up in their imaginations much more revolting indignities. Rabelais, when he was in the suite of Cardinal Lorraine, accompanied him to Rome, and no sooner saw him prostrate before the Pope, and kissing his toe, as customary, than he suddenly turned round, shut the door, and scampered home. Upon his return, the cardinal asked him the meaning of this insult. When I saw you, said Rabelais, who are my master, and, moreover, a cardinal and a prince, kissing the Pope's foot, I could not bear to anticipate the sort of ceremony that was probably reserved for your servant. H.

SONNET *

FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIAMBATTISTA PASTORINI.

Written after the bombardment of Genoa by Louis XIV.

My Genoa, if I view with tearless eye
Thy beauteous bosom in its blood bedew'd,
'Tis not a thankless child's ingratitude,
But that my struggling soul denies a sigh.
I glory in thy ruin'd majesty,
Stern token of thy courage unsubdued;
Where'er I turn I see thy fragments strew'd,
And in thy peril read thy prowess high.
The noblest triumph is to suffer well,
And nobly hast thou triumph'd o'er thy foes
In that immutable tranquillity;
Still in thine honour'd walls may Freedom dwell;
Still may'st thou proudly say amidst thy woes,
Yes! welcome Ruin; never Slavery."

* This sonnet is cited by the Edinburgh Reviewer of Mathias' work, as the finest in the Italian language.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, FORTY YEARS AGO.

It was a lovely morning; a remittance had arrived in the very nick of time; my two horses were in excellent condition; and I resolved, with a College chum, to put in execution a long concerted scheme of driving to London, Tandem. We sent our horses forward, got others at Cambridge, and tossing algebra and Anacharsis "to the dogs," started in high spirits.—We ran up to London in style—went ball-pitch to the play—and after a quiet breakfast at the St. James's, set out with my own horses upon a dashing drive through the west end of the town. We were turning down the Haymarket, when whom, to my utter horror and consternation, should I see crossing to meet us, but my old warm-hearted, but severe and peppery, uncle, Sir Thomas —?

To escape was impossible.—A cart before, and two carriages behind, made us stationary; and I mentally resigned all idea of ever succeeding to his five thousand per annum. Up he came. "What! can I believe my eyes? George? what the — do you do here? Tandem too, by —" (I leave blanks for the significant accompaniments which dropped from his mouth, like pearls and rubies in the fairy tale, when he was in a passion.) "I have it," thought I, as an idea crossed my mind which I resolved to follow. I looked right and left, as if it was not possible it could be me he was addressing.—"What! you don't know me, you young dog? don't know your own uncle? Why, Sir,—in the name of common sense—Pshaw! you've done with that.—Why in — name an't you at Cambridge?" "At Cambridge, sir!" said I. "At Cambridge, sir," he repeated, mimicking my affected astonishment; "why, I suppose you never were at Cambridge! Oh! you young spendthrift; is this the manner you dispose of my allowance? Is this the way you read hard? you young profligate! you young — you"—Seeing he was getting energetic, I began to be apprehensive of a scene; and resolved to drop the curtain at once. "Really, sir," said I, with as brazen a look as I could summon upon emergency, "I have not the honour of your acquaintance"—His large eyes assumed a fixed stare of astonishment—"I must confess you have the advantage of me. Excuse me, but, to my knowledge, I never saw you before."—A torrent, I perceived, was coming.—"Make no apologies, they are unnecessary. Your next *rencontre* will, I hope, be more fortunate; though your finding your country cousin in London is like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay.—Bye bye, old buck." The cart was removed, and I drove off; yet not without seeing him, in a paroxysm of rage half frightful half ludicrous, toss his hat on the ground, and hearing him exclaim—"He disowns me!—the jackanapes disowns his own uncle, by —."

Poor Philip Chichester's look of amazement at this finished stroke of impudence is present, at this instant, to my memory. I think I see his face, which at no period had more expression than a turnip, assume that air of a pensive simpleton, *d'un mouton qui rêve*, which he so often and so successfully exhibited over an incomprehensible problem in "Principia." "Well! you've done it.—Dished completely. What could induce you to be such a blockhead?" said he. "The family of the Blockheads, my dear Phil," I replied, "is far too creditably established in society to render their alliance disgraceful. I'm proud to

belong to so prevailing a party." "Pshaw! this is no time for joking. What's to be done?" "Why, when does a man want a joke, Phil, but when he's in trouble? However, adieu to *badinage*, and hey for Cambridge instantly." "Cambridge?" "In the twinkling of an eye—not a moment to be lost. My uncle will post there with four horses instantly; and my only chance of avoiding that romantic misfortune of being cut off with a shilling, is to be there before him."

Without settling our bill at the inn, or making a single arrangement, we dashed back to Cambridge. Never shall I forget the mental anxiety I endured on my way there. Every thing was against us. A heavy rain had fallen in the night, and the roads were wretched. The traces broke—turnpike gates were shut—droves of sheep and carts impeded our progress;—but in spite of all these obstacles, we reached the college in less than six hours. "Has Sir Thomas — been here?" said I to the porter with an agitation I could not conceal. "No, sir." Phil "thanked God, and took courage." "If he does, tell him so and so," said I, giving *veracious* Thomas his instructions, and putting a guinea into his hand to sharpen his memory. "Phil, my dear fellow, don't show your face out of college for this fortnight. You twig! God bless you."—I had barely time to get to my own room, to have my toga and trencher beside me, Newton and Aristotle before me, optics, mechanics, and hydrostatics, strewed around in learned confusion when my uncle drove up to the gate.

"Porter, I wish to see Mr. —," said he; "is he in his rooms?" "Yes sir; I saw him take a heap of books there ten minutes ago." This was not the first bouncer the Essence of Truth, as Thomas was known through college, had told for me; nor the last he got well paid for. "Ay! very likely. Reads very hard, I dare say?" "No doubt of that, I believe, Sir," said Thomas, as bold as brass. "You audacious fellow! how dare you look in my face and tell me such a deliberate falsehood? You know he's not in college!" "Not in college, sir, as I hope—" "None of your hopes or fears to me. Show me his rooms.—If two hours ago I did not see—. See him,—yes, I've seen him, and he's seen the last of me."

He had now reached my rooms; and never shall I forget his look of astonishment, of amazement bordering on incredulity, when I calmly came forward, took his hand, and welcomed him to Cambridge. "My dear Sir, how are you? What lucky wind has blown you here?"—"What, George! who—what—why—I can't believe my eyes!"—"How happy I am to see you!" I continued; "How kind of you to come! How well you're looking!"—"How people may be deceived! My dear George, (speaking rapidly,) I met a fellow, in a tandem, in the Haymarket, so like you, in every particular, that I hailed him at once. The puppy disowned me—affected to cut a joke—and drove off. Never was I more taken off my stilts! I came down directly, with four post-horses, to tell your Tutor; to tell the Master; to tell all the College, that I would have nothing more to do with you; that I would be responsible for your debts no longer; to inclose you fifty pounds, and disown you for ever."—"My dear Sir, how singular!"—"Singular! I wonder at perjury no longer, for my part. I would have gone into any court of justice, and have taken my oath it was you. I never saw such a likeness. Your father and the fellow's

mother were acquainted, or I'm mistaken. The air, the height the voice; all but the manner, and damme, that was *not* yours. No—no, you never would have treated your old uncle so.”—“How rejoiced I am that——” “Rejoiced! so am I. I would not but have been undeceived for a thousand guineas. Nothing but seeing you here so quiet, so studious, surrounded by problems, would have convinced me. Ecod! I can't tell you how I was startled. I had been told some queer stories, to be sure, about your Cambridge etiquette. I heard that two Cambridge men, one of St. John's, the other of Trinity, had met on the top of Vesuvius, and that though they knew each other by sight and reputation, yet never having been formally introduced, like two simpletons they looked at each other in silence, and left the mountain separately and without speaking;—and that cracked fellow-commoner, Meadows, had shown me a caricature, taken from the life, representing a Cambridge man drowning, and another gownsman standing on the brink, exclaiming, ‘Oh! that I had had the honour of being introduced to that man, that I might have taken the liberty of saving him!’ But,——it, thought I, he never would carry it so far with his own uncle!—I never heard your father was a gay man,” continued he, musing; “yet, as you sit in that light, the likeness is——” I moved instantly—“But it's impossible you know, its impossible. Come my dear fellow, come: I must get some dinner. Who could he be? Never were two people so alike!”

We dined at the inn, and spent the evening together; and instead of the fifty, the “*last fifty*,” he generously gave me a draft for three times the amount. He left Cambridge the next morning, and his last words were, as he entered his carriage, “My brother *was* a handsome man; and there was a Lady Somebody, who, the world said, was partial to him. She *may* have a son. Most surprising likeness. God bless you! Read hard, you young dog; remember. Like as two brothers!” I never saw him again.

His death, which happened a few months afterwards, in consequence of his being *bit* in a bet, contracted when he was a “little elevated,” left me the heir to his fine estate; I wish I could add, to his many and noble virtues. I do not attempt to palliate deception. It is always criminal. But, I am sure, no severity, no reprimand, no reproaches, would have had half the effect which his kindness, his confidence, and his generosity wrought on me. It reformed me thoroughly, and at once. I did not see London again till I had graduated: and if my degree was unaccompanied by brilliant honours, it did not disgrace my Uncle's liberality or his name. Many years have elapsed since our last interview; but I never reflect on it without pain and pleasure—pain, that our last intercourse on earth should have been marked by the grossest deception; and pleasure, that the serious reflections it awakened cured me for ever of all wish to deceive, and made the open and straight forward path of life, that of

AN OLD STUDENT.

PORTRAIT OF A SEPTUAGENARY.*

I HAVE recorded the pleasure of being a father; candour obliges me to mention some of its annoyances. My son grew up with a decided predilection for that profession which I have ever held in deep abhorrence—the Army. Habituated, as I have said, to look at men and actions in the abstract and elemental, I could not see why gold lace and feathers, and scarlet cloth and music, should so dazzle and stun me to all perceptions of right and wrong, as to make me respect the man who would hire himself as a trader in blood. Such persons, I may be told, are necessary; but I should be sorry to see my son in the occupation. The Army will excuse me:—they have the admiration of a thoughtless world, and may well despise the crazy notions of a fantastical old man, who cannot see any power of absolution either in a Pope or a gold epaulette.—My youngster was reasoned out of this boyish hankering; but, alas! his second choice still was uncongenial with my wishes, for he now selected the Bar. My notions, I am aware, are absurd, unreasonable, preposterous; but that I might venerate at least one individual of this profession, I have been all my life looking for the advent of some conscientious barrister, who should scrupulously refuse a brief, unless the cause of his client at least wore the appearance of honesty and justice; who should exert his skill and eloquence in redressing the injured, and releasing the unwary from the traps and fetters of the law, while he left knaves and robbers to its merited inflictions. How can I respect a being, the confidant, perhaps, of malefactors, who will torture his ingenuity, and wrest the statute-book, to screen them from punishment and turn them loose upon society for fresh offences;—who will hire out his talents to overreach the innocent, to defraud the orphan, to impoverish the widow?—who with a counterfeit earnestness, will lay his hand upon his heart, and make solemn asseverations, every one of which he knows to be false; and for another two or three guineas, will on the same day take the opposite side, and with the same vehemence maintain facts and reasonings diametrically the reverse? It must be as difficult to render this practice consistent with a manly candour and honourable sense of the importance of truth, as to prevent the system of quibbling, chicanery, and hair-splitting from being destructive of all enlarged and comprehensive views. We all know there are exceptions, but in the aggregate I am afraid, moreover, that the “honourable profession” is not so independent as could be wished. They sell themselves in retail to their clients, and by wholesale to government whenever the minister has a mind to bait a trap for rats.—Worldly ideas of the gentility of a profession, or the chances of advancement in it, blinded me not. Perhaps I did not render sufficient homage to the necessary modifications of society—by raising my views to the contemplation of man in his elements I overlooked his accidents, and all the paltry distinctions of human institution. A man of honour or talent has always been welcome to my hand and my table, and I have felt no horrors if he were of a vulgar trade, or even wore a shabby coat. Far from seeking birth or rank, I have been rather prejudiced against their possessors, deeming it difficult for such persons to over-

* Concluded from page 307.

come the seductions of their education. The spoiled children of Fortune, like those of the nursery, are apt to be very empty, very arrogant, and very offensive.—No :—I would neither have my son live upon the blood and misery, nor upon the vices and follies of his species. I would neither have him fawn upon a general, nor truckle to a judge, nor feast a lawyer. I made him a farmer, that most ancient and honourable of all professions. I made him independent of all the world, and bidding him look only to the universal mother, Earth, who, like the maternal pelican, feeds her offspring from her torn bosom, I taught him to support himself by ministering to the comfort, enjoyment, and support of others. Of the pressure to which agriculturists have been subjected he has cheerfully borne his portion :—he is not rich, but he is virtuous, he is happy, and above all, he is independent.

The holy vessel of the Athenians, during a course of seven hundred years, had been so often rebuilt, that some of their sophists maintained it was no longer the same ship, and frequently used it as an illustration in discussing the question of personal identity. I myself, both in body and mind, had undergone such a total replacement of feelings and ideas in my little existence of threescore years, that I was inclined to think myself a different personage altogether from the short-sighted youth, who considered forty as a grave paternal age, and connected sixty with nothing but ideas of decrepitude and decay. I remember when I thought that the consciousness of getting old and approaching the edge of the dread abyss, must, at the former age, begin to dim the sunshine of existence, and at the latter be sufficient to overcloud and darken all its enjoyments. These spectres of fancy vanished as I came near them. At forty I set myself down for a young man : and finding myself at sixty hale, hearty, and happy, able to dig in my garden, enjoy literature and the arts, and cultivate the Muse with a keener relish of existence than ever, I settled in my own mind that this was the real meridian and zenith of human life. Children, when first they ride in a carriage, imagine that the trees and houses are moving on while they are stationary ; and in like manner I could see plainly enough the ravages of time upon my contemporaries, and observe that they were *getting on*, while I myself seemed to have been standing still, and at some loss to account for all my old friends running a-head of me. This is another illustration of that benignant provision of nature, which will not suffer even our self-love to be wounded, and equalises the happiness of life's various stages, by making even the foibles of age minister to its enjoyments. Whether or not this happy self-delusion retained its power at a more advanced period will be seen as I proceed to that portion of my life which extends

From Sixty to Seventy.

The over-weening and somewhat triumphant estimate which I had formed of my three-score meridian was slightly checked, by my hearing one friend whisper to another at a dinner-party—"Old W—— begins to twaddle ; he has told us that story half a dozen times lately." *Old W——* ! that amen "stuck in my throat ;" it threatened my zenith, and savoured of the Azimuth. *Six* times too ! I protest it was but three, but that I confess was twice too much. My memory certainly had lost a portion of its tenacity ; and unless I could retain impressions

long enough to allow them to strike root, they quickly withered away, in which emergency I was, perhaps, too apt to trade upon my youthful capital of anecdotes. This defect I endeavoured to remedy by a common-place book; for if I forced myself to remember one thing I not infrequently forgot another. It appeared as if the chamber of the brain were full, and could only accommodate new tenants by ejecting the old ones. When thus reminded of my repetition of the same story to the same party, I instantly recalled the fact, which proves that my offence was a want of recollection rather than of memory, a distinction not always attended to. One, however, is often the precursor of the other. Considering that novelty has generally been deemed a necessary ingredient in the production of laughter, I have been sometimes astonished at the punctual burst with which my old bon-mots were invariably followed up by myself, even when others have observed a provoking gravity; and have been at a loss to decide whether it were habit, or sympathy with my first enjoyment of the joke awakening a kind of posthumous echo. At all events I set a good example; if others would not follow it, more shame for them.

My communion with nature in the beauty of her external forms, far from diminishing at this period, became every year more intense and exquisite, heightening by reflection my relish for the works of art; but I observed that in the latter my eye derived its principal gratification from gracefulness of figure and outline, rather than from composition, colouring, or scientific display. Thus I preferred statuary to painting, as it suffered my attention to feed without interruption upon the harmonious proportions and symmetry of the great goddess; and in the graphic art I found more delight in a single drawing of the divine Raphael than in all the hues of Titian and the colourists, or all the patient elaboration of the Flemish and Dutch miniaturists. In my love of nature I felt jealous of the artist beyond mere fidelity of form (I speak principally of figures); and in engraving, where there is no colour to compensate for alienating the eye, I deemed that style the best which is confined to outline. Some of the commoner productions of this sort are generally lying on my table, and I find undiminished delight in the French Cupid and Psyche from the paintings of Raphael's pupils, Hope's costumes of the Ancients, etchings of the Elgin Marbles, Retch's Faustus, and other similar productions. Generally speaking, artists and professors appear to me to acquire a false artificial taste, which, overlooking the simple and natural, makes difficulty of execution the test of excellence; a mistake extending from painters and sculptors down to opera-dancers and musicians.

My mind is less excursive than it was; it required less excitement, and is satisfied with less nutriment, preserving, in its mystic union with the body, a consentaneous adaptation; for though I walk or ride out whenever the weather permits, I can no longer exercise my limbs as I was wont. A sunny seat in my garden begins to be preferred to my old grey mare. I sit there sometimes for a considerable time, and think that I am thinking, but I find that the hour has passed away in a dreamy indistinctness—a sort of half-consciousness, sufficient for enjoyment, though incapable of definition. These waking dreams may be a resource of nature for recruiting the mind, as I have always found mine more vigorous and active after such indulgence.

There is one calamity to which age seems inevitably exposed—the dropping off into the grave, of our early friends and associates, as we advance towards the final bourne, and seem to have most need of their social offices. But Nature, ever on the watch to provide substitutes for our deprivations, while she blunts our sympathies in this direction, quickens them in another, by raising up a new circle of friends in our children and grand-children, less subject to the invasion of death, and better qualified by attachment and gratitude to minister to the wants of the heart. These are the affections that garland it with the buds and blossoms of a second spring; these are the holy band whose miraculous touch can bid the thorn of mortality, like that of Glastonbury, break forth into flowers even in the Christmas of our days. This is the cup of joy that contains the sole *aurum potabile*, the genuine *elixir vitæ* that can renovate our youth, and endow us with a perpetuity of pleasure.

In my former solitary wanderings and contemplations of nature, I had delighted to let my imagination embody forth the dreams of Grecian mythology and fable; to metamorphose the landscape that surrounded me to the mountains and dells of Arcadia and Thessaly; to people the woods and waters with nymphs, fauns, Dryads, Oreads, and Nereids; losing myself in classical recollections, and bidding them occasionally minister to the inspirations of the muse. But the charms of rural scenery now kindled in my bosom a higher and a holier sentiment. I looked out upon the beautiful earth, clothed in verdure and festooned with flowers, upon the glorious all-vivifying sun, upon the great waters bounding in unerring obedience to the moon, and into the blue depths of heaven, until I stood, as it were, in the presence of the Omnipotent Unseen; my senses drank in the landscape till they became inebriated with delight; I seemed interfused with nature; a feeling of universal love fell upon my heart, and in the suffusion of its silent gratitude and adoration I experienced a living apotheosis, being in spirit rapt up into the third heaven, even as Elijah was in the flesh. Bold romantic scenery was not essential to the awakening of this enthusiasm; it has sprung up amid my own fields; and in the study of botany, to which I have always been attached, the dissection of a flower has been sufficient to call it forth, though in a minor degree. All nature in fact, is imbued with this sentiment, for every thing is beautiful, and every thing attests the omnipresence of Divine love; but grand combinations will, of course, condense and exalt the feeling. Old as I am, I can still walk miles to enjoy a fine prospect; I often get up to see the sun rise, and I rarely suffer it to set, on a bright evening, without recreating my eyes with its parting glories. I can now feel the spirit in which the dying Rousseau desired to be wheeled to the window, that he might once more enjoy this sublime spectacle.

How often, in my younger days, have I repeated the well known lines of Dryden.

“Strange cozenage! none would live past years again,
Yet all hope pleasure from what still remain,
And from the dregs of life think to receive
What the first sprightly running would not give:
I’m tired of toiling for this chymic gold,
Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.

I have lived to disprove them. I *would* live past years again, but it should be the latter, not the former portion, for the current of my life, as it approaches the great ocean of eternity, runs smoother and clearer than in its first out-gushing. Like Job's, my latter days have been the most fully blessed. I am now seventy years of age; and bating the loss of a few teeth, and some other inevitable effects of age upon my person, I still possess the *mens sana in corpore sano*, and "bate no jot of heart or hope." My journey from sixty to seventy has been as delightful as that from forty to sixty; nor do I anticipate any future disappointment should it be extended to eighty, for my confidence in nature's substitutions and benignant provisions is boundless. Had she fixed a century as the impassable boundary of life, we might feel some annoyance and apprehension as we approached it; but by leaving it undetermined, she has, to a certain extent, made us immortal in our own belief, for Hope is illimitable. I often catch myself anxiously inquiring of what disease my seniors have died, as if their disappearance at eighty or ninety were contrary to the usual course of things, and attributable to accident.—"The shortness of human life," says Dr. Johnson, "has afforded as many arguments to the voluptuary as the moralist." How operative then must it be with me who am anxious to combine both tendencies, and be considered a moral voluptuary, or, in other words, a philosopher, not a follower of Aristippus, or disciple of the Cyrenaic school, devoted to worldly and sensual delights under which the soul "embodies and embrutes;" but as a pupil of the much misunderstood and calumniated Epicurus, cultivating intellectual enjoyments, and holding pleasure to be the chief good, and virtue the chief pleasure. These are the laudable delights to which I feel a new stimulant from considering the shortness of my remaining career; and whether its termination be near or distant, these enjoyments will, I verily believe, accompany me to the last, and enable me to fall, like Cæsar, in a becoming and decent attitude.

I have just laid down Wordsworth's *Excursion*, which I have been reading in the fields. How beautiful is the evening! The ground is strewn with dead leaves, which the wind has blown up into little heaps like graves; autumn has spread her vari-coloured mantle over those which still flutter on the trees, some of which, crisp and red, tinkle in the air; while from the chesnuts over my head a large russet leaf, flitting from time to time before my eyes, or falling at my feet, seems to pronounce a silent "*memento mori*." The sun is rapidly sinking down, leaving the valley before me in shade, while the woods that clothe the hill upon my left, suffused with rosy light, but tranquil and motionless, seem as if they reposed in the flush of sleep. Three horses, unyoked from the plough, are crossing the field towards their stable, and the crows that have been following the furrow, retire cawing to their nests, while a flock of sheep, attended by the shepherd and his dog, are slowly withdrawing to the fold. Every thing seems to breathe of death,—to remind me that my sun too is setting, and that I must shortly go to my long home, for the night is approaching. And here, methinks, if my appointed time was come, with the grass for my bed of death, the earth and sky sole witness of my exit, I could contentedly commit my last breath to the air, that it might be wafted to Him who gave it.

Life is at all times precarious;—there are but a few feet of earth

between the stoutest of us and the grave, and at my age we should not be too sanguine in our calculations; yet, if I were to judge from my own unbroken health and inward feelings, as well as from the opinions of others more competent to pronounce, I have yet ten years at least, perhaps many more, of happiness in store for me. Should the former period be consummated, I pledge myself again to commune with the public. Should it be otherwise, I may, perhaps, be enabled to realize the wish of the celebrated Dr. Hunter, who half an hour before his death exclaimed, "Had I a pen, and were able to write, I would describe how easy and pleasant a thing it is to die." In either alternative, gentle reader, if my example shall have assisted in teaching thee how to live grateful and happy, and to look upon death with resignation, the object of this memoir will be attained, and thou wilt have no cause to regret perusing this sketch of

A SEPTUAGENARY.

MAY.

*It Ver et Venus et Veneris prænuntius ante
Pinnatus graditur Zephyrus vestigia propter:
Flora quibus Mater præspersgens, ante vial
Cuncta coloribus egregiis et odoribus opplet. — LUCRET.*

How delightful is the opening of May, bringing with it the most delicious sensations, overflowing with sweets, and infusing through all nature a freshness and vitality perceived at no other period of the year. Summer may possess attractions of a more flaunting character, and autumn may proffer its matured fruits and wealthy harvests; but to those who have a keen perception of natural beauty, and a sympathy with the vivid impressions spring produces on the mind, what can be more grateful than the renovated appearance of nature, and the elasticity and exhilaration of feeling experienced at the beginning of this month of fruition, pregnant as it is with light, pleasure, and loveliness? The clouds, no longer black, and hurried across the face of heaven by storms, are like fleeces of snowy whiteness enamelled upon the eternal azure, setting off, and not sullyng the purity of its serene hue. The soft breezes,

"Zephyr with Aurora playing,"

bear "buxom health" and joyousness on their wings. The birds sing their sweetest notes.

The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring,
And float amid the liquid noon.

The early flowers, "the yellow cowslip and the pale primrose," decorate the surface of the earth. The verdure, rich in colour, refreshed with frequent showers, and not yet imbrowned by the summer sun, may be contemplated in all its variety of tinge. Creation seems to have arisen from the dead, all is being—instinct with life and motion. Love also awakes at this genial season, as Cunningham pleasingly sings:

From the west as it wantonly blows,
Fond Zephyr caresses the vine;
The bee steals a kiss from the rose,
And willows and woodbines entwine:
The pinks by the rivulet side,
That border the vernal alcove,
Bend downward to kiss the soft tide:
For MAY is the mother of Love.

MAY tinges the butterfly's wing,
He flutters in bridal array;
And if the wing'd foresters sing
The music is taught them by MAY.
The stock-dove, recluse with her mate,
Conceals her fond bliss in the grove,
And, murmuring, seems to repeat,—
"That MAY is the mother of Love."

Solomon also says, "The winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." To all conversant with the writings of the poets, striking descriptions of the season must be familiar. Milton makes the most heavenly clime to consist of an "eternal spring"—

The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the graces and the hours in dance,
Led on the eternal spring.

Virgil, in his second Georgic, places the cosmogony in the spring.—

Such were the days, the season was the same,
When first arose this world's all-beauteous frame;
The sky was cloudless, balmy was the air,
And spring's mild influence made all nature fair.

WARTON, *Geo. L. ii. l. 407.*

Honest Chaucer, between four and five hundred years ago, speaks of the spring as we speak of it now, for the revolutions of time effect no change in natural sensations. Hear his beautiful lines in the "Romaunt of the Rose."

That it was Mey thus dreamid me,
In time of love and jolite,
That al thing ginneth waxen gay,
For there is neither buske nor hay
In Mey that it n'ill shroudid bene,
And that it with newe levis wrene;
These woddis eke recoveren grene
That drie in winter ben to sene,
And the erth waxith proude withal
For sote dewis that on it fall,

And the povir estate forgette
In whiche that winter had it sette,
And then becometh the ground so proude
That it wol have a newe shroude,
And make so queint his robe and fayre,
That it had news an hundred payre
Of grape and flouris Inde and Pers,
And many newis full divers,
That is the robe I mene iwis
Through whiche the ground to praisin is.

But it would be an interminable task to quote the beautiful apostrophes which have been addressed to this regal division of the year: we will only give another extract from a Turkish address to the season.

"Thou hearest the tale of the nightingale, 'that the vernal season approaches.' The spring has spread a bower of joy in every grove, where the almond-tree sheds its silver blossoms. Be cheerful; be full of mirth; for the spring passes soon away, it will not last.

"The groves and hills are adorned with all sorts of flowers; a pavilion of roses, as the seat of pleasure, is raised in the garden. Who knows which of us will be alive when the fair season ends? Be cheerful, &c.

"The edge of the bower is filled with the light of Ahmed; among the plants the fortunate tulips represent his companions. Come, O people of Mohammed! this is the season of merriment. Be cheerful, &c."

Such is the description of May by the poets, and such its character really is, in a greater or less degree, to all who enjoy youth and health. The torpitude of age often imbibes warmth from its influence, which, however, is chilled by the reflection that life, unlike nature, has no second spring; it "blossoms but to die." In some temperaments, however, the impression produced by the season is overpowering from excess of excitation, and a feeling of sadness is generated amidst gaiety and hope. Burke observes, that the passion of love has in it more of melancholy than of jollity or mirth; and it is the same with impressions made by natural objects, where these impressions are more than commonly deep. They always tend during the highest enjoyment of them, to a pleasing melancholy. The scent of a flower, where the perception of its odour is more exquisite than usual, will do this, and the view of an unclouded evening sky, or a rich setting sun, is uniformly productive of sadness to persons of great sensibility, and even in a limited degree to others. We are seldom aware of the cause of this; but it will often take its departure from the mind, leaving a feeling of mingled admiration and devotion behind.* This perhaps arises from an unconscious regret, that all we are looking at is but for a short time, that the majesty of this "breathing world" will not be much longer for us, and we feel forcibly, though hardly conscious of it, the instability of our being. Who that is arrived at manhood can forget his youthful feelings in May?—who can forget

"The spot where spring its earliest visits paid?"

Such reminiscences are the food of after-life, and enlighten with a solitary ray of sunshine even the gloom of the grave into which age is tottering. But the majority of mankind have fibres too coarse to vibrate with such impressions, and May is their month of boisterous rapture and unreflecting joy. Even care corrodes the heart less during the reign of this queen of months, for it is then that the tide of being flows to its full height. And why should it not be so?—

Hard his herte that loveth nought
In Mey, when al this mirth is wrought.

Our forefathers paid great honour to the month of May, and the custom of commemorating it is of the most remote antiquity. We must look to the festivals of the Romans, and to their invasion and

* This particular kind of feeling may be understood by the following passage:—
"Combien de fois, de ma fenêtre exposée au Nord, j'ai contemplé avec émotion les vastes déserts du ciel, sa voûte superbe, azurée, magnifiquement dessinée, depuis le levant bleuâtre, loin derrière le Pont-au-Change, jusqu'au couchant, dorée, d'une brillante couleur aurore derrière les arbres du cours et les maisons de Chaillot! Je ne manquerois pas d'employer ainsi quelques momens à la fin d'un beau jour, et souvent des larmes douces couloient silencieusement de mes yeux ravis, tandis que mon cœur, gonflé d'un sentiment inexprimable, heureux d'être et reconnaissant d'exister, offroit à l'Etre supreme un hommage pur et digne de lui."

Vie privée de Mad. Roland.

conquest of Britain, for the ceremonies afterwards adopted by its inhabitants, relics of which have come down to our day. The Floralia, or games in honour of Flora, were celebrated on the 4th of the Kalends of May, according to Pliny, and continued during the remainder of the month. They were instituted about the year of Rome 613, in honour of Flora, a Sabine Goddess. The notion that Flora was a courtesan appears to rest upon no competent authority. Her image was annually exhibited at Rome, in the temple of Castor and Pollux, dressed in a close dress, and holding bean flowers in her hand. These games might in time have been corrupted, and many of the ceremonies have been exceptionable; but that they were originally instituted to call down a blessing from heaven on the various productions of the land cannot be reasonably doubted. The May-games, including dancing, and the display of elegant garlands of flowers, are clearly remnants of Pagan festive worship. Some have contended that the May-pole is of Druid origin, but there is no ground for the supposition; it was at first, most probably, only a substitute for a living tree, on which flowers and offerings were suspended; the cross pieces nailed to it being clearly for the better suspension of them. The May-games too were often held in situations where trees would not be found growing, as in towns or cities.

The sports of May were not always celebrated on the first day of the month, though people generally went to gather May-trees on the 30th of April. The May-tree, or May as it is still called in the West of England, always means there the white thorn, which is commonly in blossom by that day, and which the young people, rising up early in the morning, bring into the towns and villages. It is remarkable, that at Helston, an obscure town in Cornwall, May-day is still kept on the 8th day of the month, and is called the *Furry-day*, the etymology of which is unknown. There is no stationary May-pole, but green branches of a large size are displayed, decorated with garlands. The doors of all the dwelling-houses are thrown open, and the youth of both sexes, and of all ranks, dance up and down the streets, having wreaths of flowers in their hands. They enter in and come out of the houses dancing, till night closes the scene of festivity. This *furry-day* is perhaps the most perfect of the remains of the Festival of Flora, in the island. In other parts of Cornwall, May-day is only distinguished by the early rising of the young people of both sexes to gather May, and ramble into the country to breakfast at farm-houses or cottages on milk and clotted cream, a delicacy peculiar to the West of England.

In London, the most noted May-pole was formerly affixed in front of St. Andrew's Church, Cornhill.* In Fenchurch street, there was also anciently a noted May-game on the 30th of the month, when a lord and lady of the May were chosen. At later periods, Robin Hood was introduced into these sports, and styled lord of the May, together with Maid Marian, his faithful mistress.† That the London chimney-sweepers hold the first of May as their holiday is well known. The communion of this nauseous sooty tribe, indigenous only in the corrupted atmospheres of cities, with the natural May, its flowers, and fragrance, is about as inconsistent as a lord and lady mayoress dressed

* See Strutt, page 312.

† See also note, p. 432.

like a shepherd and shepherdess, with pipe and crook, acting in an Arcadian pastoral,—a sight once not unfrequent on a London holiday.

That the Festival of May might often have led to excesses is very probable, and thus the anger of some puritanical writers has condemned it altogether.* If it were viewed as a religious rite, and made use of for cherishing a blind superstition, such a censure might be just. Laying this aside, the merriment of villages and country people on May-day, as it was formerly kept, was far better than pot-house feasts and drunken revelling, which are the marks of the festivals observed in the present day. The fair sex also then participated and heightened the simple pleasures of the time. What can be a more harmless amusement than greeting the most delicious of seasons with dance and music?

The virtuous and learned author of "The Minstrel" expresses a wish that the sports common in the month of May should be celebrated around his grave.

————— thither let the village swain repair;
And, light of heart, the village maiden gay,
To deck with flowers her half-dishevell'd hair,
And celebrate the merry morn of May.

When nature smiles to greet her worshippers, how graceless to withhold our hearts from sharing the common happiness! He who formed us with the capacity for relishing natural beauty, is not ill-pleased that we should express our joy and gratitude by innocent mirthfulness—that "we" should "frolic while 'tis May." One instance of this feeling, in a revival of the festival of May-day, shall conclude this article.

The writer was travelling, on foot, in Warwickshire, on a delicious old May-day, two or three years ago, and being about four miles from the county town, took a path on the right-hand side of the road, invited by a better prospect of the country beyond. At a short distance he entered a church-yard, where reposed the remains of many of the humble in life, but apparently few of those who even in death display, by the "frail memorials" erected over their ashes, the vanity

* In the *Anatomic of Abuses*, printed in 1595, is the following account of May-keeping:—"Every parish, town, or village, assemble themselves, both men, women and children: and either altogether, or dividing themselves into companies, they go some to the woods and groves, some to the hills and mountains, some to one place and some to another, where they spend all the night in pleasant pastimes, and in the morning they return, bringing with them birch boughs and branches of trees to deck their assemblies withal. But their chiefest jewel they bring from thence is the Maie-pole, which they bring with great veneration, as thus—they have twentie or fourtie yooke of oxen, every ox having a sweet nose-gaie of flowers tied to the tip of his hornes, and those oxen drewe home the May-poale, their stinking idol rather, which they covered all over with flowers and herbes, bound round with strings from the top to the bottome, and sometimes it was painted with variable colours, having two or three hundred men, women, and children, following it with great devotion. And thus equipped, it was reared, with handkerchiefs and flaggs streaming on the top: they strawe the ground round about it, they bind green boughs about it, they set up summer halles, bowers, and arbours, hard by it, and then they fall to banquetting and feasting, to leaping and dancing about it, as the heathen people did at the dedication of their idols. I have heard it credibly reported, that of fourscore or an hundred maidens that have gone forth to the woods in the evening, not above one-third have returned home again as they went."

of human pretensions. A small ancient Gothic church stood in the midst of the graves, having a tower of little elevation at the west end, and near it on each side grew yew trees, the children of many a century's growth, fast hastening to decay. Unclipped they spread their funereal shade wide over the burial mounds beneath them. The site of the church was on the flat summit of an eminence, which latter sloped towards the east somewhat steeply. The church-yard commanded a noble and very extensive prospect. On the eastern side were seen the feudal turrets of Warwick Castle rising over the deep green foliage beneath them; and still farther beyond lay an extensive and rich country that melted far away into the blue distance. In the south-east or southerly point of the horizon, the Edge hills were distinguished, so renowned in the civil wars; and on the north, distant a very few miles, arose the grey ruins of Kenilworth Castle—melancholy remnants of departed magnificence. The intervening space was filled with fine meadow land, the turf of which was scarcely visible for the thickly growing trees that marked the different boundaries. Yet farther than Kenilworth, and in nearly the same direction, the spires and towers of Coventry presented themselves, peering above the dark forest that seemed to fill up the whole interval between. From the western end of the church, the view was confined, and presented a meadow crossed by a broad carriage path which led to a few houses on the village green, close by the road side. The church appeared to be carefully kept in repair; but there was nothing to induce a belief that the church-wardens were either masons or carpenters by profession, because all seemed to be done with consistency, and there was no "beautifying," to adopt a parish phrase. Painted glass of great elegance had been introduced into the narrow windows, and cast "a dim religious light" on the simple interior of the edifice; the coloured rays from which alone attracted the eye to any thing like ornament. The largest of these designs represented the crucifixion, and the prevailing colour being a deep blue, the effect was peculiarly striking. These windows had been made and placed there at the sole expense of the minister, who must have taken no little pride in thus adorning the humble scene of his labours: for humble it was, compared to the majority of churches, or to the pompous cathedrals of our island. It was truly the church of the village minister; yet fervent aspirations had been offered up there, and by hearts as pure as in places of greater ecclesiastical note, where often

—men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart.

In the centre of the irregularly-shaped village-green there were several trees surrounded by groups of persons of both sexes, many of whom appeared to belong to the genteeler circles of society, and a number of private carriages were drawn up in a line near, the horses being taken out. A May-pole, decorated with sumptuous garlands of natural and artificial flowers, the gifts of the fair parishioners, stood not far from the road side; and a band of rustic music was stationed at a place which was enclosed with ropes for dancing, close to the foot of the May-pole. On the other side of the road, and a hundred yards farther on, was a plain but comfortable brick dwelling, in a garden, with the usual appendages of out-houses on the right-hand side. Se-

veral well-dressed persons were loitering about its front in conversation, apparently waiting for the festive scene to commence. In a few minutes a venerable son of the church, in a wig of no common dimensions, and a clerical cocked hat, came out of the house. It was the minister. In stature he was short and stoutly made, his hands were crossed behind his back, unless when he presented them to receive the hearty shake of a well known bystander. His large bushy eyebrows completely shaded eyes showing considerable liveliness and fire; and though they evidently belonged to a septuagenary, he was not one whom the usual feebleness of body, at that era of life, had yet overtaken. The furrows of time on his face were not deeply indented; indeed his cheeks were rather smooth and full than wrinkled. He conversed with those around him smilingly, and the character of his countenance was then remarkably attractive. There was a strong cast of benevolence in his physiognomy even when it approached to sternness, which it was capable of putting on in a moment of indignation to the utmost degree of severity. His features proved the fallacy of Lavater's system, for they did not show any thing remarkably intellectual, and yet few men were possessed of stronger intellect. By those of the parish around he appeared to be much beloved, and he moved towards the green with a firm step, inquiring of one individual the health of his family, and even of his domestics, with an interest that showed he was truly sincere about their welfare. On arriving there he ordered the music to strike up, and the dancing to begin. All mingled in the harmless and graceful amusement without regarding those distinctions in life, which are commonly witnessed on similar occasions. The daughter of the humble farmer was the partner of the son of the patrician; every individual present seemed to devote himself, for a season, to cheerful gaiety. It was one of those scenes which are so very rare in this land of ostentation, when the vulgar distinctions of wealth are forgotten, and human beings seem to acknowledge that they are all children of the same common parent. Such occasional interminglings of classes in the country are not without their uses, and the donor of the *fête* was no doubt well aware of this: two young ladies, who, as is commonly the case in similar circumstances, had very little reason to "lift high the head" beyond their fellows, having come under his marked displeasure for exhibiting symptoms of their ill-breeding from self-consequence. After dancing an hour or two in the open air, the assemblage adjourned to different places for refreshment. Fifty of the company dined in the library, at the parsonage-house. After dinner dancing was resumed, at intervals, until nine o'clock, when it ceased entirely, to commence again on the accustomed anniversary, in the succeeding year.

This revival of May-day keeping, divested, by the spirit of the times, of all superstitious taint, deserves general imitation, if it be only to bring together, occasionally, the inhabitants of the same district belonging to different classes. Abroad such scenes are common throughout the year: here it would require a local example among the higher orders to establish something similar in our villages, once or twice in the same space of time, which might be more distinguished by the society, and by sobriety and correctness of manners, than noisy fairs and vicious wakes. Different ranks would then meet, and with-

out becoming too familiar, know each other's faces, and be closer linked together in the great chain of civil society. No opportunity could be more favourable for this communion of different ranks, which was once such a characteristic of our forefathers, than the genial first of May—a communion which has now nearly faded away before the aristocracy of wealth, and left nothing in its place but a heartlessness and low species of pride, brutal to inferiors, envious to equals, and grovelling towards superiors.

Reader, if you inquire who the retired minister may be that lives so friendly and contentedly among the inhabitants of his little parish, and the name of the parish wherein the festival of May-day has been thus renewed—know that the one may be found in Warwickshire, and the other in a reverend philanthropist and profound scholar, the warm hearted friend of Fox and Romilly.

V.

MILK AND HONEY, OR THE LAND OF PROMISE.

LETTER IX.

MISS LYDIA BARROW TO MISS KITTY BROWN.

CONTENTS.

Delineation of a Ball-Room French Dress.—Essay on Hair-dressing.—Miss Kelly and Miss Foote.—The Temple of Janus.—Lydia with two faces.—Consternation occasioned by her French Dress.—High Blood.—The Macheaths, the Locketts, and the Dawsons.—Waltzing Catastrophes.

My dress—you'd be vex'd if I did not put that in—
My dress was a round skirt, of gossamer satin;
With one row of Builloné, next to the hem,
Its colour the blush of Golconda's dark gem.
Ten yards of red ribbon were pucker'd in bows,
In space equi-distant, like soldiers in rows;
The bows had short endings with rich silver tips,
In all twenty-eight, with three more at the hips.
But Fashion would dub me insane, did I miss
To bring to your view my *corsage-à-la-Suisse*.
'Twas velvet in substance, in hue the true ruby,
Which many attempt to procure, and but few buy.
This match'd, like two peas, with the white satin sleeves,
Whose Valenciennes lace was adjusted in *cretes*.
My hair was remarkably killing, with posies
Of Coquillicot ribbon, like full-blowing roses:
Not frizz'd, poodle-fashion, like Madame Corelli's,
Not tied in three pig-tails, like Miss Fanny Kelly's:
'Twas dress'd at the poll just the same as the forehead—
Miss Foote set the fashion: Papa calls it horrid.
He says, in that "right-about-face" mode to stir,
Is all mighty well in a beauty like her:
But my pretty bald pate to agony stirs him,
He swears it will hook in no lover but *Spurzheim*:—
While Richard, as saucy as Coriolanus,
Has nick-named my temple the Temple of Janus.
With my necklace Diogenes' self could not quarrel,
For that, with the ear-rings and cross, were plain coral.
By criss-cross white ribbon my instep was hid;
My shoes were white satin, my gloves were white kid.

Including the sarsnet, with honeycomb flounces,
The whole of my dress weigh'd exactly three ounces.
Thus, graced by thy genius, divine Mrs. Bell,
I enter'd the ball at the City hotel.

Conceive—what your Liddy wants words to express—
The gape and the stare at my beautiful dress!
His Honour Mat Mite, with a tooth like a tusk,
Who just then was kicking poor old *Money musk*,
Stood fix'd, with his partner, Miss Firkin from Bristol,
As if he and she had been shot with a pistol.
Miss Dawson, who led down the middle so far,
That her motion had more of the comet than star,
(While Lambert, her partner, made all the house rock,)
Sat down on a form to recover the shock.
The folks, I should tell you, were tip-tops, high mettlers,
And traced their descent from original settlers.
Their family trees, without mildew or blight,
Were planted ere Botany Bay saw the light.
A lady in blue, with a reticule pocket,
A great great grand-daughter of Gay's Lucy Locket,
Stood first in the set; and, with black and white teeth,
The girl next to her was Miss Sally Macheath:
And next, in a necklace of coral, stood Zoë,
The copper descendant of Prince Po-wee-to-wee.
The fourth, and the smartest of all, to my fancy,
Was 'foresaid Miss Dawson, descended from Nancy.
"Won't you dance?" said red Zoe, with courteous advances;
While Richard and I answer'd, "Not country-dances:
On *them* we decidedly turn our two backs:—
Quadrilles are the only things done at Almack's."
"Quadrilles," cried Miss Dawson, "we'll dance by and by:
I *guess* that we dance them *progressingly spry*."

But ho, let no novice Miss Dawson put trust in!
The waltz we began with was Lieber Augustin.
First, Richard and I, like a proper-taught pair,
Whirl'd round in quick time, clearing sofa and chair:
One hand firmly grappled his shoulder, the other
Hung gracefully down, far apart from my brother.
My eyes "loved the ground," that I might not be giddy:
How like a Mercandotti spun elegant Liddy!
Thus, thrice round the ball-room, without pause or flurry,
I show'd how we managed those matters in Surrey.
Not so Miss Macheath: her eyes leering, winking,
She soon was quite giddy, and felt herself sinking.
To prop tumblers, any thing serves as a handle,
So she grasp'd, at hap hazard, a fat tallow candle.
Miss Dawson spun next, and in spinning turn'd pale,
Her fist, swinging round like a countryman's flail,
(A regular thresher!) gave Washington Read
Such a dounce in the face, that it made his nose bleed.
This, join'd to shin-kicking, and treading down heels,
Bade poor murder'd waltzes give place to quadrilles.
But oh, *such* quadrilles! such a wild hurly-burly!
Every step for the music too late or too early!
A separate Letter the remnant must tell;—
So here, for the present, I bid you farewell.

L. B.

LETTER X.

MISS SABRINA BARROW TO MISS FANNY FADE.

CONTENTS.

Webb Hall on Average Crops.—A Vision.—Mrs. Elizabeth Carter.—Tattooing among the Cherokees.—Blues past and present.—A Trip to Burlington-street in Medea's Car.—Readings.—King Lear and his Daughters.—Mrs. Bartley.—Baroness Baulk in the Straw.—Joanna Southcot.—Announcement of Visitors.—Blue Babel.—"Chaos come again."—Dame Carter dips into Ovid.—Dragons fly back to New York.—Finale from John Bunyan.

As I lately studied, in Eastbourn's back shop,
The thoughts of WEBB HALL on an average crop :
The God who strews poppies wherever corn grows,
Soon rock'd thy Sabrina to gentle repose,
And brought, while his pinion flagg'd heavily o'er me,
In visions, ELIZABETH CARTER before me,
With napkin-bound forehead, the same as of yore,
When grave Epictetus, at half-after-four,
Awaked her to study, with vigour heroic,
And do into English the mighty Greek Stoic.
"Oh! choicest," she cried, "of Minerva's lean kine,
The foremost blue buskin that tripp'd o'er the line,
To thin this rude sheepfold of national breeders,
By founding a College of Virgin Seceders :
Compared with thy wide wafted glory, how narrow
The honours of Cortez, Alvarez, Pizarro !
With virtue that no son of Venus can bribe,
And one bosom less than the Amazon Tribe,
Secure may'st thou laugh at the loud or deep curses
Of mate-widow'd mothers and out-of-date nurses.
Spurn Hymen : read Malthus : be firm at thy post :
Live chaste as the Queen whose pre-nomen I boast,
And bear this device on thy memory's crest—
"The Blue of Columbia, the Star of the West."
"Oh! Virgin," I answer'd, "I fear while I woo,
I dread while I seek, this investment of Blue.
The growing-up girls in yon Cherokee nation
Are known to flinch under the blue indentation.
I dread, though I honour, the end I'm pursuing,
Pray, is it not painful to feel, like tattooing?"
"Not so," cried the Sibyl, no cares 'tend the vow :
It might be so once, but it isn't so now.
No more, in the regions of Blue, is a Rout
A prim semicircle of Tea and turn out.
'Tis now a mere chaos, of that no ill pattern,
Assorted, of yore, by the first-born of Saturn.
Would you worship the Muse in her modish retreat ?
Behold, to conduct us to Burlington-street,
Medea has proffer'd her dragon-drawn car."
She spoke : up we mounted : and, soaring afar,
Alighted, in town, after ten minutes talk,
And knock'd at the Mansion of BARONESS BAULK.
"A little foot Page" oped the latch with a snap,
In a livery of blue, and a chimney-pot cap.
We found by a general "Hush! hush!" from the crowd,
The first *Entertainment* was reading aloud!
"Come here," said my Lady, "'tis Lear and his Daughter."
"James, bring Mrs. Bartley a tumbler of water."

Now, Goneril, turn the old King out of doors."
 "I can't, Ma'am."—"What hinders you?"—"Somebody snores."
 "There! now he's awake; silent still? what's the matter?"
 "I cannot be heard; the whole street's in a clatter."
 But see yonder wagon, that noise mayn't disturb,
 Deposits ten trusses of straw on the kerb.
 'Tis spread: rolling urchins their merriment lisp,
 And toss to the firmament wisp after wisp.
 The knocker is muffled: the gossips agree,
 My Lady's as Lord-loving Ladies would be.
 Parturient at Eighty! how will the town talk,—
 Dame Southcot was nothing to Baroness Baulk!
 King Lear now deposed, and the muffle torn down,
 A rat-a-tat 'larum awakes half the town;
 And the little foot-page, from his box at the entry,
 Is hoarse with up-bawling the names of the gentry.
 Lord Cherokee Chin-tuft, a Col'nel of Lancers,
 Lord Booby Bolero, who dines the French dancers!
 Sir Brown-Jones-Brown-Jones, in a postillion's shirt,
 Lord Bouncer, Count Squint'em, and Lady Jane Flirt,
 Three gentlemen glee-singers! Mr. Belzoni!
 Lord Strutt, with a blue ribbon under his bow-knee.
 The Viscount, who never did much good or much ill,
 Except in his dressing at Martin Van-Butchel.
 The pie-ball'd Egyptian, half white and half brown,
 The wonderful Swiss, who was hang'd and cut down,
 Massa Sambo, who knows about West India law,
 The barefooted Beggar who sleeps upon straw,
 A black-bearded Persian in crimson; and, ah me!
 Dress'd like other people, plain Mr. Salami;
 With Knights of the Cross, an unaccountable fry,
 Bestudded with stars, like the Nights of July.
 Then enter'd full thirty abjurers of man,
 Each borne in a bibbety-bobbing sedan;
 Whose tongues from non-use were not suffer'd to rust,
 All subjects were touch'd upon—none were discussed.
 "You've seen the Laplanders.—Where's Mathews?—Poor Perry!"
 "Scott wrote them: I know it: Who told you so? Terry."
 "A song: Mr. Broadhurst: hush: 'Silent O'Moyle,'"
 "I'm told that they really dine on train oil.—"
 "Have you sold out your Fives? No, I'm not in a hurry."
 "*Me adrum qui feci*: Lord Byron to Murray.—"
 "Lady Crimson, you've got something black on your cheek."
 "Camporesi and Ronzi de Begni don't speak!"
 "What's o'clock?—Hampton Court: Yes: we dined at the Toy."
 "I don't like the Pirate so well as Rob Roy."
 "Dear me! how excessively pretty! Red candles!"
 "Is Lillibullero Rossini's? No: Handel's."
 "I'll hold by the brass balustrades.—So will I."
 "Not going? Yes!—When? Glad to see you.—Good b'ye."
 Amid this chaotic exhaustion of lungs,
 Her ladyship's fingers moved brisk as their tongues.
 She poked a poll-parrot, to add to the din,
 She made every Mandarin nod nose and chin,
 She kick'd the coal-scuttle, she scraped up the cinders,
 She made a Bard bellow an ode (one of Pindar's),
 She strumm'd a piano, and mix'd flats and sharps,
 Nine Genevese snuff-boxes set up their harps,
 She beat, on a salt-box, a rat-a-tat tap,
 She cuff'd the blue page in the chimney-pot cap.
 Till shawls and Good b'ye put an end to the show,
 Whips whirling above, and wheels creaking below.

The tides of half London then ran in one channel,
And many a pole splinter'd many a pannel.
Now, wheel clasp'g wheel, no retreaters, all strivers,
And every think lock'd, but the jaws of the drivers!
My Sibyl, Dame Carter, thus cried, with emotion,
"Thine, Minos, the earth is, and thine is the ocean,
"The skies are still open to suit our occasion—
"Forgive, mighty Jove, the audacious invasion."
Once more then we mounted our dragon-drawn car,
Once more o'er the ocean we journey'd afar;
Once more by the shopman awaked from my nap,
I found that Webb Hall had dropp'd into my lap;
Once more, Hudson River, I gazed on thy stream:
In short—"I awoke, and behold, 'twas a dream!"

S. B.

LETTERS FROM ENGLAND. BY M. DE ST. FOIX.

LETTER X.

London, Wednesday, Oct. 8th, 1817.

I HAVE just come from seeing St. Paul's Cathedral. I had been reading something about it last night, and this morning I by accident found myself on the bridge of Blackfriars, from which, as I have learned since, there is the best view of it that can be had any where; though even from that point it is seen to great disadvantage, as the whole of its lower order is concealed by the surrounding buildings. I have not, of late, been very apt to be surprised; but I was so, and with a very fine effect, by the first unexpected view of this most stupendous temple. I had passed half over the bridge before I saw the Cathedral, or knew that it was in sight; but turning on the left hand to look at the scenery on the banks of the Thames, it stood before me with a look of grandeur and beauty of which I had formed no previous idea. After having passed all the rest of the day in examining it from every point of view, I do not hesitate to tell you that, as a whole which can be taken in the eye at once, I think the Cathedral of the city of London must be the finest thing in the world! Perhaps the finest that ever has been in the world. In saying this, I do not forget that the Parthenon once existed, and that St. Peter's still does exist.

Though I would not venture to decide, even for myself, without seeing St. Peter's, yet I am disposed to rank the Cathedral of London before it; for it is quite possible to carry mere size too far—and I think this must have been done in St. Peter's. It must be too large for all its parts to conduce to one general effect.

With respect to the Parthenon, I should think that for beauty—pure, chaste, affecting beauty—arising from the entire symmetry, consistency, and simplicity of all its parts, and the marvellous skill and character of its sculptural ornaments, that temple must have been the most perfect work that was ever produced by the hands of man. But that beauty was to be attributed chiefly to its comparative smallness; which justified the architect in bestowing so much labour on the details, because it enabled the spectator to appreciate them;—and also to the simplicity of its form, which from any one point of view produced all its effects immediately and at once. But then the inferior size

of the Parthenon, and the extreme simplicity of its form, prevented it from producing those elevated and elevating feelings, which are the grandest achievements of works of art; and which are (at least in architecture) the results of vastness of size, and variety and consistency of parts so combined as to produce unity of effect.

The praisers of the Parthenon overlay it with all kinds of incongruous epithets. They call it sublime, and beautiful, and awful, and I know not what besides,—as if it were possible for all these attributes to belong to any one thing at one and the same time! The truth is, the Parthenon was beautiful—beautiful even to absolute perfection—but nothing else. Or if it might be said to have a character of majesty, it was that majesty which accompanies perfect beauty—precisely the majesty of a beautiful human face. I will venture to compare the Parthenon to the Venus, and St. Paul's to the Apollo. If I am entitled to judge of the Parthenon merely from an acquaintance with its architectural parts through the medium of descriptions and engravings, and from seeing the fragments which exist of its sculptural ornaments, I should think the effect produced by it as a whole must have been precisely of the same character with that produced by the Venus: a feeling in which art, *as art*, has no connexion whatever. In that work, art has reached that consummate point of perfection—that acmè, at which it ceases *to be* art, and becomes nature. We do not *admire* the Venus. We do not think of it as of a work of art, any more than we think of a beautiful human form as a work of art. It stands before us in all the shrinking loveliness of a living woman—in all the breathing beauty of a glorious human creature. We love it with the real affections that belong to flesh and blood; because it never carries us beyond ourselves—because we perpetually feel a kindred with it. The Venus is one among the examples which prove that Nature triumphs every where: even in the very centre of the domains of Art itself. The Parthenon is another of these examples. What I mean by saying that in these two works Nature has triumphed in the midst of Art, is, that the real admirers of them would never for an instant cease gazing at their beauty, in order to exclaim on the wondrous skill which produced them.

I am wandering as usual; but you know how apt one fine thing is to lead me among the images of a host of others. Five minutes ago I was in modern London; and now I have been luxuriating in ancient Athens, till I hardly know my way back again.

St. Paul's, I repeat, is perhaps a finer work, with reference to *itself*, than the Parthenon was. The effects resulting from the contemplation of the modern building, are certainly less difficult to produce than those from the ancient one; but, when produced, they are more valuable. I should think the Parthenon was looked at with one single feeling of intense but tranquil pleasure—a full, total, unmixed delight. St. Paul's calls up feelings of a more elevated, a more impressive, and a more lasting character. Those feelings vary from time to time as you continue looking, till at last they resolve themselves into a lofty, but indefinite admiration; which lifts you above yourself and the earth, and the things of it; and inspires you with a moral assurance of the possibility of something infinitely greater, better, and happier. It is with reference to its power of suggesting such feelings as these, that I

have ventured to compare St. Paul's to the Apollo. But let it not be forgotten that in standing before St. Paul's and the Apollo, we never *forget* that they are works of art; in gazing on the Parthenon and the Venus we never *remember* it: and this alone, with reference to the skill of the artists who produced them, places the latter in a higher class of art than that of the former.

You see I cannot help sometimes speaking and thinking of the Parthenon as if it still existed. In fact it has so long been the favourite image of my contemplation among works of art, and I have taken such pains, or rather pleasure, in making myself acquainted with all its parts, separately and together,—that I can now, without any difficulty, call it up before me, as it stood before Pericles twenty-three centuries ago, in all its matchless beauty.

I cannot help being amused at fancying what the Londoners would say to my praises of their Cathedral. I am sure they would *think* them quite extravagant, if they did not say so. They do not seem to have an idea even of its comparative size. I dare say not ten among the tens of thousands who pass by it every day, have ever looked at it at all;—and those who have, seem to want either taste to perceive its beauties, or enthusiasm to admire them. They go to Paris and stare at every thing in stupid wonder, and then come back and pass by their own magnificent Cathedral, without seeming to know it stands there; though Paris contains nothing of the same kind that can approach to a comparison with it. There is, to be sure, one excuse for this: St. Paul's is so hideously clogged up on all sides with houses, that it *may* be passed without being observed, if it is not looked for. It would certainly be worth while to establish a despotic monarchy in this country for one twelvemonth, if one could be sure the holder of it would have taste enough to employ part of the time in battering down all the buildings that stand within a few hundred yards of St. Paul's, on every side. I cannot think of any mischief he would be able to do in the rest of the time for which *this* would not compensate. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

London, Oct. 8, 1817.

You'll say it was not without reason that I warned you not to pay too much attention to my first impressions. Indeed, first impressions are valuable only when they are duly appreciated *as such*. I told you that I hated London: and afterwards, that the more I saw of it, the more I hated it:—but now that I have seen still more of it, I begin to think it a very fine place indeed. I believe, after all, the only way to judge, or to communicate our judgment properly, on any subject, is to put down our impressions about it exactly in the order and degree in which they occur, and then to balance and decide on those impressions:—not to suffer the various and contending feelings that we experience on almost every subject to arrange and amalgamate *themselves* (as they inevitably will do, if left to themselves,) into a crude and shapeless mass, which can never afterwards be separated, or applied to any good purpose, either for ourselves or others.

I have now seen enough of London to be able to give you my impressions about it as a whole; but I find that, from the necessarily indistinct nature of those impressions, I can only give them to you

negatively, or by comparison. The general aspect, then, of London is quite inferior to that of Paris. London has all the faults of great cities, in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other: and yet it seems to me to want almost all their redeeming virtues. There is no grandeur of effect arising from any one part of it, because from its immense extent, and from the purely accidental nature of the circumstances which have given rise to the different arrangements of it, there is no consistency, completeness, or totality of effect any where; and because the public buildings are so scattered about, as to lose all power of producing an impression, except one by one. And then London is neither old enough nor young enough to excite any interest on either of those accounts. It has none of the venerableness of antiquity, and none of the splendour of newness—none of the wild interest of a half civilized city, and none of the beautiful uniformity of an over-civilized one. There are no parts of it that rest upon, and recur to the memory spontaneously—such as the Boulevards, or the Quai des Thuilleries, or the place de Louis XV. at Paris. In short, London, unlike most other great cities, cannot be described so as to produce any distinct ideas of it. Rousseau might have said that its characteristic is, that it has no characteristic at all.

Yet notwithstanding all this, London contains, in detail, much to interest and be admired. I have passed the last few days in wandering about in the vicinity of the Parks, and in that part in which are situated the town residences of the nobility, and persons not connected with commerce. The Parks are most delightful places, quite unlike any thing elsewhere. They are large open spaces, several miles in circumference, covered with turf, and ornamented with plantations, sheets of water, inclosures containing deer, cattle, &c., and are intersected by roads and walks in all directions. It is in one of these Parks that all the fashionables of London meet before dinner every Sunday during the greater part of the year. On a fine day, the throng of carriages is so great, and the mode of their entering and going out is so badly arranged, that they are frequently locked together for an hour or two without moving. The horsemen ride in and out between the wheels of the carriages with great dexterity, and in a way that would quite astonish a Parisian promeneur in the Bois de Boulogne. But the Parks can scarcely be considered as parts of London, though they are situated in, and inclosed by it on all sides. They are like spots of land lying in the centre of the domain of an all-grasping proprietor, but which he has not yet been able to place his hands upon; and I dare say the Londoners think them blemishes accordingly.

The squares, which are chiefly situated at this end of the town are much the finest parts of London. They are large ranges of buildings, with open spaces in the centre, like the Place Vendôme. They are either circular or square, but are called squares, whatever their form may be. The spaces in the middle are laid out as gardens, with pieces of water, statues of celebrated men, &c. The want of uniformity in the plans of the houses, and the bare and Quaker-like simplicity of English domestic architecture, destroy all the grandeur of effect which might be made to result from this mode of building: but yet these squares are greatly superior to any thing else of the kind that I have seen in great cities. I am told London contains not less than three or four

and twenty of these squares, none of which are smaller than the Place Vendôme; and many are nearly as large as the Place de Louis XV. One of the largest of these is Grosvenor Square. The centre is occupied by a garden, laid out with an eye to uniformity, and, at the same time, to the concealment of it. It is covered with turf, and planted with trees, shrubs, flowers, &c., and intersected by gravel-walks; and the whole is enclosed by handsome iron rails. No one has access to these gardens but the inhabitants of each square respectively; and you never see any one walking in them but nursery-maids with children. Immediately outside the iron-railing there is a wide-paved carriage-way; beyond that a foot-path of smooth flat stones; and then the houses. Of the ranges of houses that form the extremity of the square, it is singular that there are not two alike. You may easily guess the strange effect of this, in so large a range of buildings. Some are of stone, and others stuccoed, but the chief part are of different-coloured bricks; and the style of architecture is different in them all—or rather there is no style at all in any. There is no uniformity even in their heights,—which produces a worse effect than any thing else. They are all very low, most of them having only two stories, and none more than three.

In trying to discover whether any good can be imagined to result from this irregular style of building, I have found, or fancied, that each particular house, being thus marked and distinguished from its neighbour, suggests the idea of *property* much more readily than it would do if all were alike:—and this feeling is no unimportant one in the consideration of an Englishman:—so that it is probable the sum of pleasure gained by the owner of each house being able to think of, and recognise it as *his own*, is greater than would result from the admiration of strangers, if the various buildings had formed one grand and uniform whole. And this feeling is never disturbed by two or more families residing in one house—at least in this part of the town. Where lodgings are to be let, it is generally in a row of small houses which are all alike, and not one of which, perhaps, actually belongs to the inhabitant of it,—but the whole to some one person, who has probably called the street or place by his own name. There is no country in the world where the feeling of *property* is so restless and intense as it is in England. Those who have money here generally embark it in something that they can set their mark upon, so as to look at it, and call it their own. An Englishman does not seem to be sure that his house will not be claimed by some one else, unless he makes it unlike all others, and puts his name upon it:—he cannot be certain that his little plot of land will not escape from under his feet, until he has hemmed it in by a high paling, or a thick impenetrable hedge.

In my next I shall tell you something of the most remarkable public buildings; and in the order, or rather the disorder, in which they occur in my walks, and in my note-book.

D. S. F.

TABLE TALK.—NO. IV.

BURLEIGH HOUSE.

BURLEIGH, thy groves are leafless, thy walls are naked—

“And dull, cold winter does inhabit here.”

The yellow evening rays gleam through thy fretted Gothic windows, but I only feel the rustling of withered branches strike chill to my breast; it was not so twenty years ago. Thy groves were leafless then as now; it was the middle of winter twice that I visited thee before; but the lark mounted in the sky, and the sun smote my youthful blood with its slant ray, and the ploughman whistled as he drove his team afield; Hope spread out its glad vistas through thy fair domains, oh, Burleigh! Fancy decked thy walls with works of sovereign art, and it was spring, not winter, in my breast. All was the same, like a pe-trifaction of the mind—the same things in the same places; but their effect was not the same upon me. I was twenty years the worse for *wear and tear*. What was become of the never-ending studious thoughts that brought their own reward or promised good to mankind? of the tears that started welcome and unbidden? of the sighs that whispered future peace? of the smiles that shone, not in my face, indeed, but that cheered my heart, and made a sunshine there when all was gloom around? That fairy vision—that invisible glory, by which I was once attended—ushered into life, had left my side, and “faded to the light of common day,” and I saw what was, or had been—not what might lie hid in Time’s bright circle and golden chaplet! Perhaps this is the characteristic difference between youth and a later period of life—that we learn to take things more as we find them, call them more by their right names; that we feel the warmth of summer, but the winter’s cold as well; that we see beauties, but can spy defects in the fairest face; and no longer look at every thing through the genial atmosphere of our own existence. We grow more literal and less credulous every day, lose much enjoyment, and gain some useful, and more useless knowledge. The second time I passed along the road that skirts Burleigh Park, the morning was dank and “ways were mire.” I saw and felt it not: my mind was otherwise engaged. Ah! thought I, there is that fine old head by Rembrandt; there, within those cold grey walls, the painter of old age is enshrined, immortalized in some of his inimitable works. The name of Rembrandt lives in the fame of him who stamped it with renown, while the name of Burleigh is kept up by the present owner. An artist survives in the issue of his brain to all posterity—a lord is nothing without the issue of his body lawfully begotten, and is lost in a long line of illustrious ancestors. So much higher is genius than rank—such is the difference between fame and title! A great man in one way bestrides two centuries—it requires twenty generations of a noble house to keep alive the memory of the first founder for the same length of time. So I reasoned, and was not a little proud of my discovery.

In this dreaming mood, dreaming of deathless works and deathless names, I went on to Peterborough, passing, as it were, under an arch-way of Fame,

———“and still walking under,
Found some new matter to look up and wonder.”

I had business there: I will not say what. I could at this time do nothing. I could not write a line—I could not draw a stroke. “I was brutish;” though not “like warlike as the wolf, nor subtle as the fox for prey.” In words, in look, in deeds, I was no better than a changeling. Why then do I set so much value on my existence formerly? Oh God! that I could but be for one day, one hour, nay but for an instant, (to feel it in all the plenitude of unconscious bliss, and take one long, last, lingering draught of that full brimming cup of thoughtless freedom,) what then I was—that I might, as in a trance, a waking dream, hear the hoarse murmur of the bargemen, as the Minster tower appeared in the dim twilight, come up from the willowy stream, sounding low and underground like the voice of the bittern—that I might paint that field opposite the window where I lived, and feel that there was a green, dewy moisture in the tone, beyond my pencil’s reach, but thus gaining almost a new sense, and watching the birth of new objects without me—that I might stroll down Peterborough bank, (a winter’s day,) and see the fresh marshes stretching out in endless level perspective, (as if Paul Potter had painted them,) with the cattle, the windmills, the red-tiled cottages, gleaming in the sun to the very verge of the horizon, and watch the field-fares in innumerable flocks, gambolling in the air, and sporting in the sun, and racing before the clouds, making summersaults, and dazzling the eye by throwing themselves into a thousand figures and movements—that I might go, as then, a pilgrimage to the town where my mother was born, and visit the poor farm-house where she was brought up, and leau upon the gate where she told me she used to stand when a child of ten years old and look at the setting sun.—I could do all this still, but it would be with different feelings. As our hopes leave us, we lose even our interest and regrets for the past. I had at this time, simple as I seemed, many resources. I could in some sort “play at bowls with the sun or moon;” or at any rate, there was no question in metaphysics that I could not bandy to and fro, as one might play at cup and ball, for twenty, thirty, forty miles of the great north road, and at it again, the next day, as fresh as ever. I soon get tired of this now, and wonder how I managed formerly. I knew Tom Jones by heart, and was deep in Peregrine Pickle. I was intimately acquainted with all the heroes and heroines of Richardson’s romances, and could turn from one to the other as I pleased. I could con over that single passage in Pamela about “her lumpish heart,” and never have done admiring the skill of the author and the truth of nature. I had my sports and recreations too, some such as these following:—

“To see the sun to bed, and to arise,
Like some hot amourist, with glowing eyes,
Bursting the lazy bands of sleep that bound him,
With all his fires and travelling glories round him.
Sometimes the moon on soft night clouds to rest,
Like beauty nestling in a young man’s breast,
And all the winking stars, her handmaids, keep
Admiring silence while those lovers sleep.
Sometimes outstretcht, in very idleness,
Nought doing, saying little, thinking less,
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,
Go eddying round; and small birds, how they fare,

When Mother Autumn fills their beaks with corn,
 Filch'd from the careless Amalthea's horn :
 And how the woods berries and worms provide
 Without their pains, when earth has nought beside
 To answer their small wants.
 To view the graceful deer come tripping by,
 Then stop and gaze, then turn, and know not why,
 Like bashful youngers in society.
 To mark the structure of a plant or tree,
 And all fair things of earth, how fair they be.

I have wandered far enough from Burleigh-House, but I had some associations about it, which I could not well get rid of, without troubling the reader with them. The Rembrandts disappointed me quite. I could hardly find a trace of the impression which had been inlaid in my imagination. I might as well

"Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream."

Instead of broken wrinkles and indented flesh, I saw hard lines and stained canvass. I had seen better Rembrandts since, and had learned to see Nature better. It was painting my old woman's head and verifying the dim floating notions I had before, that put me up to the right thing. Was it a disadvantage then, that for twenty years I had carried this fine idea in my brain, enriching it from time to time from my observations of nature or art, and raising it as they were raised; or did it much signify that it was disturbed at last? Neither. The picture was nothing to me: it was the idea it had suggested. The one hung on the wall at Burleigh, the other was an heir-loom in my mind. Was it destroyed, because the picture after long absence did not answer to it? No. There were other pictures in the world that did, and objects in nature still more perfect. This is the melancholy privilege of art; it exists chiefly in idea, and leads to nothing beyond itself. If we are disappointed in the character of one we love, it breaks the illusion altogether, for we drew certain consequences from a face. If an old friendship is broken up, we cannot tell how to replace it, without the aid of habit and a length of time. But a picture is nothing but a face, it interests us only in idea. Hence we need never be afraid of raising our standard of taste too high; for the mind rises with it, exalted and refined, and can never be much injured by finding out its casual mistakes. Like the possessor of a splendid collection, who is indifferent to or turns away from common pictures, we have a selecter gallery in our own minds. In this sense, the knowledge of art is *its own exceeding great reward*. But is there not danger that you may become too fastidious, and have nothing left to admire? None: for the conceptions of the human soul cannot rise superior to the power of art; or if they do, then you have surely every reason to be satisfied with them. The mind, in what depends on itself alone, "soon rises from defeat unhurt," though its pride may be for a moment "humbled by such rebuke,"

"And in its liquid texture mortal wound
 Receives no more than can the fluid air."

As an illustration of the same thing, there are two Claudes at Burleigh, which certainly do not come up to the celebrity of the artist's name. They did not hit me formerly: the sky, the water, the trees

seemed all too blue, too much of the colour of indigo. But I believed, and wondered. I could no longer admire these specimens of the artist at present, but assuredly my admiration of the artist himself was not less than before; for since then, I had seen other works by the same hand,

—“Inimitable on earth
By model or by shading pencil drawn,”—

surpassing every idea that the mind could form of art, except by having seen them. I remember one in particular that Walsh Porter had (a bow-shot beyond all others)—a vernal landscape, an “Hesperian fable true,” with a blue unclouded sky, and green trees and grey turrets and the unruffled sea beyond. But never was there sky so soft or trees so clad with spring, such air-drawn towers or such halcyon seas; Zephyr seemed to fan the air, and Nature looked on and smiled. The name of Claude has alone something in it that soften and harmonizes the mind. It touches a magic chord. Oh! matchless scenes, oh! orient skies, bright with purple and gold, ye opening glades and distant sunny vales, glittering with fleecy flocks, pour all your enchantment into my soul, let it reflect your chastened image, and forget all meaner things! Perhaps the most affecting tribute to the memory of this great artist is the character drawn of him by an eminent master in his *Dream of a Painter*.

“On a sudden I was surrounded by a thick cloud or mist, and my guide wafted me through the air till we alighted on a most delicious rural spot. I perceived it was the early hour of the morn, when the sun had not risen above the horizon. We were alone, except that at a little distance a young shepherd played on his flageolet as he walked before his herd, conducting them from the fold to the pasture. The elevated pastoral air he played charmed me by its simplicity, and seemed to animate his obedient flock. The atmosphere was clear and perfectly calm: and now the rising sun gradually illumined the fine landscape, and began to discover to our view the distant country of immense extent. I stood awhile in expectation of what might next present itself of dazzling splendour, when the only object which appeared to fill this natural, grand and simple scene, was a rustic who entered, not far from the place where we stood, who by his habiliments seemed nothing better than a peasant; he led a poor little ass, which was loaded with all the implements required by a painter in his work. After advancing a few paces, he stood still, and with an air of rapture seemed to contemplate the rising sun; he next fell on his knees, directed his eyes towards Heaven, crossed himself, and then went on with eager looks, as if to make choice of the most advantageous spot from which to make his studies as a painter. ‘This,’ said my conductor, ‘is that Claude Gellée of Lorraine, who nobly disdaining the low employment to which he was originally bred, left it with all its advantages of competence and ease to embrace his present state of poverty, in order to adorn the world with works of most accomplished excellence.’”

There is a little Paul Brill at Burleigh, in the same room with the Rembrandts, that dazzled me many years ago and delighted me the other day. It looked as sparkling as if the sky came through the frame. I found or fancied I found, those pictures the best that I remembered before, though they might in the interval have faded a little to my eyes, or lost some of their original brightness. I did not see the small head of Queen Mary by Holbein, which formerly struck me so forcibly; but I have little doubt of it, for Holbein was a sure hand, he only wanted effect, and this picture looked through you. One of my

old favourites was the head of an angel by Guido, nearly a profile, looking up, and with wings behind the back. It was hung lower than it used to be, and had, I thought, a look less ærial, less heavenly; but there was still a pulpy softness in it, a tender grace, an expression unutterable—which only the pencil, *his* pencil, could convey. And are we not then beholden to the art for these glimpses of Paradise? Surely, there is a sweetness in Guido's heads, as there is also a music in his name. If Raphael did more, it was not with the same ease. His heads have more meaning, but the others have a look of youthful innocence which his are without. As to the boasted picture of Christ by Carlo Dolce, if a well-painted table-cloth and silver cup are worth three thousand guineas, the picture is, but not else. Yet one touch of Paul Veronese is worth all this enamelling twice over. The head has a wretched mawkish expression, utterly unbecoming the character it professes to represent. But I will say no more about it. The Bath of Seneca is one of Luca Jordano's best performances, and has considerable interest and effect. Among other historical designs, there is one of Jacob's Dreams, with the angels ascending and descending on a kind of stairs. The conception is very answerable to the subject, but the execution is not in any high degree spirited or graceful. The mind goes away no gainer by the bargain. Rembrandt alone perhaps could add any thing to this subject. Of him it might be said, that "his light shone in darkness." The wreaths of flowers and foliage carved in wood on the wainscots and ceiling of many of the rooms, by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons in Charles the Second's time, show a wonderful lightness and facility of hand, and give pleasure to the eye. The other ornaments and curiosities I need not mention, as they are carefully pointed out by the housekeeper to the admiring visiter. There are two heads, however, (one of them happens to have a screen placed before it) which I would by no means have him to pass over, if he is an artist, or feels the slightest interest in the art. They are, I should suppose unquestionably, the original studies by Raphael of the heads of the Virgin and Joseph in his famous picture of the Madonna of the Cradle. The Virgin is particularly beautiful, and in the finest preservation, as indeed are all his genuine pictures. The canvass is not quite covered in some places; the colours are as fresh as if newly laid on, and the execution is as firm and vigorous as if his hand had just left it. It shows how this artist wrought. The head is, no doubt, a highly-finished study from nature, done for a particular purpose, and worked up according to the painter's conception of that purpose, but still retaining all the force and truth of individuality. He got all he could from Nature, and gave all he could to her in return. If Raphael had merely sketched this divine face on the canvass from the idea in his own mind, why not stamp it on the larger composition at once? He could work it up and refine upon it there just as well, and it would almost necessarily undergo some alteration in being transferred thither afterwards. But if it was done as a careful copy from Nature in the first instance, this was the only way in which he could proceed, or indeed by which he could arrive at such consummate excellence. The head of the Joseph (leaning on the hand and looking down) is fine, but neither so fine as the companion to it, nor is it by any means so elaborately worked up in the present sketch.

I am no teller of stories; but there is one belonging to Burleigh-House, of which I happen to know some of the particulars. The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like." He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who, having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hodnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighbourhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was odd how he got his livelihood, and at last, he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honourable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from her father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh-Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion. As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh-House, it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. The world we live in was worth making, had it been only for this. *Ye Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment!* hide your diminished heads! I never wished to have been a lord but when I think of this story.

SONNET.

Darkness! I love thee; for methinks my soul
Steps from its earthly threshold forth at large
Into thee, fleet and free, as is the barge
To whom th' horizon is the only goal.
Darkness! I love thee, for thou art the birth
Of infant thought; and though thy hue be sad
And thy dusk form in sombre garment clad,
Still there are in thee worlds of dreamy mirth.
E'en when the weary thoughts are sleeping, then
The tingling minutes sound like tiny bell
From distant sheep-fold heard, and to the ken
Is dimly ministrant the vision's spell.
Darkness! I love thee, and to be all thine
In death, methinks I would not much repine.

Y.

THE CONFESSIONAL.

NO. II.—LOVE.

"I have done penance for contemning love ;
 Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
 With bitter fasts, and penitential groans,
 With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs :
 For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
 Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of my own heart's sorrow."

Old Play. -

AND must I bring to an end the relation of this my first delightful excursion into the confines of Love's Kingdom; I would fain have left it where it is. I might then have half-fancied, as I more than half wish, that it never *had* ended. They might then have written on my tomb, "He too was an Arcadian." But this was not to be. I was reserved to write these Confessions, which is a little hard upon me, considering that, however sanguine I may be as to the good effect they will produce, I cannot believe the world will gain by them what I have lost—so that the sacrifice will not be an equitable one. But it is worse than useless to think of this now. This first love ended, then, as all first-love should end, if at all,—namely, just where it began. These nightly meetings were repeated as often as I chose to seek them; that is to say, every night, night after night, for months and months. I used to go to the corner of the little court at dusk every evening, as regularly as the dusk came; and the stately daughter of the old fortune-teller used to look for the one as naturally as she did for the other. Spring, summer, or winter—hail, rain, or shine—there I was, as regular a watcher as the stars, and as happy a one. Whether the object for which I was watching came to me in person, or not, very soon became a matter almost of indifference to me. She always came to me in idea, and this was enough for me; for it was the *idea* of her that I had all along been loving. On fine warm moonlight nights in particular, this idea used to come to me of itself, and compass me all about, as the halo does the moon which it seems to love. And even on bitter cold or rainy nights, if the frost for a moment pinched this one self-existent idea out of me, or the rain washed it away, one glance at her window when a light was flitting by it, or one moment of anxious listening at the door as her footstep was heard on the stairs, brought it back to me in all its strength and beauty.* And when the time came for me to go home, I went contentedly, almost forgetting that I had not seen her.

How long my love could have sustained itself on this last seemingly meagre diet, there is no telling. I doubt, not long; for they say it cannot even "live on flowers." How, then, must it have fared on the mere shadows of flowers? But about twice a week upon an average I was permitted to look on the fruit itself, in all its ripe fragrance; and one of these visitations was enough to feed even to fulness an imagination that has always had the power of sustaining itself for a long while

* The reader will be good enough to bear in mind that these insights into love's mysteries have come to me *since*. Happily for me, I knew as little of the *rationale* of them then, as the stock-dove knows of the murmuring that it sends into the haunted air, after its absent mate.

together, on "theameleon's dish." And as to its hankering after any *change* of fair, what does the young unbacked colt seek for, but the green grass and the fresh spring? And do not these sustain his spirits and his strength, so that, naked as he is, he can hunt the wind for sport, and toss up his head and send forth his happy voice, to greet the descending rain-storm? But when he has been a little while in harness, alas! the case is altered. He finds grass and water but washy fare; and if you would keep up his courage and his beauty, and have him do his work without flogging, young as he is, you must pamper him with heating hay, stimulating corn, and warm mashies; and his body must be "clothed in purple and fine linen," even in the hot stable.

Thus it *was* with me, and thus it *is*. But I am at present only to speak of what was. This thinking, and looking, and listening, varied as it now and then was by the *sauce piquante* of smilings and hand-pressings,—this *toujours perdrix*—was to me dainty fare; and I call love to witness that I could have been content with it all my days, without ever looking for better, or even fancying that there *was* better; which, indeed, I am far from being satisfied of to this day, unless the natural effect of better be to waste and wither one away to a mere anatomy, mind and body, leaving one no faith in goodness but as the absence of evil, no knowledge of joy but as the opposite of sorrow, no sense of life but that which consists in the fear of death.

No; *sans* question, mind is a kind of cameleon, in more respects than that of changing its colour in compliment to that with which it is in contact. "Air, thin air," is its natural and favourite food; and without this it dies, or worse than dies—becoming absorbed and blended with its antagonist, body. True, it is a perfect epicure in this one dish, and loves to have it dressed in as many different fashions as the king's cook boasted that he could dress an old pair of boots; but air it must be still. For this it has a stronger affinity than for all other substances, and consequently attracts it from them all, as the metals attract oxygen. And truth to say, in virtue of this affinity, it not seldom (like them) forms somewhat unseemly and intractable calxes, not much available for the common purposes of life, until they are again purged and *purified* (as it is called) by passing them through the fire of custom and society. This purification, such as it is, brings all right again, as the abettors of it would have us believe: and perhaps they are not very far from the truth after all; for by this process the vital air becomes again liberated, to be again absorbed by fresh aspirants after it; and thus is fulfilled that perpetual change which seems to be the fiat of Nature—thus circles the wheel of human life—"thus runs the world away."

But my spirit is getting into its laboratory again, and, with a "strange alchemy," is once more pursuing what it knows to be a fruitless search after the only *elixir vitæ*. And oh—to have been a real alchemist! In those days the hieroglyphical robe, and the velvet cap, were "your only wear." To have been a sincere and confirmed alchemist must have been even better than to be a lover, in the proportion of a whole long life to a triad of short years. But to have been a lover for the first three years of youth, and an alchemist all the rest of one's days, must doubtless have been the *ne plus ultra* of

human existence: for I hold that to feel the indestructible hope of finding the philosopher's stone, and the elixir vitæ, was, in fact, already to possess them. Certes, an alchemist's laboratory was the only true Paradise of the mind, when science was young; and modern chemistry was the devil that tempted the innocent imagination to eat of the tree of knowledge—and die.

Once more I call home my wandering thoughts to the task which they have imposed on themselves. The French Academicians kindly informs us that “il n'est pas impossible qu'il-y-ait un amour exempt de grossièreté.”—Indeed, Messieurs les Academiciens! In return, I will inform them, that love not merely *may* exist exempt from “grossièreté,” but that these are absolutely incompatible with each other, and cannot exist together. Rousseau knew a little better than his old enemies, on this subject—and, indeed, on most others. But luckily for a theory that I possess on this head, Rousseau was not a Frenchman. He probably knew more on the subject of love than any other man that ever lived, Shakspeare excepted. In his two great works, the *Nouvelle Heloise* and the *Confessions*, there is more actual knowledge on this subject than in any other works existing, or perhaps than all other works together—with the one exception I have named. I do not mean by this to state that Rousseau has not fallen into inconsistencies and contradictions; for several might be pointed out in each of the above works. If a man possess a large fund of knowledge on any given subject, it by no means follows that he shall be able to bring it all to a rational and consistent bearing on any one point. On the contrary, the very weight and multiplicity of his stores may hamper and confuse him; and thus in part neutralize the effect of their own power. But I do not mean, either, to say that this is frequently the case with Rousseau. It is, in fact, very seldom the case; and, on the whole, his writings may be regarded as containing a body of acquired, as well as intuitive knowledge on the subject of love, that will be looked for in vain elsewhere.—Now, as there is no denying that this my first youthful passion did, for some reason or other, come to an end in reality, and must therefore come to an end in this relation of it, I shall let Rousseau endeavour to account for its cessation; for I have been dwelling so long and so bitter-sweetly on the remembrance of its existence, that I can scarcely bring myself to think of it as at an end, even now—much less try to penetrate into the cause of its untimely death.—“On n'aime point si l'on n'est aimé; du moins on n'aime pas long-temps. Ces passions sans retour qui font, dit-on, tant de malheureux, ne sont fondées que sur les sens; si quelques-unes pénètrent jusqu'à l'âme, c'est par des rapports faux dont on est bientôt détrompé. L'amour sensuel ne peut se passer de la possession, et s'éteint par elle. Le véritable amour ne peut se passer du cœur.”—*Nouvelle Heloise*.*

* “Love cannot subsist unless it be mutual. At least, it cannot subsist for any great length of time. Those unrequited passions which are said to be the cause of such lasting misery, have their roots fixed in the senses: or if any of them penetrate into the soul, it is on false conclusions, in regard to which we are soon undeceived. Sensual love seeks for possession alone, and is extinguished by it; but that which truly merits the name of Love, craves the heart, and cannot subsist without it.”

In the above passage Rousseau has not been so clear and perspicuous in his mode

Thus, then, I must be content to think it was with me. That my love was the "*véritable*," I will never cease to believe—that it was no more connected with, or dependant on, the senses, than if the senses did not exist. And yet it ceased. I feel too, now,—(though I did not feel it then)—that my love was not returned,—at least *in kind*. It follows then, that as "*le véritable amour ne peut se passer du cœur*," and as mine could not meet with this necessary of its life, it died a natural though an untimely death.

I have said that I did not perceive the want of this essential to my love's continuance at the time it did continue. And how should I?—I did not possess it; but it possessed me. That which it taught me, I knew; and I sought to know no more:—that which it bade me do, I did; and did not try to do more. But this was not enough to gain the indispensable condition of its existence. A woman's heart was never yet gained without being sought; and a lover of fifteen never *seeks* any thing. He takes what is given to him, and is content,—making out the rest from the yet unexhausted stores which he brought with him,

"From that imperial palace whence he came."

I used to watch and wait upon my mistress with the constancy and regularity of a pilgrim at the shrine of his saint; and no doubt *my* saint was as pleased with this kind of homage as the pilgrim's is with that which he pays to *her*. It was so far so good, in both cases. But in neither case can this be expected to win the worshipped into the performance of miracles in favour of the votaries. Those who look for canonization must undergo penance and martyrdom; whereas my love, instead of being a penance, was a perpetual self-renewing of delight—it was "*its own exceeding great reward*."—*She*, it is true, was content with the kind of homage I paid her, and I was more than content with the smiles and kind words that she gave me in return: but love is not so soon satisfied. He is, to say the truth, "*un peu exigeant*," and is not to be put off with these idle toys on either side of the question. According to his notions of casuistry, "*exchange*" is not only "*no robbery*," but every thing short of exchange *is* robbery. This lady—(for she *was* a lady, though she did live in a little court—a lady of Nature's own making)—this lady had received my heart into her keeping, without offering to give me hers in return; very naturally concluding, that a boy of fifteen would not know what to do with it. But love does not sanction this mode of dealing: so, after letting her keep it and play with it for a time—(perhaps in order to try if he could tempt her to part with hers in exchange, and thus make mischief, "*as is his wont*,") he brought it back to me, and put it into its place again, without my ever having missed it. And how should I, when I was ten thousand times happier without it than I have ever been since with it?

Hastening at once to the end of this my first tale—(to others, I am almost afraid, it has been "*a tedious brief history*,"—but to me, long and sweet as a green lane in the country, "*in the pleasant month of June*")—I will only add, that in the midst of these nightly watchings

of expression as he usually is. He evidently means to say, that merely sensual passion is likely to last till it gains the possession that it seeks—and then to be extinguished; but that mental love cannot long endure, without a return.

and meetings, and just after I had received a special evidence of my mistress's favour, in her spontaneously offering to mark some handkerchiefs for me, and doing them *with her own hair*,—(the last of which, I grieve to say, has only within this year or two unaccountably disappeared,)—in the midst of all this, and without my knowing how or why, I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten the graceful and stately Nancy L——, and was, "some how or other," as the phrase is, become a devoted worshipper at the shrine of another saint—and one as unlike to her from whom I had seceded as the small and delicately-fashioned lily of the valley, is to the majestic queen of the garden, whose family name it bears.

From all this it follows, "as the day the night," that the first love of our youth was not intended to subsist for any great length of time;—that it is born but to die, and in dying fulfils the end of its existence, if it does but leave its features indelibly impressed on the memory,—as it has on mine,—and its image enshrined in the inmost sanctuary of the heart. What, then, is the purest love itself—"qu'est-ce que le véritable amour lui-même si ce n'est chimère, mensonge, illusion?"—What indeed!—But are we to slight and disregard it on this account? Or, rather, is it not in *this* that its most touching beauty, as well as its chief majesty and power, consist? "Shadows," it will be remembered, were able to "strike more terror to the soul of Richard, than could the substance of ten thousand soldiers," &c. And thus it is with the phantoms of our youthful imagination; they give us more pure, real, and intense delight, than can the substance of all the ten thousand realities that we meet with in the whole course of our after-life. Z.

SONNET.

ISCHIA! lone lovely island of the deep,
 Oft has my eye rejoicing gazed from thee
 On the blue waters of Parthenope,
 Lying all bright and blissfully asleep;
 And, o'er their farthest verge, on the fair sweep
 Of classic land where cities wont to be,
 Now choked with smothering ashes, and the sea
 Of liquid fire that down thy blazing steep,
 Vesuvius, flow'd on their devoted head.
 Bright in night's gloom, still, ever and anon,
 Thy flames shoot deep in air, in thunder sped,
 And lava rivers yet roll burning on,
 And still may roll, a thousand ages fled,
 When city, man, and all, save thee, are gone!

SONG.

In my heart Love has built him a bower,
 And there he sleeps all the year round,
 You may rap at the door any hour,
 At home he will surely be found.

If he slumbers, squeeze gently his hand,
 Or a kiss will awake his slight doze,
 If such sly tricks the rogue can withstand,
 Then tweak him, love, hard by the nose.

C.

ITALIAN POETS.—NO. II.

Frederick the Second, and Pietro delle Vigne.

AMONG the productions of the minor poets of Italy we meet with many which were composed fifty, eighty, and even more than a hundred years earlier than the great work of Dante. Although few of them deserve to be mentioned for their intrinsic worth, they are all curious for their extreme antiquity; and some of them afford much assistance in tracing the origin and progress of the language, and the history of manners. The Emperor Frederick the Second and his celebrated minister, Pietro delle Vigne, were, if not the first, certainly the most distinguished and most successful cultivators of Italian literature, and are justly entitled to the praise of being its founders. Pietro delle Vigne, born towards the latter part of the twelfth century, is one of those men of whom much has been written and little has been made known. His talents, his character, his great reputation, his splendid fortunes and his melancholy fate, gave him a claim to the frequent mention of his contemporaries: nor has his name been forgotten by those who have succeeded him. From his time to ours, numerous have been the writers about Pietro delle Vigne; one class of which seems to have been anxious only to exaggerate the romantic part of his character; another, to show off their critical sagacity in tedious refutation of all that is not plain matter-of-fact: the one making large demands upon the credulity, the other, which is worse, upon the patience of their readers. Thus the history of this extraordinary man remains involved in obscurity; and it is singular, that whilst so many have written long tracts to furnish anecdotes about him, or to prove such as exist to be apocryphal, no one has thought proper to write his biography.

Pietro delle Vigne was born at Capua. Of his father we know nothing, and he is never named by himself. His mother's poverty was so extreme, that she was obliged to depend on common charity for support; and after her son had arrived to the dignity of Chancellor of the Empire, he thanks Heaven, "because," says he, in one of his letters, "my poor mother and my poor sister will no longer languish in indigence."^{*} In his early youth he went to the University of Bologna, where he devoted the day to study, and part of the night to soliciting alms through the streets. This resource, far from bringing upon him the contempt of others, was of the greatest service in making still more apparent the energy of his character, the confidence he had in his own genius, and, above all, his undaunted perseverance—a quality the more admired because possessed by very few. Thus he was known by reputation to Frederick the Second, so that he was favourably received when introduced by accident to the presence of that emperor: who, except for the contests he so long maintained with the Papal authority, then in the height of its ascendancy, would have perhaps created a nation out of the Italian people. He was an Italian by birth, and the only successor of the Cæsars who, since the irruption of the Goths, had habitually resided in Italy. His contemporaries not having dared to speak of him with favour, lest they should incur the accusation of heresy, the writers of later times have not been able to rest their opi-

^{*} Petri de Vin. Epist. Vol. II. Ep. 38.

nions on impartial testimony. "Certainly," says the Abbé Denina, "if Frederick the Second had been a Pagan, his ambition, his devotedness to the fair sex, and his disrespect of religion, would never have been numbered among the defects of an Emperor. Hence it is that those writers who are indifferent about Christianity have given him the name of a hero. Great in his conceptions, shrewd in his policy, able as a captain, just in making laws, and severe in executing them, active through the whole of his life, and in possession of his throne for more than half a century, he had at his command all that was necessary to establish and extend a great empire. But he knew not how to adapt himself to the opinions of his age. Perhaps the force of political circumstances opposed itself to his vast designs; and thus it is that the glory he acquired was beneath that which his rare qualities ought to have achieved." Such is the character which an Italian historian, recently deceased, has drawn of Frederick the Second, and which, almost without changing a word, might be equally well applied to any great prince who happened to be an enemy of the Papal power. The abbe was like our modern professed *Artistes d'Histoire*, who are more occupied with the rhetoric of their style and the promotion of their own opinions, than with the facts they detail or the characters they portray. Their descriptions, therefore, consist of those general touches which they call masterly strokes of the pencil; but under their pencils all the details which are most interesting, and all the individual peculiarities which are traced by the hand of that most correct of all artists—Nature herself, utterly disappear. A Dominican friar, named Salimbene, in a Chronicle which, we believe, has never been printed, and of which Muratori and Tiraboschi have published only a few extracts, and, unfortunately, those much too brief, says of Frederick, "He had no great belief in the faith which comes from God. He was very crafty, shrewd, and greedy: loving luxury, mischievous, and much given to wrath. Sometimes he was very dextrous when he would make a show of his goodness and his courtliness. He was sportive, agreeable, and industrious; and he knew well how to read and write, and to sing, and moreover he had the gift of devising pleasant little ballads and sonnets. He was a fair man to look at, very strong, and withal of middling stature. I have sometimes seen him, and my heart was ever drawn towards him. Once did he write in my behalf unto the father Elias, who was general of the order of the Franciscans, that he should, for the love of God, send me back unto my father. Likewise he was skilled in many and divers tongues; and briefly, to make an end of this discourse, if he had been a true Catholic, and had well loved God, and the church, and his own soul, few of the great rulers of the world would have been worthy to be likened unto him."* The original, which we insert in the note, gives a more exact idea of the character and spirit of this artless historian.

* "De fide Dei nihil habebat. Callidus homo fuit, versutus, avarus; luxuriosus, malitiosus, iracundus. Et valens homo fuit interdum, quando voluit bonitates et curialitates suas ostendere. Solatiosus, jucundus, industrius, legere, scribere et cantare sciebat, et cantilenas et cantiones invenire. Pulcher homo et bene fortis, sed mediæ staturæ fuit. Vidi enim eum et aliquando dilexi. Nam pro me scripsit f. Helie generali ministro Ordinis Fratrum Minorum, ut amore Dei me redderet patri meo. Item multis linguis et variis loqui sciebat. Et ut breviter me expediam, si bene fuisset Catholicus, et dilexisset Deum et Ecclesiam et animam suam, paucos habuisset in imperio pares in mundo." Salimbene Cron. ined. cit. apud Tiraboschi Vol. IV. lib. I. p. 9.

On the political character of Frederick and Pietro we should make no observation, were it not necessary to the correct conception of their poetical and literary character; since the one is, in a great degree, the consequence of the other. In the public circumstances of their times it was as much from political motives as from the impulse of their talents, that they cultivated and encouraged literature, and gave the earliest specimens of Italian poetry.

The great superiority of Pietro consisted in his profound knowledge of the civil and canon law, in his dialectic skill in refuting the arguments of the Roman court, and especially in his natural eloquence, mixed with an elegance of language truly surprising for that age. In his numerous letters, which still remain, many of which are written in the name of his master, we find displayed with an irresistible force and evidence, some of the strongest of those arguments which, three centuries later, the Protestants opposed against the temporal authority of the Holy See. Whenever a Pope thundered forth a sentence of excommunication against Frederick, releasing his subjects from their allegiance, and dispossessing him of his realms, his chancellor promptly replied in a letter, which often excited the doubts of the Church herself, whether she had come victorious out of the conflict. We ought not to estimate the efficiency of words by their feeble influence in our times. So much, in the present age, is written for and against all general principles, and even all questions of fact, that, whilst every one reads, very few believe; and we pass from one opinion to another with as little reflection as we take up or fling aside our books. Since literature has become a kind of manufacture, authors the most popular adopt their principles and their manner as the interest of the moment suggests. There are some writers, who, to irritate the public opinion, in order to draw it towards themselves, make hardy professions of greater incredulity than they in fact entertain: others make a vast parade of their zeal for tenets, for which their real regard is quite as questionable. Thus in our days, authors and readers, the learned and the ignorant, the wise and the foolish, poets and divines, kings and ministers, all ramble about without any settled creed, till they are finally lost in the wildest pyrrhonism; and, whilst many of them live without believing in any religion, they die in the belief of all. It was not so in the middle ages; the war of words was then more decisive, because few were capable of carrying it on; and the people, in proportion as they were less vain of their own learning, were more easily persuaded. Frederick II. in the talents and writings of his chancellor, had the means of gaining a victory, which his subjects, whom he could never employ in fighting against the priest, were unable to procure him. The church of Rome—as unhappily, indeed, almost all churches, and, perhaps nearly all individuals, when they find even the most unimportant parts of their doctrines assailed—have generally recourse to accusations of incredulity, and sometimes of direct atheism. To destroy their opponents there are no means which they do not look upon as lawful, and calumny is their favourite, and indeed, the most infallible weapon. In this spirit it was, that a pope wrote thus of Frederick the Second, to an Archbishop of Canterbury:—“*Iste rex pestilentia, à tribus Baratatoribus, ut*

* Matth. Paris ad. an. 1238.

ejus verbis utamur, Christo Jesu, et Moyse, et Mahometo, totum mundum fuisse deceptum, &c." Frederick, in a circular to all the princes of Christianity, formally denies having uttered such expressions; and our Matthew Paris, although a monk, does not seem to have given an implicit faith to the statement of the Pope, and notices the blasphemies imputed to the Emperor as a report rather than a fact. "The same Emperor Fredrick is reported (*fertur*) to have said—although it is unlawful to repeat the words—that Moses, Jesus, and Mahomet, were three jugglers, who skilfully and cunningly deluded all their contemporaries, that they alone might domineer over the world."* But the charge being upheld by the authority of the church, originated and confirmed the story that Frederick the Second and Pietro delle Vigne were the authors of the famous book *de Tribus Impostoribus*, which, from that time forth every one quoted, execrated, and formally refuted, but which no one had ever seen; for, if written at all previous to the eighteenth century, it could not have been so till about the middle of the sixteenth. Monsieur de la Monnoie, whose whole life was devoted to researches concerning the history of typography and libraries, believed, (in the year 1716,) that he had proved to demonstration, that the existence of such a work was a mere chimera.† Either he was ignorant that a rare copy had been discovered of an edition printed in 1598, or else this early date had been affixed to one of a much more recent impression; indeed the paper and the form of the types betrayed a date later, by, at least, one hundred and fifty years.‡ But it does not warrant the assertion of Mr. Ginguené, that such a book never existed.§ Some performance of this description, and with a title somewhat similar, must have been circulated during the time of the Reformation; for those to whom it was then attributed disclaimed the imputation, whilst they admitted the recent publication of the book. It is not unlikely that the Inquisition itself contrived the work, for the purpose of using it as a ground of accusation against any man of ability who might incline towards the doctrines of the Protestant church. The disputes between the Popes and the Emperor having terminated, there was no longer any motive for ascribing the book *de Tribus Impostoribus* to the head of the empire. Thus, without regarding anachronisms, it was imputed to any one whose sacrifice was likely to be useful to the church, by spreading ecclesiastical terrorism. Amongst others, Campanella, the precursor of Lord Bacon in the reform of philosophy, and one of the most powerful reasoners against Atheism, having excited some suspicion that he favoured the new tenets, was sentenced to be tried as its author.

"Up to this day have I suffered and been confined in fifty different prisons: seven times have I been put to the severest torture: the last time endured forty-eight hours. I was bound with cords, drawn so tightly, they cut to the very bones, and was suspended by a rope, with my hands backward, over a sharp piece of wood, which tore away nearly six pounds of flesh from my posteriors, and ten pounds of blood ran from me to the earth. At length, after six months, being by divine aid cured, I was plunged into a ditch. They had accused me of hav-

* *Histor. ad an. 1238.*

† *Catal. of the Crevena Library.*

‡ *Menagiana*, Vol. II. Amsterdam, 1716.

§ *Hist. Littéraire d'Italie*, Vol. I. p. 351.

ing written the book *de Tribus Impostoribus*, which was printed thirty years before I was out of my mother's womb.*

The real crime of Campanella, was the same which had been committed three hundred and fifty years before by the Emperor Frederick and his chancellor. They wished to diffuse as much intelligence as possible, and to dissipate, as far as they could, the superstition which Rome, under the name of religion, had turned so profitably to its account. The most efficacious mode of diminishing the authority of their writings was to ascribe to them a work, whose very title excites a shudder. The struggle of Frederick, however, in favour of literature was so successful as to lay the first foundation of the language and poetry of the Italians.

Christianity in their age proscribed every sort of study except those of theology, medicine, and law; and even this last was entirely subject to the canon law. The Popes had not yet arrived to their subsequent profligacy of manners and the ambition of enriching and aggrandizing their families. To science the most profound, they united an exemplary austerity of life. Their frequent requisitions of pecuniary tributes from kings and nations were only to enable them to exercise over them a more supreme authority. Far from being actuated by the pitiful ambition of leaving behind them a long genealogy of titled nephews, their grand design was to establish at Rome a despotic theocracy—absolute over all countries—over all princes, and over the human mind itself;—a despotism which could not be accomplished without perpetually retaining the implicit faith of mankind. The exercise of the intellectual faculties in those studies which require warmth and freedom of imagination, contributes eminently to weaken this sort of faith. Thus poetry was denounced as a profane pursuit, at once relaxing the public morals and diminishing religious belief. It was as much, therefore, as a political scheme as from natural talent that Frederick II. assembled at his court all the minstrels and artists he could find; that he wrote verses himself, and taught his son and his grandson also to write them.

Pietro delle Vigne, his chancellor, was courtier enough to imitate the example of his master, and Frederick was a poet sufficiently generous not to be displeased with finding that the verses of his chancellor were better than his own. In analyzing the language of the only fragment which remains to us of the poetry of Frederick, we recognise in it the groundwork of the Italian of our days; and by slight alterations the Sicilian mode of spelling,—as by writing *ho, partirò*, in the place of *haggio* and *partiraggio*; and by taking away the traces of the Latinisms, *eo* (*ego*), and *meo* (*meus*), and replacing them by *io, mio*—the following ballad will scarcely betray any vestige of an obsolete style.

Poiche ti piace, amore,
Ch 'eo deggia trovare
Faron de mia possanza
Ch 'eo vegna a compimento.
Dato haggio lo meo core
In voi, madonna, amare;
E tutta mia speranza
In vostro piacimento.

* In *Proem. Atheismi*.

E no mi partiraggio
 Da voi, donna valente;
 Ch' eo v' amo dolcemente:
 E piace a voi ch' eo haggia intendimento;
 Valimento mi date, donna fina;
 Che lo meo core adesso a voi s' inchina.

We should be more abundantly qualified to enter into an examination more accurate and successful, than has hitherto been made, of the origin and early progress of the literary language of Italy, if we possessed all the poetry of Pietro delle Vigne. It was not until three hundred years after his death, that any attempt was made to dig them out from their obscurity. It was already too late: three short pieces make up the whole of the discovery; and these were published for the first time towards the middle of the sixteenth century. The enterprise, almost superhuman, of creating a new literary language, which Dante achieved, will be less astonishing, when we consider that it was encouraged and facilitated by such predecessors as Pietro delle Vigne, one hundred years before Dante, and in an epoch of which there remains no trace of correct Italian writing, not even among the Florentines (and it is believed that throughout Italy the language spoken was a sort of Latin mutilated in its terminations, and barbarized by importations from the languages of the North). Nature had endowed Pietro delle Vigne with so fine a *tact* and such a correctness of taste, as to select his words and frequently to turn his phrases in such a way as to ensure them a permanent and distinguished place in the language of Italy. In the following lines there is no part of the syntax which is not perfectly grammatical, nor a word which has become antiquated, nor one inelegant expression.

Or potess' io venire a voi, amorosa,
 Come il ladron ascoso, e non paresse:
 Ben lo mi terria in gioja avventurosa
 Se l' amor tanto di ben mi facesse.
 Sì bel parlare, donna, con voi fora;
 E direi come v' amai lungamente.—

Among the three pieces which remain of Pietro, there is one sonnet; and being the most ancient specimen known of this form of composition, the invention has been attributed to him. What is certain, however, is, that the Provençal poets and the Troubadours, even in the opinion of M. Ginguené, were unacquainted with it, and that they received the earliest models of it from the Italians. We republish this rarity the more willingly, as it contains a distinct confession of that platonic love, which almost all the Italian poets, with Petrarch at their head, have never ceased to celebrate.

Peroch' amore no si po vedere
 E no si trata corporalmente,
 Quanti ne son de si fole sapere
 Che credono ch' amor sia niente.

Ma poch' amore si façe sentire,
 Dentro dal cor signorezar la zente,
 Molto mazore presio de avere
 Che sel vedesse vesibilmente.

Per la vertute de la calamita
 Come lo ferro atra' non se vede
 Ma si lo tira signorevolmente.

E questa cosa a credere me 'nvita
Ch' amore sia e dame grande fede
Che tutt' or fia creduto fra la zente.*

Love is so subtle, mortals cannot see
His outward form or grasp him with the hand;
Fools as they are, they wish to understand
That love hath nothing of reality.

Though blind and but a shadow, still doth he
Rule o'er that little realm the human heart,
And leaveth there a wound of deeper smart,
Unseen, than if appearing openly.

Like to the virtue of the mystic stone
Forcing the stubborn metal to obey,
We yield before his mighty hidden power;
And, thus constrain'd, I with submission own
That he exists, and bears a wider sway
Than man hath e'er believed unto this hour.

A beautiful passage of Dante, admirably translated by Mr. Cary, will, in some measure, compensate for the scanty relics of Pietro delle Vigne's poetry; and will at the same time, instruct our readers in all which is certainly known as to the tragic death of this uncommon man. The causes which contemporary writers, both Italians and foreigners, and amongst others Matthew Paris, assign for his death, are apparently so romantic, and in reality so contradictory, that it is impossible to ascertain any thing else, than that Pietro, having lost the favour of Frederick, was condemned to lose his eyes, and to pass the rest of his life in a prison, where he destroyed himself. Dante, in his circuit of Hell, enters upon a forest—

“Where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knares deform'd
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns
Instead, with venom fill'd.” *HELL, Canto xiii. v. 3.*

From the trees of this forest wailings and deep groans issue forth; and Dante, stretching out his hand, gathers a branch from a great wilding:—when a voice from the trunk exclaims—

“——‘Why pluck'st thou me?’
Then, as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added: ‘Wherefore tear'st me thus?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we, that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
The souls of serpents.’ As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end, from the other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once
Forth from the broken splinter, words and blood.
I, letting fall the bough, remained as one
Assail'd by terror.” *HELL, Canto xiii. v. 33.*

* M. Ginguené infers (and we think rightly) from the spelling of these lines that they were transcribed from some old manuscript by a Venetian copyist.

He then renews his dialogue with the trunk, which continues to utter its mournful cries, and to pour forth words and blood: when he is informed that every one of these melancholy plants incloses the soul of a suicide.

“———When departs
The fierce soul from the body, by itself
Thence torn asunder, to the seventh gulf
By Minos doom'd, into the wood it falls,
No place assign'd, but wheresoever chance
Hurls it; there sprouting, as a grain of spelt,
It rises to a sapling, growing thence
A savage plant. The Harpies, on its leaves
Then feeding, cause both pain, and for the pain
A vent to grief. We, as the rest, shall come
For our own spoils, yet not so that with them
We may again be clad; for what a man
Takes from himself it is not just he have.
Here we perforce shall drag them; and throughout
The dismal glade our bodies shall be hung,
Each on the wild thorn of his wretched shade.”

HELL, *Canto xiii* v. 96.

To make the unhappy soul some amends for the wrong he had done it in wrenching off the branch from the tree in which it was confined, Dante demands the name it bore in the world above, in order that he, on his return, may revive its fame:—it answers—

“———I it was who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards
Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,
That besides me into his inmost breast
Scarce any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.
The harlot,* who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all;
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
That my glad honours changed to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.
By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear,
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour: and if you,
If any to the world indeed return,
Clear he from wrong my memory, that lies
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow.”

HELL, *Canto xiii*. v. 60.

Frederick himself survived his unfortunate Chancellor not more than two years, leaving, as Voltaire observes, “le monde aussi troublé à sa mort qu'à sa naissance.” †

F.

* The harlot.] Envy. Chaucer alludes to this in the Prologue to the Legend of Good women:

“Envie is lavender to the court alway,
For she ne parteth neither night ne day
Out of the house of Cæsar: thus saith Dant.” *Note of Mr. Cary.*

† *Essai sur les Mœurs*, c. 53.

CAMPAIGNS OF A CORNET.

NO. II.

I WAS congratulating myself, as far as my own personal safety was concerned, on the successful termination of my first essay in arms, and beginning to think there were but few terrors in the frown of War, when I heard a report that the enemy had despatched a fresh body of troops to supply the place of the regiments which had just been discomfited, and to form a rallying point for the fugitives. The newly-arrived corps took up nearly the same position, from which their comrades had been driven. This *da capo* sort of proceeding was rather more than I had contracted for; but the advantage which we had so lately obtained, seemed, if possible, to inspire our troops with a double share of ardour. I was absolutely astonished at the physical phenomenon which our men displayed: after a most laborious and toilsome march, and after all the exhaustion of the battle, each individual in the regiment seemed as vigorous and alert as if he had just risen from his couch, refreshed with quiet slumber. For my own part, as I saw the enemy advancing, there seemed to be a sort of reaction in my frame; and my strength and vivacity rose in proportion to their former depression. I found each artery in my body "as hardy as the Nemæan lion's nerve," and I exulted in the sound of the bugles, which at that moment reiterated the charge. We now had to "fight our battle o'er again;" for we found that the French, like the Dutch in Clarendon's time, "would endure to be beaten longer than we could endure to beat them." I knew still less of the last charge than I had done of the first, for on closing with the enemy, my head and the butt-end of a French musket came in contact, and my unfortunate scone being fashioned of the more yielding material, enforced me, like many of the brave fellows about me, to measure my length upon the ground. I must have lain for some time insensible to the trampling of both friends and foes, who must, I am sure, have stepped very inconsiderately over my recumbent frame; for on recovering my recollection, I found that in addition to the blow I had received, some very heavy heels had left their *vestigia* in various parts of my body. I scarcely know the length of time which I lay in this torpid state, but on opening my eyes, I perceived some fellows of a most disgusting appearance busily engaged in turning over the dying and the dead, and apparently taking out administration of all their personal effects. I was now exceedingly puzzled; and in truth I was hung between the horns of a very awkward dilemma—whether on the one hand to sham dead, like the valiant knight at the fray of Shrewsbury, and thus escape captivity, at the expense of all my clothes and a gold repeater, and, moreover, with the chance of being "embowelled" by-and-by; or on the other, by lustily crying quarter, to incur the certain horrors of a long duress. Seeing one of these "pernicious blood-suckers" approaching for the purpose of exercising his calling upon my prostrate carcase, I began to fear, lest if he thought me insensible, he might put a final period to my course of glory, by the application of a singularly large knife, with which he was reaping a golden harvest from the shoulders of the fallen. At this moment I felt great relief at the sight of a French officer riding across the field, upon which I exclaimed, with a very audible voice, "Je vive." The

officer, hearing my cry, rode up to me, and calling to two or three of his men who followed him, bade them convey me to the French quarters. I was stronger than I expected, though my bones ached pretty considerably. Seeing that I was much bruised, the officer commanded one of the dragoons to dismount, and I seating myself on the outside of the long-tailed caracoling charger of this *chasseur-à-cheval*, followed my conductors for about two miles, till we passed the encampment in which the French were stationed, and reached a village which I found was the head-quarters of the French General. My companions informed me that the French, by bringing up several fresh regiments, had regained the position from which we had at first driven them, and our troops had then directed their efforts against another body of the enemy, which occupied a position in another part of the ground; and I concluded, from the reserved and lame account of the transaction which I received, that the English had succeeded in their attempt. On my arrival I was conducted into the presence of the French General St. ———, who interrogated me as to the movements, force, and station of our own army; but of course I resolutely refused to give any answer, which raised me a good deal in the estimation of the General himself, who, though a stern soldier, was a man of honour and high principle, and, from what I saw of him afterwards, seemed to be well acquainted with the world. I received an invitation to dine with him the next day, and was immediately assigned quarters in a neighbouring house, and placed under close arrest at my own request, as I refused for the present to be admitted to my parol of honour. At the appointed hour next day, with a silk handkerchief bound round my head, which still reminded me of the heavy arm of my Gallic adversary, I was ushered into a spacious room in a chateau, where the French General was lodged. Several staff-officers of the French army were standing around him, and, talking with them, I perceived two of our own officers, in one of whom, at the first glance, I recognised my brother Tom. We were very nearly furnishing our hosts with a *scena*, but at last I contented myself with shaking him heartily by the left hand, his right being hung in a sling, in consequence of a flesh-wound, which he had received just before he was made prisoner. The dinner was got up in very good style, and certainly better than any I ever afterwards saw in the British army. The amusing politeness and vivacity of the French officers were quite new to me; nor could I, from any circumstance which happened during my visit, have conjectured that my companions had, but four-and-twenty hours ago, been opposed to me in mortal hostility. The general tone of feeling which characterized our hosts, displayed itself in their frequent recurrence to the three maxims of *Vive l'amour*, *Vive la guerre*, and *Vive la bagatelle*. When our feast was concluded, General St. ——— commanded a guard to attend my brother, the other officer, and myself, to a small but comfortable house in the neighbourhood, in which there were only a young man and his sister left, the rest of the family having fled to Toulouse for safety from the chances of war. We were not allowed our parol of honour, but were guarded with a sentinel before our door.

The first sound we heard on entering our new mansion, was one of those sweet and plaintive airs to which the French girls seem attached,

because they enhance by their beautiful contrast the singer's light gaiety of heart. As we proceeded the song ceased, and the fair creature from whose lips it had flowed with such "speaking sadness," stood timidly before us. I fear that my description of the beautiful Marie Custine will be thought a partial one, when the sequel of my story appears: however, I must describe her. Dark, very dark eyes, the gazelle-like expression of which was ever changing, and ever delightful in its changes—features which, from their pre-eminent national character, possessed for me the attraction of novelty, in addition to their other charms—a form exquisitely fashioned, but giving promise hereafter of the enbonpoint. But I find that in this poor attempt of mine, I have run into all the common-place description of grace and beauty; and I shall therefore leave this imperfect sketch to receive its colouring from the hands of my readers, both old and young—by the former from their recollections, by the latter from their hopes. Marie's shyness soon wore away, and she ventured to talk to us in a sweet but incomprehensible *patois*, during which, she displayed a most fascinating set of teeth. I soon perceived that, however unintelligible she was to us, she held a language with my brother which is current throughout the world—the language of the eyes. She seemed to take pity on Tom, and certainly he did look very interesting, for the loss of blood had blanched his cheek, and given him altogether a very languid appearance. During the ensuing day, there seemed to be an increasing intimacy between the gentle Marie and my brother; for my own part, I passed most of my time in the company of some of the French officers, whose attentive kindness was augmented as we grew better acquainted. As we expected the enemy would be forced to retreat, we declined accepting our parole, though we began to find our captivity extremely irksome. In the middle of the night which followed the second day of our imprisonment, I was awakened by some one giving me a gentle shake; and, as it was very dark, I was just starting out of bed, when I heard my brother's voice bidding me be silent in a whisper. I asked him what he wanted; but, in a low voice, he desired me to ask no questions, but dress myself as speedily as possible, and follow him. This I did; and on silently descending the stairs, and reaching the door, I found two French dragoons waiting with three horses. The plan of escape was as follows: Captain F—— and myself were to ride the spare charger, and my brother was to be accommodated behind one of the French dragoons. We were all of us mounted except my brother, and on looking round for him, I found he had re-entered the house, from which I now saw him coming; while in the uncertain light I discovered a female form standing at the unclosed door, which, of course, I knew to be that of the beautiful Marie. We had no sooner commenced our march than I again began to interrogate my brother, but he, both from inclination and policy, seemed resolved to be silent. During the first three or four miles we frequently heard the challenge of the French *videttes*, *Qui va la?* a question which was always most skilfully parried by the smart repartees of our conducting *chasseur*, whose conduct appeared perfectly calm and collected during the very great danger which he was incurring. The sun had not risen when we reached the banks of the Bidassoa, through the rapid stream of which we were compelled to swim our horses, at no inconsiderable risk, from the great weight

which they carried. It was just daylight when we arrived within the English lines, having made a very circuitous journey. I was now determined to learn the particulars which led to our escape; and I found that the tender hearted Marie, commiserating our condition, had consented to act the part of ambassadress between my brother and the two dragoons, who were already well inclined to change their service. We amply rewarded our conductors, one of whom enlisted into the regiment of the Duke of Brunswick Oels, and the other I retained in the capacity of valet, butler, and cook. His name was Joseph.

After undergoing the most scrupulous examination before a subaltern, sergeant and twenty men, in which it was resolved by this grave council, *nem. dis.* on the motion of the learned sergeant, that we were good men and true, we were allowed to proceed to my brother's regiment, where we found we had been some time numbered with the mighty dead. I thought it now high time to return to my friend the Baron, and accordingly on the morrow, resigning my borrowed plumes, and bidding adieu to my brother, whose wound had now healed, I resumed my dragoon trappings, and after a pleasant morning's ride, without any notable obstacle, I found my worthy commander engaged in the same laudable occupation in which he was employed when I was first introduced to him. I was exceedingly rejoiced to learn from him that I had arrived just in time to accompany the party on their march the next morning to join the regiment, which was stationed on the Ebro. Fraternal kindness had supplied me with a stout mule, and I had now to purchase another at a very extravagant price. About eight o'clock in the morning we prepared to march. We did not march as in England, with baggage-wagons following us, and with that sleek parade-appearance which proceeds from an abundant use of pipe-clay and blacking, but every soldier now carried along with him three days "good entertainment for man and beast," while the baggage of the officers was generally carried on mules. Buried between two immense trusses of hay, their shoulders loaded with a canteen and haversack, the soldiers were so completely enveloped that very little of the outward man was exposed to view. Our baggage-animals presented a still more ludicrous appearance to the eye of a novice: the large pack-saddles being piled upon each side to a most extraordinary height with all the necessities of a campaign. We marched the first day to a small town, the name of which I have forgotten; and the next, still traversing "the Pyrenean," we arrived at Tolosa, which is a sort of Spanish Sheffield. At this place I received a billet from the Alcalde; but the unpatriotic boors who inhabited the mansion, "against the houseless stranger shut the door," which compelled me to make a forcible entry with the assistance of two of our dragoons, who carried the door, carbine in hand. Being aware of the pretty frequent use of the stiletto in Spain, I confess that I took the precaution of barricading my door, and placing my sword and pistols within reach, lest my hosts should be inclined in the night to requite the civility which I had shown them in the morning. Most of the towns on the frontier have an appearance half French and half Spanish, but Tolosa is completely Spanish, though from its being occupied at the present time by the British, and used as a hospital and store, I had very few opportunities of seeing any thing of the town's-people. I trusted this day to an inn called the

Posada de Leon for a dinner, and from the experience which I then had of garlic and oil, I never whilst in Spain repeated the experiment. The next morning we continued our march through the Pyrenees, and rode all day through the most beautiful and romantic scenery. We were now traversing the great road commenced by Louis XIV. and completed by Bonaparte, leading from Bayonne over the Pyrenees to Pampeluna—a road very much resembling in its construction our common turnpikes in England. For the first twelve miles from Tolosa, our course lay between stupendous mountains, which, covered with wood, towered perpendicularly above us. The level space between the mountains was about three times the breadth of the road, which was bordered by a pleasant rivulet. The clearness of the day and the beauty of the climate gave additional effect to the fine prospects which continually opened upon us as we wound round the base of the mountains; and what made the scene more interesting, was hearing the songs of the muleteers, and the tinkling of their bells, ere they came in sight. These mules and muleteers, of whom we read so much in the Spanish writers, certainly have a most singular and picturesque appearance. Eight or nine large and powerful mules, each nearly fourteen hands high, are placed under the conduct of one muleteer, who rides upon the leading mule. The beasts are ornamented with large bridles, decked with fringe and tassels, and with bells attached to their heads. The burden is carefully balanced upon their backs, so as not to cause any friction,—a sore back in Spain being a very different thing from a sore back in England. The dress of the muleteers consists of a sort of short jacket, made of a kind of velveteen, inexpressibles of dark-blue plush, hung round with tassels about the knees, and something between slippers and sandals to supply the place of shoes. A large slouched hat covers the head, which seems made both “for shelter and shade.” A long red sash, bound three times round their waists, which is used also as a pocket to carry their cigars and their money, gives them a light active appearance. Their hair is clipped in a most extraordinary manner;—I have often seen the operation performed in the streets on Sundays and fast-days;—the top of the head is cut so close as to give the skull the appearance of having been shaved, while the hair of that part of the head which is not subjected to this operation is suffered to grow to any length, and generally flows over the shoulders. This grotesque figure is seated on his leading mule, with his large cloak thrown over the neck of the animal, and his gun carefully tied on to the bow of his saddle, to be near at hand in all cases of exigency. During his progress he sits singing, or rather shouting, some old Castilian air, to which he often adapts some improvisatorial words in praise of the *Volontarios D’ Y Mina*, or the *Señorittas de Madrida*, every now and then interrupting his warbling with the words *Anda Mulo carracco*; which have only the effect, from their frequent repetition, of making the mules wag their tails. But to return from this digression. Our road continued nearly level until we arrived at the foot of a mountain, over which, from its great height and steepness, it was cut in a zig-zag direction. Our day’s march terminated at a village about half way up the mountain, in which a convent of nuns was situated. Our men were stationed in some of the neighbouring houses, and the Baron and I took up our abode at the convent. I had some

expectations of obtaining a sight of one or two of these caged beauties, but the fair sisterhood "with souls from long seclusion pure," thought it wise to retire into another part of the convent—though I must confess I caught a saintly pair of eyes reconnoitring the Baron through a small iron-grating. The abbess, a lady *d'un certain âge*, had provided most comfortable accommodations for us, and I never did less penance during all my campaigns, than on the night I passed within the walls of this holy habitation. On the following day, our path lay entirely over the rugged and lofty ridges of the Pyrenees, through a road carved out of the solid rock. On commencing our descent we broke upon a glorious Pisgah-view of our land of promise. For three days after leaving the Pyrenees we made a circle round Pampeluna, which was at that time in the possession of the French and blockaded by Spanish troops, and on the evening of the third day we halted at the town of Puerta la Reyna. It was at this period the vintage time, and the "bacchanal profusion" of every thing around me reminded me of Sterne's accurate description of the mirth and hilarity which always accompany this season. The Baron and I took a walk for the purpose of viewing the town. It was Sunday afternoon, and all the damsels in the neighbourhood were dancing in various groups to the sound of the tambourine, which was played by one of the party, the burden of whose song, as far as I could comprehend it, always ran in favour of the *Soldades Ingleses*. The dance very nearly resembled the Scotch reel, when danced by four, with the addition of many fantastic flings: this is the regular bolero. At the doors of the wine-houses we saw the same dance performed by very different actors: a drunken muleteer playing on his guitar was stimulating the activity of his still more drunken companions. Occasionally, amongst the passengers, we observed a Padre, dressed in his canonical gown, and his long scowl-brimmed hat, at whose appearance the joyous dances ceased, while every individual of the party made the usual obeisance, and many a fair finger touching a ripe pair of lips, demurely traced the sign of the cross.

At this town the Baron's *patron* or host, at whose house he was billeted, was a certain worthy Padre, who, in addition to his clerical functions, was the keeper of a gambling-shop, a fact with which we became acquainted in the evening by discovering him presiding at a table where they were playing a game which the Spaniards call *Banco*. It appears that this same Padre, like many more of his cloth in Spain, was exceedingly kind to a young lady who resided with him, and who, we were given to understand, was the daughter of a deceased brother. These worthy men generally select the most comely of their destitute relations, whom they charitably admit to a participation in their domestic comforts. The Baron, ambitious of victory both in the field and with the fair, had been paying rather more attention to the Padre's relative than was agreeable to the austere notions of that grave ecclesiastic, though he had hitherto abstained from making any comment upon the conduct of the gallant officer; an occurrence, however, arose, which gave vent to the Padre's resentment, and nearly withered the budding honours of my brave commander. I have already mentioned that we strolled into a gaming-house, where we found the Baron's clerical host acting the part of Banker. The Baron, like all Ger-

mans, played deep, and fortune favoured him. In the course of a couple of hours the bank was broken, and the Baron had sacked about four hundred dollars. All the company had left the room except the Baron and myself, and we had just gained the street, when I heard the Baron, who was a little behind me, yell out some most tremendous and unintelligible oath in German: I turned round, and saw the enraged Padre, with a stiletto in his hand, about to repeat the blow he had already given. We were both totally unarmed, but I immediately ran back and caught the Baron as he was falling, and endeavoured at the same time, though ineffectually, to lay hands on the assassin. One of our own men, and two Light Dragoon officers now made their appearance in the opposite direction, and having heard the cries, they were hastening towards us. I committed my wounded comrade to the hands of a Spaniard, and calling to my countrymen to follow me, I started in pursuit of the criminal. One of the Light Dragoon officers outstripped us all, and we saw him catch the Padre by the cloak, who most ingeniously slipped off that garment, and continued his course. We were all of us now nearly equally close on the heels of our game, who turned and twisted with all the skill of an old hare. He at last made his escape through a small iron gate, near a church, which closed after him, and effectually put an end to our pursuit. He did not escape entirely with impunity; for in the doubles and turns which he made, one of the Light Dragoon officers with a whip, our dragoon with his stick, and myself with the toe of my boot, which was fitted to inflict a pretty sharp wound, made him occasionally forget his clerical character, and indulge in some violent imprecations. But, on the whole, I fear this chastisement only furnished him with a more cogent argument not to slacken his speed.

SONNET.

WHERE shall youth's bubbling spirit overflow,
 Or whereon shed its tide of generous thought,
 Of sympathy and hope, with which o'erfraught
 The soul is sick of wishing, and below
 Deems that no change awaits it, save of woe?
 Vain hope t' expand its wings! for soon 'tis taught,
 That all its short-lived pleasure must be caught
 In strife and struggle, and in the quick glow
 Of passion, like the pelican, well-fed
 From its own bosom, with its blood for bread.
 Is there no feeling then, no name on Earth,
 Apt to contain the ocean of man's will?
 Love! Honour! Friendship!—are they nothing worth?
 Nought—there's but Freedom, that it deigns to fill.

CATILINE; A TRAGEDY.*

THE above work has, for some time past, been looked for in the literary world, not without expectation and anxiety; and, in our own case we must confess that this expectation has been answered by considerable disappointment. From the somewhat pompous carriage of Mr. Croly's muse—her measured step and dignified deportment—we had been led to believe that she would well become the tragic robe and cothurnus; and had hoped to see her "go stately by," to take an approved and final station in that noble but neglected department of our national literature. But, judging from the evidence now before us, we fear this will not be. In fact, we have here a work enriched with powerful and energetic, as well as sweet and graceful poetry; but it is the poetry of imagination, not of passion; it is engendered and deliberately given forth from the intellect; it does not spring eagerly and involuntarily from the heart: and this is to say, in other words, that it is not *dramatic*. We believe Mr. Croly to be gifted with great and valuable powers, of a certain kind. He possesses a rich store of poetical thoughts and feelings, which have always at their command a gorgeous flow of language and imagery. These—directed by a general soundness of taste and judgment, such as we believe Mr. Croly to possess—may be made to produce very striking and impressive effects; but, alone, these effects cannot amount to high tragedy. They may worthily supply its outward form, and its ornamental attire, but unless Passion breathe into it a vital spirit, it must still remain but a splendid *caput mortuum*.

The subject of Catiline is well adapted to the purpose for which it has, in this instance, been chosen. It offers a unity of action and a depth of passionate interest, united to the great desideratum of historical truth. But it must be admitted that the author has not availed himself of these capabilities to the extent that the high drama demands. He has judiciously enough applied his best powers to the end he had in view; and if they have not enabled him to reach it, he may be well content to submit to his failure, when he reflects that he suffers it in common with every living writer who has made the same attempt. In fact, Tragedy sits on a height which cannot be *climbed*: it must be scaled with wings, if at all; and those wings must be the eagle's.

We proceed to regard the work before us more in detail, and to lay a few specimens of it before the reader. Its principal defect strikes us as being a want of coherence of purpose, and consequently a want of unity and consistency of effect. If we may borrow a mode of expression from a sister art, the characters are well *drawn*; but they are not well *coloured*, either as it regards themselves or each other. The tone of the language, and the flow and fall of the versification, are essentially of the same class, from whichever of the personages they proceed. This creates a languid monotony in the general effect very injurious to dramatic feeling, which should be as vivid and as varied as the varied purposes and interests from which it is supposed to spring. In short, notwithstanding the author's censure of Voltaire's and Cre-

* Catiline; a Tragedy. In Five Acts. With other Poems. By the Rev. George Croly, A. M. Author of "Paris in 1815," "The Angel of the World," &c.

billon's plays, on the same subject, as being "written on the model of the French stage; and, according to the national taste, make up for nature and incident, (he means, probably, *the want* of "nature and incident,") by affected sensibility and feeble declamation." Notwithstanding this sweeping, and, perhaps, just censure, it must be confessed that this new attempt on the same subject assimilates less to the English than to the French model—less to Shakspeare than to Voltaire; that, if the "sensibility" it contains is real instead of "affected," and the "declamation" is strong instead of "feeble," it is, for the most part, *but* "declamation" and "sensibility" after all—not passion.

It must be needless to lay before the reader the plot of this tragedy: the title will at once call it to mind: for the variations from strict history are few and unimportant. We shall do better in offering specimens of the poetry with which the drama is enriched. The following describes the effect of Catiline's eloquence at the meeting in the Campus Martius, when he opposes Cicero in the election for the Consulship:—*

"You should have seen him in the Campus Martius,—
In the tribunal,—shaking all the tribes
With mighty speech. His words seem'd oracles,
That pierced their bosoms; and each man would turn,
And gaze in wonder on his neighbour's face,
That with the like dumb wonder answer'd him:
Then some would weep, some shout; some, deeper touch'd,
Keep down the cry, with motion of their hands,
In fear but to have lost a syllable."

His conduct during the banquet which is given at his palace immediately after his defeat at the election, is thus described:—

"He seem'd to feel
The fiercest joy of all; pledged the whole room
In brimming goblets; talk'd a round of things,
Lofty and rambling as an ecstasy;
Laugh'd, till his very laughter check'd our mirth,
And all gazed on him; then as if surprised,
Marking the silence, mutter'd some excuse,
And sank in reverie; then, wild again,
Talk'd, drank, and laugh'd—the first of Bacchanals!"

His warlike bearing in the field is thus spoken of by a companion in arms:

"You have seen him in the field?"

HAMILCAR.

Ay, fifty times,—
I' the thickest fight; where all was blood and steel,
Plunging through steeds unrider'd, gory men
Mad with their wounds, through lances thick as hail,
As if he took the ranks for idle waves!
Now seen, the battle's wonder: now below,
Mowing his desperate way, till with wild shrieks,
The throng roll'd back, and Catiline sprang out,
Red from the graves to the helm."

The author has chosen to depict Catiline altogether after the portrait of Cicero, as given in the *Orat. pro Caelio*, and not after that of

* It is supposed to be exactly at this period that the play commences.

unmixed wickedness which Sallust draws of him. Accordingly, we are taught to consider him as drawn or urged into treason by the mingled force of pride and disappointment—of ambition, added to fancied disgrace and wrong. These are some of his reflections while he is plotting the mischief by which he hopes to rise on the fallen fortunes of his enemies and oppressors:—

“I feel a nameless pressure on my brow,
As if the heavens were thick with sudden gloom;
A shapeless consciousness of some dark blow
Hanging above my head. They say, such thoughts
Partake of prophecy. *[He goes to the casement.]*
This air is living sweetness. Golden sun,
Shall I be like thee yet? The clouds have passed—
And, like some mighty victor, he returns
To his red city in the west, that now
Spreads all her gates, and lights her torches up,
In triumph for her glorious conqueror.”

What follows is a rich and picturesque description of a waking vision, which Catiline is supposed to have seen, and which contributes to lead him on in what he is made to consider as his appointed course:—

——“Heaven can show strange things:
Last night I could not rest: the chamber's heat,
Or some wild thoughts—the folly of the day—
Banish'd my sleep:—So, in the garden air,
I gazed upon the comet, that then shone
In midnight glory, dimming all the stars.
At once a crimson blaze, that made it pale,
Flooded the north. I turn'd, and saw, in heaven,
Two mighty armies! From the zenith star,
Down to the earth, legions in line and orb,
Squadron and square, like earthly marshals.
Anon, as if a sudden trumpet spoke,
Banners of gold and purple were flung out;
Fire-crested leaders swept along the lines;
And both the gorgeous depths, like meeting seas,
Roll'd to wild battle. Then, they breathed awhile,
Leaving the space between a sheet of gore,
Strew'd with torn standards, corpses, and crash'd spears.”

The following is exceedingly bold, vehement, and poetical:—

“The state is weak as dust.
Rome's broken, helpless, heart-sick! Vengeance sits
Above her,—like a vulture o'er a corpse
Soon to be tasted. Time, and dull decay,
Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;
And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength's a ghost,
Fearful to dastards;—yet, to trenchant swords,
Thin as the passing air! A single blow,
In this diseased and crumbling frame of Rome,
Would break your chains like stubble.”

It may be agreeable to contrast these extracts with one or two others in a different style, but equally rich and poetical:—

“Too much he loved her! 'Tis an ancient tale,
One of the ditties that our girls of Greece
Hear from their careful mothers, round the lamps,
On winter nights; and by the vintage heaps,

When grapes are crushing. I have seen the spot,
Still ashy-pale with lightning, where she died.

She was a Grecian maiden; and, by some,
Was thought a daughter of the sky; for earth
Had never shaped such beauty: and her thoughts
Were, like her beauty, sky-born. She would stray,
And gaze, when morn was budding on the hills,
As if she saw the stooping pomp of gods—
Then tell her lyre the vision; nor had eve
A sound, or rosy colour of the clouds,
Or infant star, but in her solemn songs
It lived again. Oh, happy—till she loved!"

And again. It is the story of Jupiter and Semele:—

"Pity her! 'twas Love
That wrought this evil to his worshipper!
The deadly oath was sworn.—Then Nature shook,
As in strange trouble,—solemn cries were heard,
Echoing from hill to hill,—the forests bow'd,
Ruddy with lightnings,—in the height of heaven
The moon grew sanguine, and the waning stars
Fell loosely through the sky. Before her rose,
On golden clouds, a throne; and, at its foot,
An eagle grasp'd the thunderbolt. The face
Of the bright sitter on the throne was bent
Over his sceptre,—but she knew her lord!
And call'd upon him but to give *one* look,
Before she perish'd in th' Olympian blaze.
He rais'd his eye,—and in its flash—she died!"

This is rich and rare poetry, and cannot fail to meet with the admiration it deserves.

We give the following as a specimen of the undramatic manner in which Catiline is frequently made to express himself in the course of the work. However good it may be in its way, it is merely what *may* be said in the case in question—not what *would* be said. Catiline draws his sword in preparation for the last desperate effort on which his hopes depend:—

"This emblem of all miseries and crimes,—
The robber's tool, that breaks the rich man's lock,—
The murderer's master-key to sleeping hearts,—
The orphan-maker—widower of brides;—
The tyrant's strength—the cruel pirate's law,—
The traitor's passport to his sovereign's throne,—
The mighty desolator,—that contains,
In this brief bar of steel, more woe to the earth
Than lightning, earthquake, yellow pestilence,
Or the wild fury of the all-swallowing sea!"

Almost immediately after this, Catiline is brought in from the field of battle, mortally wounded, and he dies in an insane paroxysm of ambitious images and hopes. Springing from the ground by a last effort of supernatural energy, he exclaims:—

"Is there no faith in Heaven? My hour shall come!
This brow shall wear the diadem, and this eye
Make monarchs stoop. My wrath shall have a voice
Strong as the thunder; and my trumpet's breath
Shall root up thrones. Your husband shall be King!—
Dictator!—King of the world!"—

Catiline.

We must find room for two or three short detached passages, which are exceedingly good in their respective classes.

Imaginary portents.

"This is a mortal hour; the rising wind
Sounds angry, and those swift and dizzy clouds,
Made ghostly by the glances of the moon,
Seem horse and chariot for the evil shapes
That scatter ruin here."

Catiline musing.

"Why, my lord,
Your brow grows cloudy, and you clench your hand,
As if it held your spear."

Danger.

"Arise! must we be brain'd
While you lie dreaming there?—Ho! Catiline!
Disgrace is on you,—danger by your side,
Like a chain'd wolf, devouring with his eyes,
Before he's loosed to tear you."

Hope.

"The icicle that melts even in the ray
In which it glitters."—

Statesmen.

"And this is my supremacy! The prize
That whets men's swords, and sows in noble hearts
The bitter seed of discord! Sir! see here

[*To the Secretary.*

The cheerless image of a statesman's life!
To bear upon his brow the general care,—
To make his daily food of anxious thoughts,—
To rob the midnight of its wholesome sleep,—
And all, but to be made the loftier mark
For every shaft that envy, sullen hate,
Or thwarted guilt, can lay upon the string,—
And have his thanks for all,—ingratitude!"

A lover's music at night.

"You are a music-lover, and sigh Greek.
This comes of evil company. Your lyre
Has broke the rest of many a stately dame,
Who left her curtains tenantless, to gaze,
Where the chill'd minstrel sent his amorous soul
Up through the moonshine."

The space we are enabled to devote to our notices of contemporary literature, seldom permits us to go into the detail of those minor faults which are to be found in almost every poetical work of any length; and in this among the rest. If we ever regret our circumscribed limits, it is not on this account; for the pointing out of such trifling errors and oversights as those now alluded to we regard as but a secondary and very unimportant duty of criticism; and we willingly pass it over in the present instance.

The volume before us contains a few other poems besides the tragedy of Catiline, some of which possess extreme delicacy and beauty, but the chief of which we recognise as having appeared in print before; and upon the whole we close it with a high opinion of the author's

poetical talents, but an opinion not heightened by the present publication. It possesses fewer defects than its predecessor, but it also evinces less power, and displays less beauty. Indeed, we think Mr. Croly capable of much better things than he has yet done. He has shown us all the faults of which his style is susceptible, but not all the beauties; and when he chooses to look for a subject properly adapted to his powers, (and such a one is probably to be sought, with the best chances of success, among the gorgeous imagery and romantic fictions and traditions of the East,) we think him not unlikely to construct a work that shall place his name in a distinguished and permanent rank among those of his poetical contemporaries.

SONNET I.

THERE is an hour, when all our past pursuits
 The dreams and passions of our early day,
 The unripe blessedness that dropp'd away
 From our young tree of life—like blasted fruits—
 All rush into the soul. Some beauteous form
 Of one we loved and lost, or dying tone
 Haunting the heart with music that is flown,
 Still lingers near us with an awful charm!
 I love that hour,—for it is deeply fraught
 With images of things no more to be:
 Visions of hope, and pleasure, madly sought,
 And sweeter dreams of love and purity:
 The poesy of heart, that smiled in pain,
 And all my boyhood worshipp'd—but in vain!

SONNET II.

They loved for years, with growing tenderness;
 They had but one pure prayer to waft above—
 One heart—one hope—one dream—and that was Love.
 They loved for years, through danger and distress,
 Till they were parted, and his spotless fame
 Became the mark of hate and obloquy—
 Till the remembering tear that dimm'd her eye
 Was dried on blushes of repentant shame.
 While he—oh, God! in raptured vision sweet,
 Would walk alone beneath the evening star,
 Watching the light she loved, and dream of her,
 And of the hour when they again should meet.
 They met at last—but Love's sweet vision fled
 For ever from his heart—for she had wed!

M.

M'QUEEN ON NORTHERN CENTRAL AFRICA.

It has been the singular ill fortune of all our African expeditions, that they have failed. Some attribute this general failure to the injudicious selection of the travellers, none of whom, excepting Louis Burckhardt, were masters of the travelling language of that continent. If we read the reports of these various travellers, we shall perceive that the grand object of their several researches was, to ascertain the termination of the Niger; hence we are led to inquire, What purpose would have been answered by this discovery? None, we apprehend, unless it had been discovered that it communicated with the Nile of Egypt, thereby affording a navigable communication with the interior of Africa, by means of Alexandria. It should be recollected, that when this inquiry first excited the attention of England and of France, Bonaparte was master of Egypt, and that he then contemplated other conquests in Africa, together with the establishment of an extensive commerce with India and Africa, through Egypt. The inquiry was revived when our navy, under the immortal Nelson, changed the destiny of Egypt. Hopes were entertained, that our possession of that country would afford us a communication with Sudan, or the interior of Africa, by navigating the stream of the Nile. All reports, and all the information collected by our travellers since that period, have tended to corroborate this water-communication from Timbuctoo to Alexandria, but nothing certain has yet been established. In this state of things, the public is presented with *A Geographical and Commercial View of Northern Central Africa, containing a particular Account of the Course and Termination of the great River Niger in the Atlantic Ocean*. The first who suggested this opinion was Sidi Hamed, as reported by Riley, the American sailor; and at the same time that Mr. M'Queen brings forward this new African hypothesis, it certainly has received a strong corroboration by the narrative of Alexander Scott, a sailor, who has been lately redeemed from captivity, and who belonged to the Montezuma, a Liverpool trader that was wrecked in 1810, on the coast of the Sahara, or the Sehel, or flat coast between Cape Nun and Cape Bojador; a narrative of the interesting adventures of whom is given in the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal; and an explanatory dissertation (rather than a review) of which will be found in the New Monthly Magazine for 1821.

Our author's arguments in favour of this new hypothesis appear to be very plausible, and several quotations tend to support and corroborate it.

"As these sheets were preparing for the press, a further confirmation of this important point (alluding to the discharge of the Niger into the Gulf of Guinea) was received, in the account given by a sailor named Scott, belonging to Liverpool, who was wrecked about Cape Nun, and carried into slavery by the Arabs of the Desert. While in this state, he journeyed along with a tribe across the desert into Sudan, and with it he crossed the lake Dibble, or what he calls Bahar Tee-eb.* There he was told by some negro boatmen who rowed

* See Note in New Monthly Mag. No. 3. p. 356.

them over the lake, that very far to the south there lay a great saltwater sea, and that the one they were on ran into it; that there was no end to it; that there were plenty of *Safina kabeer* (large ships) upon it; and that they called it Bahar elkabeer, that is, the Great Sea, or Atlantic ocean." (Edinb. Philos. Journal, No. 7.)

In confirmation of this termination of the Niger in the Gulf of Guinea, Mr. M'Queen says, "Perfect accuracy in these things, at present, is impossible; nor does the want materially alter the grand features which it is my chief object to delineate." Jackson says that a lake is formed by the waters of the Neel el Abeed, of which the opposite shore is not visible. He says it is navigated by large vessels, which sometimes come to Timbuctoo, manned by a particular kind of people. On its eastern bank begins the territory of white people, denominated by the Arabs, N'sarreth (Christians). From this description it is quite evident, that the lake here mentioned is a different lake to that represented as being situated 450 miles east of Timbuctoo; it is clearly the sea on the Gold Coast, the Bight of Benin and Beafra, a lake whose opposite shore is not visible, and on the eastern bank of which is the territory of Christians! The fact of large vessels coming up from this lake to Timbuctoo, manned by a particular kind of people, is an additional proof that the navigation of the Niger is unobstructed from the ocean to Timbuctoo (p. 118.) Our author's third argument in favour of his hypothesis is as follows: "From Sego to Baedo, according to Park, is thirty days' journey in a southerly direction. 'One month's travel,' says he, 'south of Baedo, through the kingdom of Gotto, (Moosee) will bring the traveller to the country of the Christians, who have their houses on the Ba-se-feena. This water is incomparably larger than the lake Dobbie, and the water sometimes runs one way and sometimes another. (Park, vol. ii. p. 229. 8vo. edition.) The words Ba-se-feena are very properly shown by Jackson to be a corruption of the Arabic words, *Bahar sefeena*, signifying literally the sea of ships, or the sea where ships are seen! The direction, the distance, and every other particular mentioned, however, clearly point out the European settlements on the coast of Guinea. The water running sometimes one way and sometimes another, obviously relates to the flux and reflux of the sea, a phenomenon which could not fail to arrest the attention of a negro from the interior." p. 129.

A fourth argument in favour of Mr. M'Queen's hypothesis is related as follows:—"Before turning our attention to the coast, it is worth while to consider the explanation which Mr. Jackson gives of the Arabic words, Bahr Kulla; the term, he says, in proper Arabic, is Bahar Kûlha, which term signifies the ocean, and also an alluvial country. If this explanation be correct, and which there seems little reason to doubt, we have the clearest account of the termination of the Niger.—Numerous authorities state, that in its middle course it turns to the southward, and flows till it joins the Bahr Kulha—the sea, or the alluvial country. This it certainly does do at the points we have mentioned; we therefore conclude, that after all the Gulf of Guinea will turn out to be the true sea of Sudan." p. 125.

From the following account there appears to be good reason to suppose that the salt pits, mentioned by Ibn al Vardi (or more properly Ben al Wardi), are those on the sea-shore of Bening, and at the island

of Fernando Po. Our author says, "The number of slaves annually exported from Bonny and old Calabar rivers, were formerly, and still continue to be great. They are chiefly brought from the interior, by a water conveyance. The people are every where fond of trade, generally civil and obliging to Europeans who deal honestly, and they are anxious to cultivate commercial connexions with them. All around the Delta, the population on the sea coast is busily employed in making salt for the interior market; the land on the coast is called the *salt ground*; it is, perhaps, the place where Ibn al Vardi mentions the numerous salt-pits on the shore of the sea. This salt is carried in boats so large as to contain 200 people,* and having cannon placed at each end. (Robertson's Notes on Africa, p. 308.) Boussa, on the Niger, is a great emporium for this trade, and the place where the people from the sea-coast meet the caravans from Barbary, to exchange their merchandise. (Robertson, p. 209 and 301.) The natives on these coasts also talk familiarly of their trade, intercourse, and communication with Boussa and Timbuctoo," p. 135.

Then follows some reasons for supposing the Niger and the Nile to have no connexion; which being founded on theories, and being irrelevant to our purpose—which is to state the arguments for asserting the discharge of the Niger in the Bight of Benin—we shall pass over, and proceed with our author's observations, who, speaking of Park, says, p. 149, "This celebrated traveller descended the stream in safety to Boussa, where an accident terminated his life. The traders from the coast go up the river above this place."

Our author gives reasons for supposing the Niger and Congo to be different streams. In order to obtain the command of Africa, Mr. M'Queen recommends stations on the Niger, either where the stream divides or unites, as may be found most eligible; another station is recommended at the Rio Lagos, which would give us the command of the trade into the recesses of the Kong mountains. A settlement, or dépôt, on the island of Fernando Po, is also urged as expedient; and this island could be easily purchased of the negro natives, as we presume the Portuguese have long since given it up. Steam-boats would navigate from the coast to Timbuctoo in 10, 15, or 20 days, at the utmost, and establish a communication with Bornou, Balia, Dar Saley, &c. page 173.

Wood being very plentiful, the steam-boat could be navigated at a trifling expense. "Granting that the navigation of the Niger was interrupted at Boussa by reason of rapids and rocks rising amidst the stream, still we know that the river can be navigated in safety from Boussa upwards, and from Boussa downwards," p. 178.

This is the point to be ascertained. Mr. M'Queen has given very strong presumptive evidence that this communication exists, sufficient at least to invite the British nation to attempt the navigation, which might be done without incurring any extraordinary expense. If it failed, it would add certainly one more failure to our many African expeditions; but if, on the contrary, it succeeded, it would amply reimburse all expenses hitherto incurred, and open besides an incalculably

* This is a corroboration of what Jackson and Alex. Scott say. Vide *New Monthly Mag.* No. iii. 355 and 356.

beneficial trade, and provide withal, what is so much wanted at this time, a great and new market for our various manufactures.

If the navigation of the river failed of conducting to Timbuctoo, it would conduct, most assuredly, to many countries of the interior, with which we might establish a commerce on the most advantageous terms, as a prelude to civilization. The immense bodies of waters discharged from the interior into the Bight of Benin, is an incontrovertible evidence that the waters come from remote regions of the interior, and that a navigable communication and intercourse might be established with several populous countries of the interior of Sudan, if not with Timbuctoo! Therefore our author says, "let the British standard be planted at Boussa, where no power in Africa could tear it up, a trifling land carriage would then give this nation all the advantages of an open navigation, and by such a natural barrier, place the Niger completely under her control. Firmly planted in central Africa, the British flag would become the rallying point for all that is honourable, useful, beneficial, just, and good. Under the mighty shade thereof, the nations would seek security, comfort, and repose. Allies Great Britain would find in abundance! The resources and energies of Africa would be made (under a wise and vigorous policy) to subdue and control Africa. Let Britain only form such a settlement, and give it that countenance, support, and protection, which the wisdom and energy of British counsels can give, and which the power and resources of the British empire can so well maintain, and central Africa will remain a grateful and obedient dependancy of this empire. The latter will become the centre of all the wealth, and the focus of all the industry of the former. Then the Niger, like the Ganges, would acknowledge Great Britain as its protector, our king as its lord." P. 179.

"The extent of country and population, the improvements, labours, and wants of which would be dependant upon, and stimulated to exertion by a settlement on the Niger, is prodigious, and altogether unequalled and incalculable. Fifty millions of people would be dependant on it." P. 179.

"The French nation have long looked towards Africa, as a means of repairing the losses which revolution has produced in their colonies. They have established a college* for the teaching of the Arabic, a travelling language of Africa, on an extensive scale, as a necessary preliminary towards the colonization of that continent. Let us not suffer that powerful, enterprising, and ambitious rival to step before us, and fix herself securely in the lower Niger, and give Great Britain reason to repent of her supine disregard of this favourable opportunity to effect a great commercial establishment in Africa." P. 181.

The abolition of those human sacrifices, under the name of customs, at the death of any person of note; the civilization of Africa; its gradual conversion to Christianity, from the most degraded barbarism, through the medium of a regular and well conducted commercial intercourse, are the laudable objects which the author of this Geographical and Commercial View has in perspective, and for which the author really appears to have discovered an eligible and a practicable path.

* Denominated *L'Ecole Royale des Langues Orientales vivantes à Paris.*

"The exertion, on the part of Great Britain, to accomplish all this, would be small: the climate opposes some obstacles; the population of Africa none. The smallest gun-brig in our navy would lay the natives dwelling on both banks of the Niger, from Bammakoo to its mouth, from Bornou to Benin, prostrate before us with obedience and respect. Coming as their friend, overthrowing superstition and whatever is evil; rearing up, encouraging, and protecting what is just; we should teach the natives in these extensive regions to assume their rank among the sons of men. To accomplish this we have, by means of the Niger, a safe and an easy road. Let no other nation pre-occupy it."

We now take leave of Mr. M'Queen, thanking him for his suggestions.—We have omitted many ingenious observations of our author, not wishing to detain the reader on a subject already exhausted, *African discoveries*; a subject which has become of late unpopular, from the repeated disasters of our various enterprising travellers. The philanthropist, however, and every individual interested in the improvement and civilization of the millions of Pagans of this interesting continent, now sunk into the lowest depth of ignorance and idolatry, cannot fail to be interested in the perusal of Mr. M'Queen's pages.

"Je m'imagine que le plaisir est grand de savoir imprimer."

LOVE.

And what is Love?—a light
That comes from Heaven in varied guise to all;
And in its rise and fall
Swift as a meteor through the azure night.

An ephemeral flower,
Whose beauties opening to the noon-tide ray
In silence fade away,
Ere the approach of ev'ning's chilly hour,

A strain of melody,
Brought to the ear we know not how;
And yet our spirits bow
Before it, when we feel its voice must die.

A cherishing perfume,
Such as the gales of Araby would fling,
If wafted by the wing
Of some loved bird from groves of orange bloom.

An iris bright as day,
Born in the soul, whose heavenly form and hues
Breathe gladness, and diffuse
Belief, that thence 'twill *never* fade away.

But oh! too bright to last,
The fair ethereal bow dissolves in air,
Leaving no record there
Of all its beauteous tints and glory past.

S. J.

SHAKSPEARE'S BERTRAM.

"I cannot reconcile my heart to Bertram; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries Helen as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate; when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness."—DR. JOHNSON.

THIS is a hard sentence, Doctor,—we wish you had never written it. There it stands, in all the modern editions, at the beginning of the play, damping our pleasant anticipations by a solemn assurance that the principal dish at the feast is unwholesome. Just as the reader is hastening among the *dramatis personæ*, the great moralist pulls him back, and bawls in his ear,—“Beware of a bad character!” He spreads a wet blanket over the poet’s work, and, like Lady Macbeth, forbids “Heaven to peep through it.” Few are at the trouble to raise it, and those few may be tempted to throw it in the face of him who put it there. We, however, have no love for human retribution; nor would it be, in this case, just. Happily there are many proofs of unaffected kindness and compassion in Johnson’s heart, though his doctrine often sounds harsh and unforgiving; and had he been better acquainted with Bertram, we think he would not have “made night hideous,” by aggravating those faults, for whose pardon Shakspeare had so eloquently pleaded, into crimes which admit of no allowance. The truth is, his edition of Shakspeare was undertaken as a job, and executed with as much speed as his bookseller enjoined. He wrote a preface in his best style, and seemed to think that was nearly enough. His notes, in many instances, are careless, and even strangely blind; and his observations, though sometimes pithy and admirable, betray errors which an attentive perusal of the text must have obviated. As for the inferior plays, and “All’s well that ends well” has always been considered one of them, he willingly showed neglect where the world would scarcely have thanked him for care and study.

If we cannot “reconcile our hearts” to Bertram, the play is altogether intolerable. If at any time his conduct is such as to provoke our contempt, or if we did not perceive, among his errors, the germs of a good and honourable mind, the interest of the story would be at an end. The hopes and fears of the other characters, their efforts to reclaim him, and the happiness of Helen, would be all despair the instant he became unworthy of our sympathy.

Shakspeare appears to have adopted this tale, and conceived the character of its hero, for the purpose of portraying those moral evils, frequently interwoven with the privileges of nobility,—prejudice, arrogance, and wilfulness; and to point out how they may be corrected in the discipline of the world. Let it be borne in mind, that a nobleman in the days of Queen Elizabeth differed widely from one of our present House of Lords; and, in this instance, the scene being laid in France, we may suppose him invested with the rights of a feudal lord to their fullest extent. Bertram is, by nature, generous and affectionate. His vices are factitious as the heraldic records of his ancestry, and, like his inheritance, belong to him by legitimate descent. His father, we suspect, was not a jot better in his youth. Among his many virtues

there is one mentioned, which lets us a little into his patrician character, and it comes most appropriately from the mouth of majesty,—

——“Who were below him,
He used as creatures of another place;
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks,
Making them proud of his humility.”

Praise from a king sounds bravely within the walls of a palace, but loses elsewhere. It is not enough that we should be told the old count was excellent as a soldier and a courtier, in order to make us esteem him. We understand his value better when his widow prays that her son “may succeed his father in manners as in shape,” and willingly join in her love of his memory; for the word of such a lady is worth a thousand kings,—and, in all probability, it was her strength of mind, aided by his own experience, that made him a man to be lamented. The young Count comes before us possessed of a good heart, and of no mean capacity, but with a haughtiness of rank, which threatens to dull the edge of the kinder passions, and to cloud the intellect. This is the inevitable consequence of an illustrious education. The glare of his birthright has dazzled his young faculties. Perhaps the first words he could distinguish were from an important nurse, giving elaborate directions about his lordship's pap. As soon as he could walk, a crowd of submissive vassals doffed their caps, and hailed his first appearance on his legs. His spelling book had the arms of the family emblazoned on the cover. He had been accustomed to hear himself called the great, the mighty son of Roussillon, ever since he was a helpless child. A succession of complacent tutors would by no means destroy the illusion; and it is from their hands that Shakspeare receives him, while yet in his minority.

It is too much to say that Bertram “marries Helen as a coward.” He is ward to the king, who commands the marriage,—

“Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;”

and he backs his authority with threats of—

——“Both my revenge and hate,
Loosing upon thee in the name of justice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine answer!”

His majesty is a moody old gentleman, but not the less fearful on that account. The most bigoted bachelor would prefer a wife to irretrievable ruin. If ever there was little shame in yielding to compulsion, here is a case in point. Helvetius indeed tells us that “he who fears nothing will do nothing contrary to his inclination; it is in quality of cowards that troops are brave.” But this is a refinement upon a word beyond its general acceptance. It suits the mouth of a metaphysician, but a man of the world would hardly understand it, and a great moralist has nothing to do with it. We rather admire the boldness of young Bertram's sneering and ironical speech, wherein he consents to “take her hand,” which could not be uttered without some hazard, while the brow of royalty was scowling on him. Nor does he “leave her as a profligate.” A profligate would have taken her to his arms before he abandoned her; but he flies from her with indignation, immediately after the marriage ceremony. As we profess to entertain a brotherly

affection for Helen, we are bound to inquire if there is any apology for such ungallant behaviour on the part of the bridegroom; and in this our duty we must, as is usual, previously insist on the fault being all on his side. Well, even in this one-eyed view of the question, we are inclined to acquit him on the score of mere accident,—the coronet having slipped over his forehead, and blinded his eyes to Helen's perfections. He knew not she was "a maid too virtuous for the contempt of empire;" and it was utterly out of his comprehension "that twenty such rude boys (as himself) might tend upon, and call her hourly, mistress." All his knowledge was comprised in her being "a poor physician's daughter, who had her breeding at his father's charge;" and his farewell to her at the castle shows he regarded her somewhat in the light of a menial, when he concludes his speech with, "Be comfortable to my mother, *your mistress*, and make much of her." To regard the poor girl with so little consideration is certainly very wrong; but at the same time it is very lordly, and Bertram is a lord. Besides, is the compulsion nothing? Suppose, reader, (if thou art a parlour-gentleman) that an act of Parliament were to pass, enforcing thee to take Dolly from the kitchen as thy wife. Truly, whatever deserving qualities Dolly might possess, or however good her education might be, we fear thou wouldest not perceive them, partly owing to her inferior station, and partly to thine own indignation at so tyrannical a law.

The Count likewise had a bad adviser constantly at his elbow, one Monsieur Parolles. Nor does the fostering of so adroit a parasite cast any reproach on the understanding of an inexperienced youth. Parolles is not a bully, like Captain Bobadil, or ancient Pistol, whose swaggering could only deceive a Master Matthew, or a Dame Quickly. He talks like a soldier of "very valiant approof," and wears not his sword clumsily, but with a grace. Such a counterfeit may pass for one of the current coin of Mars. He goes through the ordeal of the French Court without suspicion, save from one man. "He was first smoked by the old Lord Lafeu;" and he, with all his cunning, did not immediately discover him to be "a snipt taffata fellow," whose "soul was in his clothes." When this play was last acted, Liston was Parolles. Liston! what an egregious blunder! Why, the part is cold and pompous. Parolles is neither a droll nor a fop. We look upon him as a gentleman of most serious deportment. It is not for the love of distinction that he assumes the character of a man of courage, but for the sake of a livelihood; and therefore there is no touch of vanity in his composition. He acts his part well, as a labourer works well when he knows he shall be well paid. It is remarkable that Helen is the only one at the Castle who saw through his disguise. She says—

"And yet I know him a notorious liar,
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him, &c."

This delineation does credit to Helen's discernment, and may be brought forward as an evidence of the truth of the Vicar of Wakefield's observation, that "the two sexes seemed placed as spies on each other, and are furnished with different abilities, adapted for mutual inspection."

An overweening pride of birth is Bertram's great foible. To cure

him of this, Shakspeare sends him to the wars, that he may earn a fame for himself, and thus exchange a shadow for a reality. There "the great dignity that his valour acquired for him" places him on an equality with any one of his ancestors, and he is no longer beholden to them alone for the world's observance. Thus, in his own person, he discovers there is something better than mere hereditary honour; and his heart is prepared to acknowledge that the entire devotion of a Helen's love is of more worth than the court-bred stately smiles of a princess. He will not again turn a deaf ear, nor give a peevish reply to those arguments which had been made use of in behalf of the "poor physician's daughter;" and which, by the by, might be sculptured, (without offence, we hope,) over the door of the Heralds College, on Bennet's Hill:—

—"Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty.—"

—"That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the sire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a slave,
Debauch'd on every tomb; on every grave
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones, indeed."

We know not how to palliate the conduct of our young soldier, in his love for that pretty Florentine lass Diana. He was yet in his minority, to be sure; and that Parolles, "a very tainted fellow, and full of wickedness," did his utmost to further the affair; yet still we find it difficult to excuse him. After our utmost moral consideration, we feel it impossible to do any thing better than yield him up to the judgment of the pure and spotless; and they, perhaps, may be merciful, though those, the most conversant in his crime, should, as by usage established, plead in aggravation. But, let it be observed, whilst Shakspeare chronicles this fault, he allows it to be canvassed, ay, and sharply censured by others:—not by greybeards, who may have forgotten their similar delinquencies, or grown envious of what they but faintly remember, but by the gay, the youthful gallants of the camp; who, while they exclaim against it in bitter reproof, mingle his shame with a fearful consciousness of their own frailty. What severe justice, and what charity here meet together! Shakspeare is not the man to let a libertine escape. In portraying male characters, while he is bound to give them the manners of the age, (and they suit the present age as well,) he does not spare the lash; and generally introduces some loving girl, in whose expressions of persevering affection we read the deepest satire on the injustice, the cruelty of the master-sex.

The learned Doctor goes on to tell us, that "he sneaks home to a second marriage;" which is as contrary to the text, as that he travelled in a balloon. The war being ended, he is enforced to return to France, and agrees to marry the Lord Lafeu's daughter, rather as an expiation, than a choice. He will do any thing prescribed for him, otherwise his case is hopeless. In the fifth act Diana enters, accusing him of a breach of promise of marriage, with as much archness as modesty

can possibly assume, backed by a string of riddling impossibilities, very pleasant to the reader, but wondrously perplexing to the parties concerned. Throughout this trying scene Bertram never "defends himself by falsehood." He neither confesses nor denies the promise. If we look back to the interview between him and Diana, where she laughs at his promise, and begs his diamond ring, we cannot be surprised at the low estimation in which he holds her virtue. There is a plot against him, and the part Diana takes in it necessarily involves her in his worst thoughts. He is guilty of no "falsehood," except as touching a certain ring upon his finger; and challenged as he is, before the king and the whole court, how could he tell the truth? In all intrigues, whether amatory or political, it is held infamous for the parties not to be true to each other, at the expense of truth towards the rest of the world. Why then should Bertram be seriously blamed? It was rather his care for Diana's good name, than his own, that induced him to forge that foolish tale of the ring being thrown to him from a casement. But he is at last "dismissed to happiness!"—and why not? His faults are as venial as any Doctor's in Christendom; perhaps more so: for he makes no pretence to morality. We find him acutely sensible of all his follies; and he weeps for Helen, who is "supposed dead,"—why then, in the name of the most straight-laced virtue, should he not be happy?

We have written thus much in favour of a play, which is certainly seldom read, and, we believe, little understood. It is called one of the Poet's minor plays; and as far as it has no communion with the sublimer passions, the appellation is correct; in other respects it may rank with his best. That Dr. Johnson should have passed sentence on Bertram, according to his scholastic and abstract notions of perfection, instead of charitably considering the positive imperfections of our nature, is, at least, short-sighted. How he, so good a man, could have read the following beautiful passage in favour of our frail fellow beings, and yet remained inexorable, we cannot imagine, unless, as we have previously hinted, his doctrine and his practical morality took two opposite roads:—

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues." S.

SONNET.

W^HEN, when with thee, dost thou complain, my fair,
Thy servant absent, silent, and distraught?
While thou art by, can he have other thought
Than muse upon thy goodness—list the air
Thou breathest forth—gaze on thy flaxen hair—
Inhale thy breath, richer than perfumes brought
By Zephyr from the scented heath—or, taught
By Love himself to woo thee, press that rare,
That matchless form, all purity—or taste
Thy nect'rous lip? Then smile those frowns away—
No, not one moment pass'd with thee is waste;
But every sense full strain'd by thy sweet sway,
Thy lover is thy prisoner, and, graced
With flowery chains, passive, lets glide the day.

A. R.

THE WORLD.

Nihil est dulcius his literis, quibus cœlum, terram, maria, cognoscimus.

THERE is a noble passage in Lucretius, in which he describes a savage in the early stages of the world, when men were yet contending with beasts the possession of the earth, flying with loud shrieks through the woods from the pursuit of some ravenous animal, unable to fabricate arms for his defence, and without art to staunch the streaming wounds inflicted on him by his four-footed competitor. But there is a deeper subject of speculation, if we carry our thoughts back to that still earlier period when the beasts of the field and forest held undivided sway; when Titanian brutes, whose race has been long extinct, exercised a terrific despotism over the subject earth; and that "bare forked animal," who is pleased to dub himself the Lord of the Creation, had not been called up out of the dust to assume his *soi-disant* supremacy. Philosophers and geologists discover in the bowels of the earth itself indisputable proofs that it must have been for many centuries nothing more than a splendid arena for monsters. We have scarcely penetrated beyond its surface; but, whenever any convulsion of nature affords us a little deeper insight into her recesses, we seldom fail to discover fossil remains of gigantic creatures, though, amid all these organic fragments, we never encounter the slightest trace of any human relics. How strange the thought, that for numerous, perhaps innumerable centuries, this most beautiful pageant of the world performed its magnificent evolutions, the sun and moon rising and setting, the seasons following their appointed succession, and the ocean uprolling its invariable tides, for no other apparent purpose than that lions and tigers might retire howling to their dens as the shaking of the ground proclaimed the approach of the mammoth, or that the behemoth might perform his unwieldy flounderings in the deep! How bewildering the idea that the glorious firmament and its constellated lights, and the varicoloured clouds that hang like pictures upon its sides, and the perfume which the flowers scatter from their painted censers, and the blushing fruits that delight the eye not less than the palate, and the perpetual music of winds, waves, and woods, should have been formed for the recreation and embellishment of a vast menagerie!

And yet we shall be less struck with wonder that all this beauty, pomp, and delight, should have been thrown away upon undiscerning and unreasoning brutes, if we call to mind that many of those human bipeds, to whom nature has given the "*os sublime*," have little more perception or enjoyment of her charms than a "cow on a common, or goose on a green." Blind to her more obvious wonders, we cannot expect that they should be interested in the silent but stupendous miracles which an invisible hand is perpetually performing around them—that they should ponder on the mysterious, and even contradictory metamorphoses which the unchanged though change-producing earth is unceasingly effecting. She converts an acorn into a majestic oak, and they heed it not, though they will wonder for whole months how harlequin changed a porter-pot into a nosegay;—she raises from a little bulb a stately tulip, and they only notice it to remark, that it would bring a good round sum in Holland;—from one seed she elaborates an

exquisite flower, which diffuses a delicious perfume, while to another by its side she imparts an offensive odour; from some she extracts a poison, from others a balm, while from the reproductive powers of a small grain she contrives to feed the whole populous earth; and yet these matter-of-course gentry, because such magical paradoxes are habitual, see in them nothing more strange than that they themselves should cease to be hungry when they have had their dinners, or that two and two should make four, when they are adding up their Christmas bills. It is of no use to remind such obtuse plodders, when recording individual enthusiasm, that

"My charmer is not mine alone; my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitters too,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And lineaments divine I trace a hand
That errs not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize"—

for though she may be free to them, she sometimes presents them, instead of a prize, "an universal blank." The most astounding manifestations, if they recur regularly, are unmarked; it is only the trifling deviations from their own daily experience that set them gaping in a stupid astonishment.

For my own part, I thank Heaven that I can never step out into this glorious world, I can never look forth upon the flowery earth, and the glancing waters, and the blue sky, without feeling an intense and ever new delight; a physical pleasure that makes mere existence delicious. Apprehensions of the rheumatism may deter me from imitating the noble fervour of Lord Bacon, who, in a shower, used sometimes to take off his hat, that he might feel the great spirit of the universe descend upon him; but I had rather gulp down the balmy air than quaff the richest ambrosia that was ever tipped upon Olympus; for while it warms and expands the heart, it produces no other intoxication than that intellectual abandonment which gives up the whole soul to a mingled overflowing of gratitude to Heaven, and benevolence towards man.—"Were I not Alexander," said the Emathian madman, "I would wish to be Diogenes;" so, when feasting upon this aerial beverage, which is like swallowing so much vitality, I have been tempted to ejaculate—Were I not a man, I should wish to be a chameleon. In Pudding Lane, and the Minorities, I am aware that this potation, like Irish whiskey, is apt to have the smack of the smoke somewhat too strong; and even the classic atmosphere of Conduit-street may occasionally require a little filtering: but I speak of that pure, racy, elastic element which I have this morning been inhaling in one of the forests of France, where, beneath a sky of inconceivable loveliness, I reclined upon a mossy bank, moralizing like Jaques; when, as if to complete the scene, a stag emerged from the trees, gazed at me for a moment, and dashed across an opening into the far country. Here was an end of every thing Shakspearian, for presently the sound of horns made the welkin ring, and a set of grotesque figures bedizened with lace-dresses, cocked hats, and jack-boots, deployed from the wood, and followed the chase with praiseworthy regularity, the nobles taking the lead, and the procession being brought up by the "*valets des chiens à pied*."—Solitude and silence again succeeded to this temporary interruption, though in the amazing clearness

of the atmosphere I could see the stag and his pursuers scouring across the distant plain, like a pigmy pageant, long after I had lost the sound of the horns and the baying of the dogs. A man must have been abroad to form an idea of this lucidness and transparency, which confers upon him a new sense, or at least enlarges an old one by the additional tracts of country which it places within his visual grasp, and the heightened hues with which the wide horizon is invested by the crystal medium through which it is surveyed. I feel this extension of power with a more emphatic complacency, because it seems to impart a warmer zest to religious impressions; though I suspect novelty contributes liberally to the result, as I do not by any means find a correspondent fervour in those who have passed their lives in this delightful climate.

In the unfavoured regions, where Heaven seems to look with a scowling eye upon the earth, and the hand of a tremendous Deity is perpetually stretched forth to wield the thunder and the storm, men not only learn to reverence the power on whose mercy they feel themselves to be hourly dependant, but instinctively turn from the hardships and privations of this world to the hope of more genial skies and luxurious sensations in the next. The warmth of religion is frequently in proportion to the external cold; the more the body shivers, the more the mind wraps itself up in ideal furs, and revels in imaginary sunshine; and it is remarkable, that in every creed, climate forms an essential feature in the rewards or punishments of a future state. The Scandinavian hell was placed amid "chilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," while the attraction of the Mahometan Paradise is the coolness of its shady groves. By the lot of humanity, there is no proportion between the extremes of pleasure and pain. No enjoyment can be set off against an acute tooth-ache, much less against the amputation of a limb, or many permanent diseases; and our distributions of a future state strikingly attest this inherent inequality. The torments are intelligible and distinct enough, and lack not a tangible conception; but the beatitudes are shadowy and indefinite, and, for want of some experimental standard by which to estimate them, are little better than abstractions.

In the temperate and delicious climates of the earth, which ought to operate as perpetual stimulants to grateful piety, there is, I apprehend, too much enjoyment to leave room for any great portion of religious fervour. The inhabitants are too well satisfied with this world to look much beyond it. "I have no objection," said an English sailor, "to pray upon the occasion of a storm or a battle, but they make us say prayers on board our ship when it is the finest weather possible, and not an enemy's flag to be seen!" This is but a blind aggravation of a prevalent feeling among mankind, when the very blessings we enjoy, by attaching us to earth, render us almost indifferent to heaven. When they were comforting a King of France upon his death-bed with assurances of a perennial throne amid the regions of the blessed, he replied, with a melancholy air, that he was perfectly satisfied with the *Thuileries* and France. I myself begin to feel the enervating effects of climate, for there has not been a single morning, in this country, in which I could have submitted, with reasonable good humour, *to be hanged*; while in England, I have experienced many days, in and out of November, when I could have gone through the operation with

stoical indifference; nay, have even felt an extraordinary respect for the Ordinary, and have requested Mr. Ketch to "accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration" for taking the trouble off my own hands. I am capable of feeling now why the Neapolitans, in the late invasion, boggled about exchanging, upon a mere point of honour, their sunny skies, "love-breathing woods and lute-resounding waves," and the sight of the dancing Mediterranean, for the silence and darkness of the cold blind tomb. Falstaffs in every thing, they "like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath." From the same cause, the luxurious Asiatics have always fallen an easy prey to the invader; while the Arab has invariably been ready to fight for his burning sands, and the Scythian for his snows, not because they overvalued their country, but because its hardships had made them undervalue life. As many men cling to existence to perpetuate pleasures, so there are some who will even court death to procure them. Gibbon records what he terms enthusiasm of a young Musulman, who threw himself upon the enemy's lances, singing religious hymns, proclaiming that he saw the black-eyed Houris of Paradise waiting with open arms to embrace him, and cheerfully sought destruction that he might revel in lasciviousness. This is not the fine courage of principle, nor the fervour of patriotism, but the drunkenness of sensuality. The cunning device of Mahomet, in offering a posthumous bonus to those who would have their throats cut for the furtherance of his ambition, was but an imitation of Odin and other northern butchers; and what is glory in its vulgar acceptation, stars, crosses, ribbons, titles, public funerals, and national monuments, but the blinding baubles with which more legitimate slaughterers lure on dupes and victims to their own destruction? These sceptred jugglers shall never coax a bayonet into my body, nor wheedle a bullet into my brain; for I had rather go without rest altogether, than sleep in the bed of honour. So far from understanding the ambition of being turned to dust, I hold with the old adage about the living dog and the dead lion. I am pigeon livered, and lack gall to encounter the stern scythe-bearing skeleton. When I return to the land of fogs I may get courage to look him in the skull; but it unnerves one to think of quitting such delicious skies, and rustling copses, and thick-flowered meads, and Favonian gales as these which now surround me; and it is intolerable to reflect, that yonder blazing sun may shine upon my grave without imparting to me any portion of his cheerful warmth, or that the blackbird, whom I now hear warbling as if his heart were running over with joy, may perch upon my tombstone without my hearing a single note of his song.

As it is probable that the world existed many ages without any inhabitants whatever, was next subjected to the empire of brutes, and now constitutes the dominion of man, it would seem likely, that in its progressive advancement to higher destinies it may ultimately have lords of the creation much superior to ourselves, who may speak compassionately of the degradation it experienced under human possession, and congratulate themselves on the extinction of that pugnacious and mischievous biped called Man. The face of Nature is still young; it exhibits neither wrinkles nor decay; whether radiant with smiles or awfully beautiful in frowns, it is still enchanting, and not less fraught with spiritual than material attractions, if we do but know how to

moralize upon her features and presentments. To consider, for instance, this balmy air which is gently waving the branches of a chestnut tree before my eyes—what a mysterious element it is! Powerful enough to shipwreck navies, and tear up the deep-grappling oak, yet so subtle as to be invisible, and so delicate as not to wound the naked eye. Naturally imperishable, who can imagine all the various purposes to which the identical portion may have been applied, which I am at this instant inhaling? Perhaps at the creation it served to modulate into words the sublime command, "Let there be light," when the blazing sun rolled itself together, and upheaved from chaos;—perhaps impelled by the jealous Zephyrus, it urged Apollo's quoit against the blue-veined forehead of Hyacinthus;—it may perchance have filled the silken sails of Cleopatra's vessel, as she floated down the Cydnus; or have burst from the mouth of Cicero in the indignant exordium—"Quousque tandem, Catilina, abutere patientiâ nostrâ?" or his still more abrupt exclamation, "Absit—evasit—excessit—erupit!" It may have given breath to utter the noble dying speeches of Socrates in his prison, of Sir Philip Sidney on the plains of Zutphen, of Russell at the block. But the same inexhaustible element which would supply endless matter for my reflections, may perhaps pass into the mouth of the reader, and be vented in a peevish—"Psha! somewhat too much of this,"—and I shall therefore hasten to take my leave of him, claiming some share of credit, that when so ample a range was before me, my speculations should so soon, like the witches in Macbeth, have "made themselves air, into which they vanished." H.

SONNET.

WHAT to the maid is left below,
 When *he* is gone, she held most dear?
 The sigh of anguish—sorrow's tear!
 But can these heal the wound?—Oh, no!

Will comfort rise to bless her, where
 She oft has found delight before?—
 Nay, things once pleasing charm no more,
 All speak of me, who oft *was* there!

May she then hope, by change of scene,
 To gain her bosom's former peace?—
 'Tis fruitless—now she cannot cease
 From thinking, here he *ne'er* has been!

What then is left to her below?
 Has life a single charm?—Oh, no!

B.

ON ANGLING; WITH REMARKS ON ISAAC WALTON'S WORK.

"I mortally hate cruelty, both by nature and judgment, as the very extreme of all vices."—*Montaigne*.

"The savages do not so much offend me in roasting and eating the bodies of the dead, as they do who torment and persecute the living."—*Ibid*.

"NERO is an ANGLER in the lake of darkness."—*Shakespeare*.

WALTON'S "Complete Angler" is a singular work, which has been singularly over-praised. It contains a few descriptive and sentimental passages of extreme beauty, on account of their entire simplicity and truth; and the poetry with which it is interspersed gives, to those who were previously unacquainted with it, a pleasant relief, which in part takes off from the puerile and tedious common-place of the narrative. But, as a whole, the book is much more admired and talked of than read; and it is read more than it deserves.

But the reason which has induced me to ask the reader's attention to this work at present is, that it exhibits the most striking individual example I have ever met with of the power of habit and education in creating a second nature, which shall, under particular circumstances, put aside for a while, and take the place of, the first, without in any manner changing or deteriorating its general character, or even that particular department of it which has thus occasionally been usurped upon and rendered dormant. Isaac Walton was, generally speaking, the most good-hearted, and, in the very best sense of the term, the most *honest* of mankind: that is to say, the man who would, least of all others, feel justified in depriving his fellow creatures of their natural *right*, merely to benefit himself. And yet Isaac Walton was the most devoted and enthusiastic of anglers! This is nothing less than a contradiction in terms; and yet so it was.

It is not my intention to offer any arguments showing that angling, as a mere amusement, is not to be justified. I will, for the sake of human nature, suppose that no one will ever attempt to justify it. I even question if any one ever seriously set his wits to seek an *excuse* for it. It has been attempted, with a specious appearance of success, to palliate and excuse the various other field sports, as they are called, on the score of health, exercise, mental excitation, the sacrifice of the few to the many, the extirpation of noxious animals, &c.; but the sophistry of the most cold-blooded of casuists never attempted to apply these arguments to angling. Still less does the angler himself think of bringing them forward. He is, generally speaking, disposed to think of nothing but the best means of accomplishing his object, and if you were to tell him that he is keeping one animal in lingering torments, in order to compass the death of another animal, on which he wantonly inflicts pain and death, he would either stare at you in blank amazement, or laugh in your face, and turn away to put another worm on his hook, and proceed in his sport. And if, when he returned home at the end of it, he should happen to find his little boy *spinning a cockchafer*, he would, perhaps, be very angry with him, and beat him for being "*so cruel*." Indeed, for the angler himself I can always find an excuse in Dean Swift's jest on the subject, which describes the whole process as consisting of "a stick and a string, with a fly at one end, and a *fool* at the other." But this excuse of folly will not apply to some amateurs of ang-

ling, and least of all to Isaac Walton. He was not "a fool;" but, on the contrary, a sensible and meditative man, and, in the main, an extremely kind-hearted one. He had also a deep and unaffected love for the beauties of external nature, and an eye quick to discriminate them, when they were placed before it—an eye not weakened or jaundiced even by his dwelling in that spring of all mental disease—a large and vicious city. What then shall we say to him?

Let us first look into this celebrated work of his, and see of what it chiefly consists; and then, after having contrasted together the traits of its cruelty with what may by some be considered as its redeeming parts, let us inquire whether these latter do not aggravate the former, instead of extenuating them. It makes us doubt the goodness of our common nature, and look with fear and suspicion on all around us—even the best. The reader, who may not have previously thought on this subject, must abstain from accusing or suspecting me of expressing myself extravagantly, till he has seen what I have to lay before him in justification of my feelings. But if, when I shall have done this, he be not ready to confess that it is he, and not I, who has all along been practising a self-deceit, I may safely promise that I will, as the greatest and most appropriate penance that can be inflicted on my folly, turn angler myself.

The reader is to understand, that "The Complete Angler" is written in the form of dialogues, and chiefly consists of the conversations which are supposed to take place between an accomplished angler and his pupil, while they are out together on a fishing excursion. In the course of these dialogues, the author, under the name of Piscator, lays before his young friend all the advantages and pleasures attendant on his favourite pursuit, and the rules and remarks necessary for him to attend to, if he would follow it with success.

That I may, as well on the reader's account as my own, get over the unpleasant part of my task as soon as possible, I shall at once place before him a few of the directions which Walton gives relative to live baits, &c. After telling his pupil that, if he cannot easily find a *live grasshopper* "a black snail, with his belly slit to shew his white, will usually do as well,"—or "a beetle, with its legs and wings cut off,"—he adds, more in detail, and with reference to the baits for another fish, "First, for your live bait of a fish, a roach or dace is, I think, most tempting, and a perch is *longest-lived upon the hook*; and having cut off his fin on his back, which may be done *without hurting him*, you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back, cut or make an incision, or such a scar as you may put the arming wire of your hook into it, with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do; and so carrying your arming wire along his back, unto or near the tail of your fish, betwixt the skin and the body of it, draw out that wire or arming of your hook at another scar near his tail: then tie him about it with thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a kind of probe to open the way, for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire or arming."—Again, of frogs—"And thus use your frog, *that he may continue long alive*. Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August, and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without

eating, but is sustained, none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how: I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth, and out at his gills, and then, with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming wire of your hook, or tie the frog's leg, above the upper joint, to the armed wire; and, in so doing, *use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly"—(why—does the reader think?—from pity of his sufferings?—No, but) "*that he may live the longer!*"—Once more. "These live baits may make sport, being tied about the body or wings of a goose or duck, and she chased over a pond: and the like may be done with turning three or four live baits thus fastened to bladders, or boughs, or bottles of hay or flags, to swim down a river, *whilst you walk quietly on the shore*, and are still in expectation of sport!" Is the reader satisfied? or does he desire a few more morsels in the following taste? "Take a carp, *alive if possible*, scour him, and rub him clean with salt and water; then open him, and put him with his blood and his liver, &c." Is it conceivable that these atrocities can proceed from the really kind, simple-hearted, and benevolent Isaac Walton?—so sincere a lover of the calm delights of the country—so happy a wanderer "by hedge-row elms, on hillocks green"—so enraptured a listener to the nightingale's song or the cuckoo's voice—in short, with altogether so pure a taste, and so unaffected a feeling for all the best sources of mental pleasure? How strangely do the foregoing details appear in contrast with the following passage. "How do the blackbird and throssel, with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art of instrument can reach to!—Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock, the tit-lark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both living and dead. But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think that miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!" Again:—"When I would beget content, and increase confidence in the power and wisdom and providence of God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the lilies that take no care, and those very many other various little living creatures, that are not only created but fed, man knows not how, by the goodness of the God of Nature, and therefore trust in him. This is my purpose; and so let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord." This is his purpose, he says; and in pursuance of it he forthwith impales upon a barbed hook one of these "little living creatures" that are "created and fed by the goodness of the God of Nature"—to be swallowed by another of them, as a means of dragging the latter out of the "gliding stream," in which, according to Milton's own opinion, the "goodness of God" had placed it—and all purely and avowedly for the sport's sake! "And so," he concludes, "*let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord,*"—including the frog

that has just been sewed to his hook by the leg, with the wire run "through his mouth and out at his gills"—and the fish that has thus been enticed to "gorge" the said hook and wire, and has had them torn up from out his quivering vitals, and is put on one side to die in lingering torments! Surely, there never was, or will be, such another example of pure and heartfelt kindness and piety, united to such a heart-sickening and selfish want of feeling and consistency—so sincerely delighted a sense of the beauty and happiness that are every where scattered about us, joined to so callous a habit of wilfully destroying that beauty and happiness for pure sport! For my part, I could more easily solve the riddle of the sphinx, than give a rational and satisfactory explanation of the following short passage, with which this most singular and unaccountable book closes. The pupil, in return for the instructions that Walton has been giving him about "live baits," &c. calls for "the blessing of Peter's master" upon his master; and this latter adds, "And upon all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in his Providence, and be quiet, *and go on angling.*"

However much I may wish to engender in the reader a hatred for this execrable "sport," I would willingly leave him impressed with the same respect and affection that I myself feel towards the honest Isaac Walton. I shall, therefore, close this slight notice with a few specimens of his exquisite naïveté, simplicity, and enthusiasm;—all of which would be perfectly delightful, if they were not worse than cast away on such a subject. I have said that he is unaffectedly kind-hearted. He is so much so, that he cannot bring himself to *hate* any thing—not even the worst things, *except* otters. But these he abuses in set terms, calling them "*villainous vermin,*" and "*base* otters;" and he assures us that he "*hates* them perfectly, *because they love fish so well*; or rather, because they destroy so much." Next to otters, he dislikes scoffers, because he has heard that they rail at his beloved pursuit. He makes it a point of conscience to dislike them, "because I account them enemies to me, and to all that love *virtue and angling.*" With him the terms are convertible;—see what he says afterwards to the same effect: "It (angling) will prove like virtue, a reward to itself." Again, he describes his deceased friend, Sir George Hastings, as "*an excellent angler, and now with God,*" as if he believed, which he undoubtedly did, that the one is the surest and shortest road to the other. Hear, also, what he says of Dr. Nowel, Dean of St. Paul's: "And the good old man, though he was very learned, yet knowing that God leads us not to heaven by many nor by hard questions, *like an honest angler,*"—did what, does the reader think?—why, "made that good, plain, unperplexed catechism which is printed with our good old service-book!" Describing the same person, he continues—"his custom was to spend, besides his fixed hours of prayer, (those hours which by command of the church were enjoined the clergy, and voluntarily dedicated to devotion by many primitive Christians,) I say, besides those hours, this good man was observed to spend *a tenth part of his time in angling,*" which he (Walton) considers as, *par excellence*, "a recreation that became a churchman." And then he goes on to describe his picture in Brazen Nose college; "in which picture he is drawn leaning on a desk, with his *Bible* before him, and on the one

hand of him lines, hooks, and other tackling, lying in a round; and on his other hand his angle-rods of several sorts." It is evident from all this, that Walton thought Dr. Nowel, as he was a good angler, could not fail to be a good Christian. Numerous other passages might be pointed out, to show that Walton actually *felt*, if he did not *believe*, that there is, in fact, some natural and necessary connexion between angling and virtue. I will refer to one or two more on this point, as their characteristic naïveté is perfectly delightful. After having described, to his pupil, with infinite gusto, the best mode of dressing a pike, he adds, "This dish of meat is too good for any *but anglers*, or *very honest men*." Again, speaking of a "brother of the angle," he says he was "an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher." With him the two characters never occur separately. Nay, he carries his enthusiasm so far on this point, that he believes men are born to angling, as they are to poetry, and that without a *genius* for it they cannot succeed; "for angling is somewhat like poetry,—men are to be born so." Finally, he has little doubt that a person thus gifted is equally capable of all other good works. His book contains several beautiful copies of verses; but hear what he says of the *most* beautiful of them all: "Trust me, scholar, I thank you heartily for these verses: they be choicely good, and doubtless made by a lover of angling." And yet there is not one word in them that would countenance this idea; on the contrary, the few words that do refer to angling, tend to prove directly the opposite.

It is to be remarked, as another curious result of Walton's enthusiasm for angling, that it not only destroyed his excellent natural feelings, but also his good sense and good taste, in all points connected with that subject. He had, generally speaking, an admirable taste for poetry; and yet because Du Bartas (that ideal of the bombastical and mock-heroic) says something about angling and fishes, Walton quotes him with ecstasy, and calls him "the divine Du Bartas;" and believes and instances ever so many wild and ridiculous stories that he tells about the "chaste mullet," the "constant cantharus," and the "adulterous sargus." Nay, on this subject, he believes and quotes that proverbial liar, Ferdinand Mendez Pinto himself.

I will now close my extract by a short passage which cannot fail to convey to the reader an apt idea of the peculiar *style* in which the Complete Angler is written: "*Piscator*—And now, scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining; and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks; nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such days and flowers as these; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly, and try to catch the other brace of trouts."

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
Sweet dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie ;
My music shows you have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber, never gives,
But when the whole world turns to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

AIR, "FLY NOT YET."

When eastern skies are tinged with red,
And fairest morn with hasty tread
Upsprings to ope Heaven's golden gate,
And chase the ling'ring stars that wait
To spy the blushing dawn ;
While rays from Phœbus' glowing car
Gleam brightly on your casement's bar,
And pour a flood of glorious light
To shame the slothful sons of night,
Oh haste—oh haste
To snatch the fresh and fleeting hour,
Ere noon has sipp'd each dewy flower
That decks the spangled lawn.

Oh shake off slumber's drowsy spell,
In morning's pleasant haunts to dwell ;
And haste to join the feather'd throng,
That greet the dawn with choral song,
Or skylark's earlier lay :
With careless footsteps freely rove
O'er sunny plain, or leafy grove,
While new-mown hay its sweets bestowing,
Perfumes the air that's freshly blowing ;
Oh haste—oh haste
To meet the bee on busy wing
O'er opening flowerets hovering,
And watch the squirrel's play.

To taste the gifts of earth and air,
That Phœbus' fiercer beam will scare,
On new-born buds of every hue
To trace the glittering drops of dew,
The timid hare to spy,
Who stealing forth, now hopes unseen
To banquet on the humid green,
And oft, the while she fearless grazes,
Admires her leveret's frolic mazes,
Oh haste—oh haste—
Joys like these will never stay,
But melt like summer's mist away,
From day's too piercing eye.

ON THE GAME OF CHESS IN EUROPE DURING THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY.*

BEFORE I proceed to an examination of the various MSS. consulted in drawing up the present Essay, I beg leave to make a few additional allusions to the ancient romances. In the romance of "*Tristan de Leonnois*," written about the year 1120, *Tristan* goes to the court of King *Pharamond* for his education, where "tant creust et amenda tant que chascun s'en merveilloit, il sçeut tant des *Eschez* et des tables que nul ne l'en peult macter." The romance of "*Ogier le Danois*" is peculiarly interesting from the minute description it gives of a Game at Chess played between *Charlot* and *Baldwin*; the tale is thus told:—"Et quat ce vit sur le vespre tournoierent vng peu a la salle. Et il print volente a charlot de iouer aux eschez: si dema'da a baudouin sil y scauoit rien et il respo'dit q'ouy. Adonc lui commanda quil allast querir leschequier et le fist et si tost quil fut venu chascu assist son ieu. Et quant charlot commença a iouer tira vng petit paonnet et print vng cheualier et baudouyn q fin et soubtil estoit tira le sien et leua et print deux cheualiers. De son rey lui dist eschac. En lui disant monseigneur nous aurons tantost la fin de ce jeu. Puis couu'rit charlot son roc et prit ung paonnet. Adonc baudouyn trahit son cheualier et la mis au plus pres de son roy. Et charlot ne puoit point a plaisir, mais lui dist plusieurs fois laissez celle raille ou ie vous iure ma foy q' vous en repentirez. Monseigneur se dist baudouyn cela vault mieulx que tout le ieu car le ieu des eschez est de telle propiete quil ne dema'de que langaige ioyeulz," &c. This of course leads to more violent language, and terminates in *Charlot's* seizing the chess-board and dashing out the brains of *Baldwin*. In the sixth book of the "*Philicolo*" of *Boccaccio*, a game is described with similar minuteness, but the courteous conduct of *Philicolo* is a striking contrast to the insolent and overbearing behaviour of *Baldwin*: the former not only permits his petulant antagonist, a *Castellan*, to win several games, but when he at length wins and the other in a pet oversets the chess-board, addresses him in the following mild and soothing words,—"*Signor mio, per cio che usanza de piu sauii di crucciarsi a questo giuoco, io voi men sauiio non reputo, per che contra gli Scacchi crucciato siate; ma se voi haueste ben riguardato il giuoco prima che guastatolo, harreste conosciuto che io era in duo tratti matto da voi. Credo che 'l vedeste, ma per essermi cortese, monstra'doui crucciato uoleste il giuoco hauer perduto, ma cio non sia cosi. Questi bisanti siano tutti uostri*," &c.—*Sir, as it is customary for the wisest men to be vexed at this game, I do not esteem you the less wise, because you vented your anger on the chessmen, but if you had considered the game well before you spoilt it, you would have known that in two moves you might have mated me. I believe you saw it, but in order to be courteous to me, appearing to be vexed, you pretended to have lost the game, but let that not be so. Let these besants be all yours, &c.*

There are several MSS. on chess deposited in the British Museum, of which I shall attempt a description, commencing with the least important, and concluding with the more valuable ones.—MS. Sloan.

Continued from p. 320.

4029. is a small MS. on paper, containing a variety of tales in Latin. Mr. Twiss, in his very interesting work on chess, describes it in the following laconic terms: '*Cod. Sec. XIV. Sloan. 4029. Plut. xxiii. D. Fabula de ludo Scaccarii. Two pages on paper, of which it is almost impossible to read a line.*' Without doubting the truth of Mr. T.'s assertion when applied merely to himself, I must nevertheless beg leave to differ in the general application of his opinion; since, with little or no difficulty, I have been enabled to peruse every line of it. It, however, will not repay the labour of perusal, as it is a wretched morality on chess, similar to that ascribed to *Pope Innocent*, which will be presently noticed. In this MS. the eight squares (*octo puncta*) of the chess-board, are very sagaciously compared to the eight kinds of men living in the world, viz. *Wyldhede, Wykkydhede, Clergy, Laymen, Rich, and Poor*; the writer omitting, possibly from forgetfulness, to add the two remaining descriptions. He then mentions the names of the chess-men, and explains their various moves, which I shall advert to in their proper place.—*Bibl. Reg. 12. E. xxi.* consists of two pages in rhyme, written on vellum, and called, '*Incipit modus et scientia ludi Scaccorum*;' and the Morality of *Pope Innocent*, who was raised to the see of Rome in 1198. This morality (*moralitatis de Scaccario per dominum Innocentium Papam*) is supposed to be one of the earliest manuscripts extant on this game, but great doubts exist whether the holy father were really the author of so absurd and trifling a performance, it being likewise attributed to an English monk of the same name, who lived about the commencement of the 13th century.—*MS. Harl. 1275.* is a small 4to, of 50 leaves of parchment, and about twenty-nine lines on a page. This is the work of *Jacobus de Cesulis*, entitled '*Liber moralis de ludo Scaccorum*.' The first page has a border well illuminated in gold and colours, representing flowers, birds, angels, &c. The first letter, which is an *M.* of about an inch square, is ornamented with a miniature of a king playing at chess with a philosopher. The drawing is good, the colours vivid, and the whole of the writing in the manuscript extremely neat, and in perfect preservation. Dr. Hyde, speaking of this book, says, that it was written by *Jacopo Dacciesole*, a Dominican friar, before the year 1200. There is a Latin manuscript of this work in the library of Dresden, with the following title: '*Solatium ludi Scacchorum, scilicet regiminis ac morum hominum, et officium Virorum Nobilium, quorum formas si quis menti impresserit, bellum ipsum, et Ludi virtutem corde facilliter, vel feliciter poterit obtinere.*' At the end are these facetious lines—

Finito libro, sit laus et gloria Christo!
 Detur pro pœnâ Scriptori pulchra puella.
 Penna, precor, cessa, quoniam manus est mihi fessa.
 Explicit hic totum, pro pœnâ da mihi potum.*

* I am indebted for this information to an exceedingly curious Catalogue of Writers on the Game of Chess, inserted in "A Treatise on the Game of Chess; containing the Games on odds, from the *Traité des Amateurs*; the Games of the celebrated *Anonymous Modenese*; a variety of Games actually played," &c. By *John Cochrane, Esq.* 1822. 8vo. Mr. C. has done no little service to the chess world by giving, in this excellent Treatise on Chess, the games of the *Anonymous Modenese*. Some of the games, collected from actual play, evince great skill, particularly that at p. 250. His defence to what he terms "*The Queen's Pawn two Game*," at p. 251, and his notice of "*The King's Pawn one Game*," are also very

There are several other copies of this work in the British Museum, which need not be enumerated.—MS. Cotton. Cleop. B. ix. 1. is a very curious little treatise on chess, without date or title, written on vellum about the middle of the 13th century. Mr. Twiss says that it is contained "in seven octavo parchment leaves," but we must not infer from thence that the MS. extends throughout the whole of them, on the contrary it consists of only nine double-columned pages, each column having on an average forty lines of neatly written French verse, and illustrated with fifteen coloured diagrams. The work commences with the author's *general* address to his readers:

Seignors un poi mentendez.
Ki les gius de esches amez.
E ieo vne partie vus dirrai.
Solunc iceo ke apris ensi.
Les gius partiz numeement.
Ke me vnt apris diuerse gent.
De plusurs meistres les ai apris.
G'nt veisie iad mest anis.
E mult si purra leu amender.
Kia tuz les esches voldra iuer.
Kar ki ke uoldra ententiuement.
Des gius aprendre le doctnement.
Les sutils trez. les matesons.
Les defenses. cum les aprendrons.
Bien purra ueer e parteneir.
Ke giuspartiz a g'nt saueir.

En tutes curz aseurement
Juer purra plus afeitement.
Mes vne genz sount. ke endespit.
Vnt les giuspartiz. e present petit.
Pur ceo q' poi enseiuent ou nient.
Mes ceo net pas a dreit iugement.
De despire ceo du't neu seit la u'ite.
Kar toust pest estre en curt galle.
Kar coment purra ben iuger.
Dunt il ne se seit riens aider.
Pur ceo ne iust deua't q'l seit certains.
Kar sil fait. tenn ert pur vilains.

Lordlings, a little to me attend,
Who the game of chess love,
And I a game will tell you,
According as I have learnt it;
Particularly the game-parties,
That divers people have taught me:
Of many masters I have learnt them,
Many times I have had advice:
And much it may be lawful to amend
For all who chess wish to play;
For he that would attentively
Of the game learn the science,
The subtle moves, the mates,
The defences, as we have learnt them,
May well see and perceive
That he who of game-parties has great know-
ledge,
In all courts assuredly
Can play more skilfully.
But there is one people who in despite
Have the game-parties, and esteem them little,
Because they know little or nothing of them;
But this is not from right judgment,
To despise that which none knows the truth of;
(For all may be at the French court.)
For how can he judge well of that
To aid which he knows nothing:
For it is not just before he knows for certain,
For if he does so, it will be done wrongfully.

Then follows a *particular* address to a friend, which, as a specimen of the argumentative powers of the writer, is too curious to be omitted:

Beal frere souent mauez requis.
Ke ieo solum le mien anis.
Les giuspartiz t'nslatasse.
En romans. e vus les enueasse.
Fet les ai. ore les receuez.
Si dit en ai poi. ne me blamez.
Kar mult est grief u'rayment.
De prendre les gius p' enseynement.
Ki ne fust assis a leschekier.
V'lom peust les traiz iuger.
Fet est nekedent ore le receuet.
Mun-lueret. e pas nel peoplez.

Fair brother, you have often requested me,
That I, according to my advice,
The game-parties should translate
Into *romance*,* and to you send them;
I have done them—now receive them.
If I have said little, do not blame me,
For truly there is much pain
To learn the game by instruction,
Who is not seated at the chess-board,
Where he may judge of the moves,
It is nevertheless done, now receive
My little book, and do not publish it;

good; the frontispiece to the work exhibits a specimen of one of the most beautiful positions in chess. On the whole, Mr. C.'s Treatise will be found extremely useful to amateurs, and not undeserving the attention of more experienced players.

* This word does not bear in ancient writers the modern acceptation of the term: it signifies generally *the French language*, and, by implication, works of either history or fable, composed in that tongue.

Kar chose ke trop est poplee.
 Meins valt. e meins est amee.
 E sens. e auoir. plus uil ensunt.
 Kant co'mun est a tut le mond.
 Kar si les set sages de Rome.
 Neu seusent plus ke altre home.
 Nient plus ne fust de eus parle.
 Ke daltres ke del siecle sunt ale.
 E si li or fut si communs.
 E um fer. v acer. v plumba.
 Nient ne fut de greignur chirtre.
 Ke lautre metal ke ai nome.
 Pur ceo beal frere par icele fei.
 Vus coniuir, q' feistes amei.
 Ke vus cest linere pas napestez.
 Si vus congie de moi ne aiez.

For a thing that is too common,
 Is less valued and less loved ;
 And sense and knowledge become more vile,
 When they are common to all the world :
 For if the seven wise masters of Rome
 Knew not more than other men,
 Nothing more would be said of them
 Than of others of that age that are passed :
 And if gold were as common
 As iron, or steel, or lead,
 It would not be of greater dearness
 Than the other metals that I have named.
 Therefore, fair brother, by this faith,
 I entreat you, as you profess friendship,
 That you do not lend this book,
 If you have not leave from me.

The principal merit of this author is, that he appears to have been the earliest writer on the subject; for, in other respects, his book contains no openings, and his ends of games are many of them so obscure, and his directions to play them so imperfect and unsatisfactory, that they almost defy elucidation. Still many of them undoubtedly merit commendation, and afford no inconclusive argument, that the knowledge of this game, at that early period, was not only far from being contemptible, but, on the contrary, exhibited a considerable portion of skill. Some of the parties in this manuscript are designated by a particular title, allusive either to the situation of the pieces, or nature of the game; a custom introduced probably for the sake of assisting the memory, and forming a species of *memoria technica* for the amateur. The following list shows the names given in this treatise to many of the parties and ends of games:

Game 3 . . Ki peot si prenge.	6 . . Muse uilain.
4 . . Covena'nt lei ueint.	12 . . Giu des alfins.
5 . . Ki ne done chose amee.	13 . . Fol sil prent.
Ne prendra chose desiree.	

The remaining *eight* games are without titles to them.

The first game in this manuscript is introduced by the following short tale, no doubt inserted by the writer to induce his readers to examine the work, which even the interesting game of chess would have failed in effecting, without the additional temptation of a *romance*, and that a *love one*!

Dui baron estient iadis.
 Ke des esches vrent apris.
 A vn ior paratie sasistrent.
 As esches giuer. e g'ntment mistrent.
 Li vns mist sa teste pur copore.
 Lautre sa fille. sil nel pout mater.

There were formerly two barons,
 Who had learnt chess;
 One day they sat down
 To play at chess, and greatly they staked.
 The one staked his head to be cut off,
 The other his daughter, if he could not mate him.

Tant iuerent kil fust suspris.
 Ke sa teste al giu ont mis.
 Mult fut dolent pur mort se tint.

They played until he was *surprised*^{*}
 Who had staked his head on the game.
 He was much troubled, preparing himself for death,

Kant la nouele a la pucele vint.
 Ke sil amis a mort ert liueriez.
 Kant ele lentent. auale les desgrez.

When the news to the maid came
 That her lover to death was delivered.
 When she heard it, down the steps

* A *chess term*, the precise meaning of which is not clear.

De la chaumbre en la sale entra.
Vit sun ami suspis, mult li peisa.

G'nt feice estut e estudia.
Coment deliuerer le purra.
Puis dit, m'lt est fols e bricun.
Ke sa teste met en raancun.
As esches, si bien ne purueit.
Vltre le neofime tret, e aparceit.
Quele chose aider la porra.
Plus ne dit, sis peres se coroca.
E iura ke mal ot parlee.
La pucele en chaumbre reestalee.
Le chiuale a ki cle ceo ot dit.
Mult estudia, e tant puruit.
Kil vit la defense e la mateson,
Si cum nus ici le aprendrum.

From her chamber* into the hall she entered.
She saw her lover surprised—much she was
concerned,

Long time she stood and studied
How she might deliver him:
Then she said, "He is very foolish
Who his head puts in ransom
At chess, unless he can well perceive
Beyond the ninth move, and see
What thing may aid him."
More she said not: her father was angry,
And swore it was ill-spoken.
The maid returned to her chamber.
The Knight on what she had said
Studied much, and so long surveyed it,
That he saw the defence and the check-mate,
As we have here learnt it.

That the author was not an ecclesiastic is evident from the uncomplimentary allusions to the clergy, in various parts of the Manuscript. Thus, in pag. 5. col. 1.—

Cist giu resemble nos lettrez.
Nos cueskes, e nos abbez.
Ke tant riche sunt de g'nt auer.
E tant sages de terrien sauer.
E a degre e tut aesuent.
Lur almes liuerent a turment.
Si ke le diable uoillent v nun,
Les liuerent a perdition.
Kar il alieuent filles e fiz.
E lur porenz (?) e lur norriz, &c. &c.

At the end of this MS. are the following Latin lines on the moves of the pieces at Chess:

¶ It pedes ad bellum prior incipit ip'e duellum.
Pergit in obliquum punctum feriens inimicum.
Alpheus in truceis parat insidias inimicis.
Pugnat potenter temptatq' ferire latenter.
Miles in aduerso puncto mediante relicto.
Prosilit & fortem prosternit fortior hostem.
Linea si pateat roco, capit omne q'd obstat
Pergit in obliquum regalis femina punctum.
Si scacces regem regalem perdere sedem.
Cogitur, & totus sit de sede remotus.
Dic regi scaccum, si semita non patet illi.
Matus erit factus, nusq'm latuisse coactus.

These lines are taken, with a slight variation, from a short poem on chess, (*Bibl. Regia* 12 E. xxi.) entitled, "*Incipit modus et scientia ludi Scaccorum*," which will be mentioned in its proper place, as will likewise another treatise (in the same Manuscript) attributed to Pope Innocent, and entitled, "*Sequitur quedam moralitas de Scaccario, per Dominum Innocentium Papam*."

There is a Chess MS. in the King's Library, marked 13 A. xviii.,

* The chambers of the ladies about the period of this manuscript were constructed of wooden boards or shingles, and called chambers or *bowers*, probably from their resemblance to an *arbour*. The hall, in which the noblemen and their feudatories resided, formed a separate building, connected either by a flight of steps or a long and narrow passage.

considerably longer than that just described, and containing not only all the positions in that treatise, but many additional games. The writer has evidently formed his book on the foundation of the former, and has extended it to nearly two thousand lines. The names of the games are as follows:

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
| Game 1 . . Guy de chr'. | Game 28 . . Meschef fet hom penser. |
| 2 . . Guy de chr'. | 29 . . La chace de chiualer. |
| 3 . . Guy de chr'. | 30 . . La chace de ferce e de chr'. |
| 4 . . Le guy de dames. | 31 . . Bien fort. |
| 5 . . Le guy de damoyseles. | 32 . . Fol si prent. |
| 6 . . Le guy de alfins. | 33 . . Ly ennoyous. |
| 7 . . Le guy de alfins. | 34 . . Le seons sey ennoye. |
| 8 . . Le guy de anel. | 35 . . Le veil conu. |
| 9 . . Le guy de couenau't. | 36 . . Le haut enprise. |
| 10 . . Guy de p'pre confusiou'. | 37 . . Le guy de cu'dut. |
| 11 . . Guy de p'pre confusiou'. | 38 . . Ky put se prenge. |
| 12 . . Guy de p'pre confusiou'. | 39 . . La batalie saunz aray. |
| 13 . . Mal assis. | 40 . . Le tret emble. |
| 14 . . Guy cotidian. | 41 . . Le tret emble. |
| 15 . . Le guy cotidian. | 42 . . Ly desperez. |
| 16 . . Le poynt estrau'ge. | 43 . . Ly meruelious. |
| 17 . . Le poynt estrau'ge. | 44 . . Ly meruelious. |
| 18 . . Ky perde sey salue. | 45 . . De pou' ferce home fet. |
| 19 . . Ky ne doune ceo ke ileyme ne
p'nt ke deaire. | 46 . . Muse vyleyn. |
| 20 . . Bien troue. | 47 . . Le guy de dames & de da-
moysesles. |
| 21 . . Beal petiz. | 48 . . Fol si sey fie. |
| 22 . . Mieux vaut engyn ke force. | 49 . . <i>Has no title.</i> |
| 23 . . Ky est larges est sages. | 50 . . Mal veysyn. |
| 24 . . Ky doune ganye. | 51 . . <i>Has no title.</i> |
| 25 . . Le guy de ly enginious e ly
coueytous. | 52 . . Le mat de ferces. |
| 26 . . Couenau't fet ley. | 53 . . Flour de guys. |
| 27 . . De pres seu ioyst ky de loyns
veyt. | 54 . . Le batalie de Rokes. |
| | 55 . . Double eschec. |

The MS. opens with the following preface, taken from that prefixed to the Cotton Manuscript.

Icy come' cent les iup'tiez des Esches.

Seignours, vn poÿ entendez.
 Vs. ke les gius des eschez amez.
 E ieo vn p'tie Vs. dirray.
 Solunc ceo ke apri enay.
 De plusures mestres les ay apri.
 Graut ueisdie i ad moy est auys.
 Kar ky voudre ente'tueme't.
 Des giusp'tiez apredre le doctneme't.
 Les sutils trayz & les mate'ysou'nes.
 Les defenses cu' les apre'deromes.
 En tute cours asseureme't.
 Juer porra le plus afciteme't.
 Mes Vs. ke ceste liueret en auez.

Vs. requer ke top ne le pupliez.
 Mo'yns vaut & me'yns est amee.
 E sens & auer plus vil ensou't.
 Ka'nt co'mon sou't a tut le mo'nd.
 Kar si li set sage de rome.
 Ne siussent plus ke altre home.
 Nient plus ne fut ore de eus p'le.
 Ke des autres ke del siecle su't passe.
 E si li or fut si comuns.
 Q'n fer ou assez ou plumbs.
 Il ne fut de plus chierte.
 Ke altre metal q' ay nome.

DUBLIN, IN 1822.

DUBLIN is a miniature of London: it is built like a metropolis, and has its squares and great streets. It is not like any of the great provincial towns which are places of trade, and only inhabited by persons more or less directly connected with trade; nor is it, like Bath, a great theatre of amusement. It exhibits the same variety of ranks as London. It has its little court, its viceroy, with all the attendants upon his reflected royalty; it has its little aristocracy and its leaders of *bon ton*; it has its corporation; it has its Lord Mayor, and all the pageantry of city grandeur; it has its manufacturing, its mercantile, and its monied interests: it is the Westminster of Ireland, and is accordingly the *locus in quo* of judges, barristers, attorneys, &c. Almost every thing we find in London may be found also in Dublin. The difference is but in degree, and the similitude may be traced in the minutest details. Dublin has its club-rooms, just as we have ours in St. James's-street; there are also balls on the same aristocratic plan as ours at Almack's; and the gardens attached to the Rotunda are, during the season, lighted up in humble and distant imitation of Vauxhall. Dublin too resembles the English capital in its ebbs and flows. At the commencement of the long vacation the gentlemen of the long robe take wing, and the whole moveable population disembogues itself into the cottages, villas, and mansions which line the bay. Before the Union the resemblance was, no doubt, more complete; and the state of society then existing must have been exceedingly worthy of observation, and the varieties it presented highly entertaining. The recollections of this period cherished by the elder inhabitants of Dublin are very lively, and their representations of the great excitement and festivity which prevailed are probably correct. While the rich nobles and gentry were attending in their places in the parliament, all was gaiety and animation. The wealth which was necessarily diffused, increased the shrewdness and enlivened the humour of the most quickwitted people of Europe. The very chairmen, porters, and shoeblacks (a fraternity now, alas! nearly extinct) partook the general hilarity, and cracked such jokes and said such excellent things as they are now seldom heard to utter. The mob, previous to the extinction of the Irish parliament, took a warm interest in the subjects of its debates, which were of a popular nature; and several choice spirits arose, whose feats and prowess are recorded in many a ballad and ditty. Parties ran high, and one quarter of the city was sometimes arrayed against the other. The coal-porters were at one time at variance with the weavers of the Liberty; the burden of their war-cry ran thus:

" We'll not leave a weaver alive in the Combe,*
We'll cut their web, and we'll break their loom."

But the feuds of the coal-porters and weavers are now nearly forgotten. Had they not had a bard, we should not now have mentioned them. At this period a slang arose, and very generally prevailed amongst the

* The Combe in Dublin is near St. Patrick's (Swift's!) cathedral: the situation is a low one, and we presume that it should properly be spelled without the final *e*.—See Johnson's Dictionary, *v. Comb*, and Camden's *Britannia*, by Gibson.

lower orders, which was of a most curious character, and which gave additional zest to their farcical sayings and jests. The dialogue between two shoeblacks playing pitch and toss, which appeared in Edgeworth's *Irish Bulls*, is exquisite in its kind. What dandy of the highest water could make a proposition to a brother fop in a finer spirit of *enjouement* than that conveyed in the phrase—"Tim, will you sky a copper?" and the glorious conclusion spoken in a tone of such profligate valour, and "So I gives it him, plaise your honour, into the bread-basket with my bread-winner (knife) up to the Lampsey (maker's name)!" Even better than this we deem "*The night before Larry was stretched*," one of the best slang songs ever made. In the records of Irish crime such offenders as Larry are often found. Our Old Bailey culprits are dark, gloomy knaves; but the Irish rogues are all Mac-heaths and Don Juans in their way, "gay, bold, dashing villains." An Irishman was asked by an acquaintance one day why he looked so sad. "Ah!" was his reply, "I have just taken leave for ever of one of the pleasantest fellows, a friend of mine, whom the world ever saw."—"How, for ever?"—"Yes, for ever; he's to be hanged to-day for a burglary!" It was a fact that this gentleman, now enjoying name and station, used to frequent the Dublin Newgate, and found his boon companions among some of its inmates; and certainly those who have a stomach strong enough for coarse low humour, could not make a better selection.

While Dublin was the seat of legislature, there was a great commixture of the Bar with the members of the House of Commons: almost every lawyer of any eminence had a seat in parliament; the scene was a strange one. Not merely all interests, but all the varieties of human character had their suitable representations. In the British House of Commons the active men are all endowed with much the same qualities: there is some small distinction between the great orators and the men of business; every man is expected, however, to exhibit good sense and information. In the Irish parliament it was not so. Business was carried on there in every possible diversity of means. There were the fighting members, ready to take off an obnoxious man if he did but "bite his thumb;" there were the jokers, who prostrated a foe with a *bon mot*, or a sneer at his expense; there were the vehement declaimers, whose weapon was invective, and who levelled abuse at him whose views and reasonings they could not impugn. Let any one look to the Irish debates, and he will find ample fund for astonishment. The entire city used to be pervaded with anxiety upon the subject under discussion in the house. Multitudes used to throng its avenues and cheer the popular members. All this is now past, and the scene is comparatively dull; but there is yet much in Dublin to repay inquiry skilfully directed, and to excite interest. The great proprietors no longer residing in Dublin, the first place in society has naturally devolved to the Bar, which, generally speaking, is held in higher estimation in Ireland than in this country. The profession is by no means so much *detached* as here, and a counsellor, as he is termed, is expected to be not merely acquainted with law, but to be well-informed on every subject, and he is accordingly regarded as an authority upon all points. An English practitioner would be much surprised at the course of an Irish barrister's life. The courts do not sit till near eleven

o'clock, and no business is done after dinner. There are no inns of court, and each individual lives in that part of the city he chooses. The judges lead an easy life; there is seldom any press of business, and in Chancery we believe there is not (when will the same be said of the English court?) a single case in arrear. Nor is this strange, when it is considered that, for a country so greatly inferior in wealth and size, the same number of courts and judges is constituted. Strictly, this is not the case as to Chancery, there being in Ireland no vice-chancellor; but when the business of appeals in the House of Lords, and the duty of the Chancellor there as speaker, are considered, the position may be made with safety. The courts are all held in the same building, to which also are attached the various law offices. It is a very handsome edifice. In the centre stands a fine circular hall with a dome, and the passages to the courts open around. It is the custom for all barristers, whether having any business or not, to attend each day during term a few hours in this hall, around which they walk, intermixed with attorneys and suitors. Here circulates, speaking without a metaphor, all the tattle and news of the city. There can be no more agreeable lounge. The late Mr. Curran was in the habit of passing some time in the hall of the Four Courts, as it is called, each day; and here, after playing off his puns and saying his good things, he used to make up his occasional dinner-parties, to which he invited the cleverest of the young men he met, and among whom, till his latest hour, he was the youngest of all. To them he gave abundance of wine, in the use of which he was himself sparing. Kind and benevolent to each, every guest felt at ease, and the incomparable host himself without ceremony abandoned and resumed his seat, walked about discoursing delicious eloquence, or took up his violoncello as he felt inclined. In the habits of the profession there is, perhaps, nothing to remark beyond their general character, which partakes more of pleasure and (may we say so?) genteel life than does that of our denizens of the Temple and Lincoln's Inn.

The traders of Dublin are divided into three descriptions, which are strongly distinguished. There is the Corporation class, which is, perhaps, the least reputable; the great Catholic body, and the Presbyterian, which last is chiefly engaged in the linen and American trade. It is among the second that the stranger will find most matter for observation. Their religion has raised a line of demarcation between them and other classes of the community, and in consequence they retain more traces of the old Irish customs and mode of life. The institution of fasting two, and often three days each week, as well as in Lent, is a great prevention of social intercourse between Catholics and Protestants. The rules of the Church are observed in Dublin with the utmost strictness,—a strictness unknown elsewhere. Among themselves they live in a style of great hospitality and luxury. Indeed the same may be observed of the mode of life of all classes in Dublin. The market is very fine; the supply of fish, that prime article in an epicure's catalogue of the goods of life, ample and regular in all its species, shell, white, red, &c. The common beverage, that most used, and though cheapest, most prized, is whiskey-punch. Though called punch, it would, however, as most frequently drunk, be more properly denominated toddy; the *essential difference* being, as we ap-

prehend, that punch contains lemon and that toddy does not. Whiskey is of two kinds—malt, and corn, that is, made from barley or from oats, the first of which is most esteemed. But there is another distinction, and that is between *parliament* whiskey, and poteen, or whiskey made in defiance of parliament and all its ordinances, in a small still or pot. This last acquires, from the use of turf or peat in the process, a smoked taste, as to the agreeableness of which there is great diversity of sentiment, the strong preponderance of authorities being in favour of the smoke. The spirit is an excellent spirit, “a dainty spirit,” as Shakspeare says. It is not very palatable to one who has revelled on claret and hock and Burgundy, but it is sweet and delicious to those habituated to drink it, and it is extremely innocent. It may be safely said, that an excess in quantity of alcohol can be taken in no shape less injurious; and assuredly the potency of its malignity is well tried. The good old days are gone when the door was used to be locked, and the guests kept in durance till they became quite drunk: but a great deal of hard drinking yet prevails in Dublin. The middle classes are very much disposed to the enjoyments of the table; nor are they without a tendency to another modish vice. They play cards for sums small and trivial indeed in the apprehension of a dowager at Bath, or a man of mettle in town, but yet considerable when the circumstances of the parties are taken into account. The wife of a man not worth, root and branch, as the saying is, £10,000, perhaps not half that sum, will lose on occasion six or eight or ten pounds at loo; and her husband will be guilty of a more masculine indiscretion, and perhaps double that amount. Supper is, in Dublin, a meal of great enjoyment. At supper it was that often during the latter years of the last century the whole company used to stand up, join hands, and sing all together the bold national anthem of Erin go bragh. The effect of this was wonderful. It was enough to have animated the veriest slave and coward. Old and young, the aged sire, and the youthful beauty, all united their voices and hands. We apprehend that many a democrat must thus have been created. Stubborn, indeed, must have been the heart that could thus resist the example of age and the influence of enthusiastic beauty. This meal continues to be the chosen one. During the course of the previous evening, the members of the party have become acquainted with each other; restraint has worn off—little friendships have grown up—people have attached themselves to each other—the belles have selected their admirers, and all sit down with fresh zest for enjoyment, and with the anticipation of separating to impart its sweet melancholy. To dinner belong your discussions of politics, and sombre dissertations on the weather. More jocund themes attend supper. There is mirth and song and laughter; and the maid, who has been coy and reserved during the preceding hours, at length smiles favour.

It may, perhaps, be affirmed that literature has made less progress among the Catholic gentry of Dublin than any description of individuals in these countries. They are, however, in their manners easy and cheerful, and endowed with that natural courtesy which is the great characteristic of the Irish people. In England we are too much a people of business—a “nation of shopkeepers,” as we are somewhat severely called. Our gravity does tend to produce somewhat of

moroseness. In Ireland every man seems to be more or less a man of pleasure. We see few persons wedded to and delighting in one occupation as with us at home. There is a large body, the Prebyterian settlers in the north, to whom these observations apply with less force; but there is no question that the original Scottish character has been much mellowed by transplanting into the Irish soil. We are apt to confound the various descriptions of Irish, but the distinctions are worth remarking. In Dublin a judicious cicerone may point out the dissipated and refined southern, the primitive Milesian of the west, and the more sober and stern inhabitant of the north, all strongly contrasted to an observing eye, and the brogue of each varying in character and richness. In England many a wealthy manufacturer or factor would prefer to hear himself termed tradesman to gentleman; but on the other side of the water it is not so. Every man is there a gentleman. We cannot better illustrate this fact than by mentioning that the term esquire is almost universally applied. There is no middle class in Ireland; there are no individuals who can be content with being well fed and clothed, and remaining in their original grade in society. As soon as an Irish trader makes a little money, he extends his domestic, not his mercantile establishment. He applies the surplus not to augmentation of his capital, but to increase of his pleasures. There is a great want of proper pride, and a great prevalence of vanity. People retire from trade in Ireland with such means as in England they would begin upon.

This, however, all tends to make the people, if not respectable, at least pleasant, which the Irish may be said emphatically to be. In society there is less coldness and reserve and *hauteur* than in England. Let us here be understood to speak of the middle classes; among which in every country the national character and peculiarities are most visible. The upper ranks in Ireland, the great proprietors and nobles, are much the same as individuals holding the same station amongst us. On entering society in Dublin, a stranger will be much struck by the animation of the party; the absence of—we were going to write, *mauvais-honte*; the haste which individuals make to commit themselves, as it is termed; the freedom with which every man gives his sentiments; and, to speak the truth, the real ability and powers of elocution with which he defends and explains them.

The politics of the inhabitants of Dublin are very much provincial; indeed questions immediately affecting the country are sufficiently numerous and important to occupy attention. But what may be called imperial policy is as little heeded or thought of as the approximation of two planets; an event probably affecting us, but in a degree so minute, and so remotely, as to occasion us scarce a passing thought. There does not prevail in Dublin that general acquaintance with the characters of public men, or with the state of parties, which we find in this city. The press of Dublin is a subject too delicate and too much open to controversy, for us to enlarge upon; but we will remark, that the sweeping, slapdash, discursive, colloquial style common in the newspapers, is very characteristic. The writing is, in point of literary merit, greatly inferior to that of the London journals. Though newspapers are cheaper in Ireland than here, they have small circulation among the lower classes in Dublin; nor have we remarked in any of

the alehouses any newspaper 'taken in here,' as is frequent in London. These people have certainly, as their superiors seem to think they too have, lost all political weight and consideration. The mechanics and tradesmen all unite, however else they may differ, in bewailing the Union, which they deem to have been fatal to Ireland, because injurious to them immediately, and to their city. It is certain, however, that since that measure, Dublin has been most considerably enlarged and improved. It is not easy to explain the cause of this enlargement and improvement; there is no question that the trade of the city has declined. Belfast and Cork have possessed themselves of a part of what did once belong to the capital; and minor sea-ports now correspond directly with London and Liverpool, and the foreign ports, with all of which they used formerly to have nothing to do, but to get commodities from the Dublin merchant. This is not a consequence of the Union, but of the progress of trade, and general advancement of the country. There are in Dublin no houses vacant—none of the mansions of the nobility have gone to ruin; some have fallen into the plebeian hands of opulent lawyers and merchants; many are converted into public institutions and schools, and a great proportion into hotels. By this transition the inhabitants of Dublin are naturally much affected, and with many a bitter expression of sorrow they point out to the stranger the former residences of the various noble families. The Irish are a vain people, and impressed with a reverence for lords and ladies of high degree, very different from honest blunt John Bull's sentiments on that score; and it may be fairly presumed that the loss of so much good company is felt as a considerable aggravation of the solid and substantial injury which the Union occasioned the citizens of the Irish metropolis.

The number of hotels in Dublin is prodigious. All the members of parliament, going and returning, pass a few days in Dublin: it was formerly a great capital, the seat of legislation; it is now a great place of passage. Dublin is now as great as it was at the Union; not as great as it would have been, had that Union not taken place. The aversion to the Union, as a measure of policy, has augmented and maintained that dislike of England, which was once so strong in Ireland, but which is rapidly vanishing. The highest sense of the value and merit of English sobriety, prudence, industry, and exactness, is general; but the coldness and reserve of the character is objected to. There is no doubt that the Irish are emulous of our virtues; and it would be well did we resolve to adopt the excellencies of their temper and good nature. There is one article, the improvement in respect of which we may condescend to notice, as (see Lord Londonderry's speech on the State of the Nation) one of his Majesty's ministers vouchsafed to make it the subject of grave congratulation to the legislature. With such an authority, we run no risk of derogating from our dignity by adverting to it. We have the happiness of stating, that within the last fifty years the habits of the Irish people have improved, in point of cleanliness, in a degree almost inconceivable. They are still far from that martinet purity which we boast; but except in minor and trivial particulars, the inhabitants of Dublin are little less cleanly than those of London. Most of the hotels are kept in as good order as any here. It is true we do not see the outer steps and window stones of that dazzling and Cretan

whiteness they exhibit in England; but it will be found, that wherever comfort demands that the brush and the scrubbing-block should be, they have been. In the north of Ireland, strange as it will sound to English ears, may be found a perfect pattern of cleanliness: the houses of the people engaged in the linen manufacture, are many of them as scrupulously and fastidiously neat and pure as possible. These remarks, however, must be confined to the more comfortable and happy classes of the community. We will not speak of the peasantry; but directing ourselves alone to the population of Dublin, we must say, that it contains a large mass of human beings in the most squalid and wretched condition. An establishment for the relief and reception of mendicants does exist in Dublin: it is maintained by voluntary subscriptions, there being, as our readers are aware, no poor-laws in Ireland. But we mean to refer to a description of individuals who do not fall properly under the description of paupers, or constitute a fit object for alms,—we speak of the inferior orders of tradespeople and mechanics. There is a part of Dublin called the Liberty, almost wholly inhabited by these persons. St. Giles's, or the most wretched lane of London, is splendid compared with it. We were informed that the Earl of Meath, whose property it is, actually gets no rent: and that the old law doctrine of General Occupancy prevails. The houses are most of them ruinous, but having been originally well built and of good materials, they hold together. The languishing state of the woollen and silk trades in Ireland has had its effect, but the evil is mainly attributable to the great mischief under which that country suffers, the smallness of the recompense of labour. In London, too, there is much squalid misery, but it is more out of sight and out of the way than in Dublin. Keeping to the west end of the town here, nothing but opulence presents itself: penury hides itself in remote retreats. But in Dublin he must step warily who desires to avoid the view of wretchedness. It is not possible to walk in any direction half an hour without getting among the loathsome habitations of the poor. In traversing Dublin, the stranger will feel with peculiar force the poet's emotion, when, contrasting a rural retreat with the city, he says of the former—

“Here was not mingled in the city's pomp,
Of life's extremes, the grandeur and the gloom!”

The first view of Dublin is prepossessing; Sackville-street, by which the traveller from Howth enters, is one of the finest streets in Europe; and as he passes through it, and over Carlisle-bridge, the Post-office and the Custom-house are seen, a glimpse of the Courts is obtained, and the Bank and College lie immediately in the way. But these are almost all that are to be seen; and the consequence is, that the first emotion of a stranger arriving in Dublin, is admiration; and that disappointment succeeds. The Bank was formerly the House of Parliament. It is of Grecian architecture, and for purity and elegance, stands, we believe, unrivalled in these isles. Its beauty has been somewhat impaired since it fell into the hands of the monied gentry. It was surrounded by a series of porticos, the apt resort of Eloquence and the Muses; but the worthy Directors have erected in the interstices between the columns, a stout rampart of stone and mortar, thus

adding to the security of their coffers and the spaciousness of the building, however they may have detracted from the beauty of the architecture. The Exchange is a handsome building, but unhappily stands at the head of a street of which it does not occupy the centre. A precisely similar fault, in the site, it may be remarked, injures the effect of the Exchange at Liverpool. Dublin Castle, the town residence of the Viceroy, is situated upon an hill: it is well built, chiefly of stone, and has a very lordly and imposing appearance. The servant is better lodged than his master at St. James's. There are two large and handsome quadrangles, in the upper of which a stand of colours is always displayed. The entire of the building is not appropriated to the use of the Lord Lieutenant; much of it is occupied by the Public Offices, the Treasury, the Ordnance Office, the Chief Secretary's Office, the Council Chamber, &c. &c. The apartments are handsome, and the audience and presence chambers sufficiently spacious. The whole is surrounded by a wall of great height and strength. Some parts of the edifice are old. The Birmingham Tower, where the records are kept, derives its name from Sir William de Birmingham, one of the early settlers and deputies.

The neighbourhood of Dublin is very delightful. Both sides of the Bay are crowded with handsome villas. The mountains of Wicklow occupy the south: the Phoenix Park lies to the West, and beyond it opens the rich county of Kildare. The Glen of the Downs, the Dargle, the Devil's Glen, the vale of Obree, Luggelaw, all the most charming scenery of Wicklow, is within a morning's drive of Dublin: on the other side, beyond the park, only a few miles from town, lies Lucan and Celbridge. Their vicinity to all these places leads the inhabitants of Dublin to make frequent country excursions; and each Sunday, every jaded citizen who can muster a horse and car, has his wife and children apparelled in their gayest attire, and sallies forth to enjoy the pure fresh air, and cheer his sight with the view of the delicious country around him. Every house is deserted immediately after breakfast—the service of the Catholic Church is brief; it stays the eager citizen but a short time, and the roads about the metropolis present, early on the Sunday morning, a concourse of all sexes, ages, and conditions, hurrying to enjoy themselves. The Irish are particularly fortunate in the possession of their jaunting-car, as it is called. It is a vehicle drawn by one horse; the carriage of it is like that of a gig; the driver sits on a small raised seat behind the horse, and on each side, their feet supported by footboards covering the wheels, sit two, or sometimes three persons, those on one side having their backs to those on the other. Thus may five, or six, or seven people be carried with little more inconvenience to a horse than a gig would occasion. This sort of vehicle is cheap; it enables people of humble fortune to move about; it places them nearly on a level with the wealthy, in respect of that sole remaining article in which the latter enjoy a real and substantial superiority in the goods of life; and it is perhaps the only instance in which the middle class possess, in Ireland, a comfort which does not belong to the same class in England. We are surprised that the jaunting-car has not been introduced into use in England. It is not well suited to a great town; but for the country it is admirably adapted.

In regard to the travelling between Dublin and London, the Holy-

head road is a perfect pattern; and the great bridge now erecting over the Menai at Bangor, must not be passed by without a word. It is a work of the most magnificent description. The span of the arch is three hundred and sixty feet! It is scarcely possible to persuade oneself that the passage will be safe: and we cannot answer for what might not have been our vulgar scepticism on that point, had we not been, in a most piteous voice, assured by our host, whose little inn at the Ferry will be deserted when the avenue to the bridge shall be opened, that there is not the remotest fear (*hope* he would have said) of a failure in the project. Camden, in his *Britannia*, takes notice of an attempt made by Edward the First to throw a bridge over the straits, that his army might pass by it into Anglesey. The monarch was unsuccessful. How would he wonder at the feats of Mr. Wyatt, the engineer! Not, certainly, more, however, than would the mariner of his day at a voyage of six hours and a half from Holyhead to Howth. What a contrast does the expedition and celerity of the passage of the steam-boat present to the doubt and difficulty of the seaman of early times, anxiously straining his eyes to discover, in the dark horizon, the summit of some headland, by which to conjecture his course!—If the homeliness and common-sense nature of these remarks on the route to Holyhead through North Wales, should give umbrage to any sentimental reader, who expected to hear of peaks lost in the clouds, of horrific precipices, of eternal snows, of sequestered vales, of goats perched on fearful crags, of the screaming of eagles, or the flight of wild geese, with all the addenda of torrents, and caves, we can only recommend, that he visit the place in his proper person, and content ourselves with referring him to the narrative of a journey to Brundisium, given by the first lyric poet of the Augustan age. He will find, that strong as is the precedent afforded by Horace's notice of the "gritty bread" and bad water, we have not condescended to drop a single hint, that even in Wales, *small* mutton is not necessarily delicious, inasmuch as it is often *young*: and that a Welsh rabbit, even in Wales, is sometimes made of *bad* cheese.

S. M. T.

SONNET.—POMPEII.

CITY of ancient time! in midst of thee
 Once dwelt the mighty of the world, and thou
 Wast wanton in thy pride, and round thy brow
 Didst twine the wreath of immortality,
 And sat'st a queen beside earth's loveliest sea.
 The fatal fire-shower fell—thy ardent vow
 To Isis, Venus, nought avails thee now—
 That red rain fell, and thou didst cease to be!—
 Full seventeen centuries fled, and thy lost walls
 Still lived within their grave, though where they stood
 Strange men knew not!—Once more the lizard crawls
 O'er temples late discover'd;—in rapt mood,
 I trod on desolate streets, where the foot falls
 And echo answers through the solitude!

REPUBLIC OF PLATO.

PERHAPS some apology may be deemed requisite for thus reviving a treatise which modern writers on government have thrown aside as mere chimera and reverie, and which has experienced a neglect even greater than the other compositions of its distinguished author. We are far from affirming that the charge of impracticability is unfounded, which is, indeed, evident enough. But it should be recollected, that the treatise was addressed to a people of manners and circumstances so widely different from our own, that great allowances must be made when the incongruity of the scheme with modern habits appears very prominent and revolting. No inconsiderable portion, too, of what seems fanciful and visionary in the treatise, arises from the uncorrupt and undissembling sincerity of the author—from his complete recognition of the end proposed, as well as of the difficulties of attaining it, and his strict determination to leave none of these difficulties unconquered. With but one or two exceptions, he is the only political writer, either of ancient or modern times, whose thoughts have been conceived with entire singleness of aim—who has kept his eye steadily fixed on the greatest happiness of those for whom he laboured, stating fully the obstacles which impeded it, and devising all the means in his power for their removal. It will be seen that he himself does not attempt to disguise the incompetency of these means: whereas modern writers on the subject appear to be less extravagant in the schemes of government which they propose, simply because their real end is very different from his, and much easier of attainment. Their actual aim is usually to promote the convenience of the governing aristocracy, not the happiness of the community; and, when the two are at variance, they make no scruple of throwing aside the latter. To contrive a government for this purpose, requires but little deviation from established models, and little stretch of inventive power; and therefore the framer of it will, of course, never be exposed to the charge of innovation or chimera.

With all these allowances, however, much exceptionable and visionary matter will be discovered in Plato's proposals. But they frequently, even when false, suggest instructive reflections; and the errors of so extraordinary a man well deserve to be unravelled, and traced to their source. The most valuable portion of the treatise is that which unfolds the moral effects of a vicious government—the mode in which it corrupts and debases, as well the reigning tone of philosophy, as the sentiments and action of private life. The remarks which he makes on the degeneracy, under such a system, of philosophy in general, and on the perfect inutility of the genuine philosopher, when such a character was accidentally formed, display a depth and penetration in sifting the influence of occult causes, which modern writers, with the exception of Helvetius, have not ventured to pursue.

Plato's Treatise "*de Republica*" is delivered in the form of a dialogue between Socrates, Glaucon, and Adimantus. The chief speaker is Socrates, who details the scheme, and is throughout the organ by which the sentiments of Plato are delivered. In the following sketch, therefore, Socrates and Plato are to be considered as one—the latter speaking by the mouth of the former.

The treatise commences with an inquiry into the nature of justice. Considerable difference of opinion arising among the disputants, Socrates, in order to compose the dissention, strikes into a new path. For the purpose of ascertaining what justice is in an individual, he recommends a previous inquiry, "What is justice in a state?" This leads to the analysis of a state, which is traced up to its earliest formation. (Lib. 2. p. 60.)*

It arises, as he justly says, from the mutual and varied wants of human beings.† It is impossible to supply these wants otherwise than by combination and vicinity of residence. The primary and most indispensable alliance is that of the husbandman,‡ the builder, the tailor, and the shoemaker. A division of labour, from its numerous advantages, obtains footing among them without delay. When these most necessary demands of nature are supplied, new ones arise, and fresh artificers spring up to supply them. Along with these distinct trades, carriers and shopkeepers arise, and a market is established: merchants and navigators undertake the task of procuring what must be sought beyond sea; and a medium of exchange is established, which facilitates the process of dividing and transmitting the goods produced. A number of hired labourers, who make a livelihood by selling their bodily strength, complete the city.‡ In no long period, population would increase, and the arts of luxury would gain admission. The land will then become insufficient to maintain the number thus augmented, and a war with the neighbours will be the natural result. But by whom shall the war be carried on? Each member of the community is engaged in some separate occupation, and every kind of business is better performed when it constitutes the sole object of a man's time and attention. A military class,§ therefore, must be formed, for the purpose of attack and defence (p. 68.); a service of such essential importance, that the greatest care must be used in selecting and training up the performers of it. (p. 68.)

The first requisite for this character of military protector is a courageous disposition. But passion is the principle of courage, and no animal is courageous without being θυμωδής.|| (p. 69.) And how can this ferocity be prevented from displaying itself against their fellow citizens, as well as against foreign enemies? To reconcile these two seemingly incompatible qualities—gentleness towards their own countrymen, with a savage and hostile demeanour towards all others—to render this warlike caste, like guardian dogs, mild at home towards their master and his family, and severe towards strangers, is a task of the highest difficulty, which Plato proposes to accomplish by an attentive and well-contrived education. (p. 71.)

He begins by strictly watching the earliest impressions made upon

* The pages here quoted refer to the Leipsic Duod. Edit. 1818.

† Ἐπειδὴ τυγχάνει ἡμῶν ἕκαστος ἢ αὐταρκής, ἀλλὰ πολλὰν ἐνδεῆς. It may be remarked in passing, that this reference to the birth of communities to the wants and imperfections of man, was one of the heaviest accusations brought against Mandeville's fable of the Bees. See his letter in vindication of it, at the end of the third edition. His language, however, is in this, as well as in other places, ill chosen.

‡ Οἱ μισθῶτοι, οἱ πωληταί, τὴν τῆς ἰσχύος χρειαὴν, καὶ τὴν τιμὴν ταύτην μισθὸν καλῶντες. p. 64.

§ Φυλάκες.

|| This is an important remark, which Helvetius and Mandeville have made.

their minds by the fables related to them in their childhood. He would take unceasing pains to impress upon their minds sentiments and associations conformable to that character which was to be the ultimate result of the whole. (p. 72.) Many of the current fables, extracted from the poems of Homer and Hesiod, he reprobates very deservedly, as calculated to generate feelings both contemptible and odious. He particularly expresses his disapprobation of the deeds which these poets ascribed to the Gods. The acts of Saturn and Uranus—the imprisonment of Juno by her son, and the seizure and extrusion of Vulcan from heaven by Jupiter—the violation of the truce by Pandarus, at the instigation of Minerva—the journeys of the Gods in disguise through different cities—all these stories, and others which he extracts from the same writers, appear to Plato of a pernicious and demoralizing tendency. (p. 74-5.) God, being perfect, cannot change, except for the worse (p. 77.); nor can he be the cause of any evil: which, if it exist at all, must certainly emanate from some other source.* He deprecates the practice of mothers frightening their children by telling them that the Gods went round at night, disguised as strangers of every description. (p. 78.)

The representation which Homer gives of the Gods laughing unboundedly at the ungraceful motions of Vulcan, meets with his decided disapprobation, as tending to encourage an excessive disposition to mirth, which ought to be repressed.† (p. 84.)

All poetical passages which attract the sympathy and favour of the readers towards feelings of a weak or vicious nature, are unsparingly prohibited in the Republic. The more beautiful the verses, the greater will be their effect, and the more anxious is Plato to guard against their poison. (p. 82.) Lamentation for that which is irrevocably departed, seems to him inconsistent with soundness of mind; at any rate, he would contract it within the narrowest limits possible. Upon this principle, he proscribes all those portraiture of intense and excessive grief which poets delight to exhibit. (p. 84.) He condemns also all passages in which intemperance, or an attachment and accessibility to money, are eulogized or embodied in striking and exalted characters. (pp. 86-87.) He would not suffer sentiments of this nature to emanate from a God or a hero. But when firmness or temperance is favourably described and encouraged, Plato not only recommends, but extols such an employment of poetical powers. (p. 87.) He considers, also, those terrible pictures of a future state of suffering, which Homer and other poets have drawn, as most pernicious in their effects, by extinguishing courage, and creating an excessive apprehension of death. (pp. 81-82.)

Falsehood, being generally injurious, but, on certain occasions, useful as a remedy, is to be prohibited in all the rest of the community, and allowed only in the ruling class, either towards the enemy, or in any other case which they may deem expedient. (p. 85.) It is a remedy only to be entrusted to a physician.‡

Having indicated the sentiments which it was desirable to encourage

* Οὐδ' ἀρα ὁ θεός, ἐπειδὴ ἀγαθός, παύεται πρὸς εἰς αἰτίας, ὥς οἱ πολλοὶ λυγρὸν ἀλλ' ὀλίγον μὲν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις αἰτίας, πολλὰ δὲ αἰμαίτιος. πάλυ γὰρ ἐλπίτω τωγαθὰ τῶν κακῶν ἤντι. p. 75.

† Here begins Lib. 3.

‡ ἱατροῖς δοῦναι, ἰδιωταῖς δὲ καὶ ἀπειροῖς.

or extirpate in the minds of youth, Plato proceeds to examine the different styles or modes in which the poet might address their feelings. The sentiments might be simply recited by the poet himself in his own character, or under the assumed character of the person described. Tragedy and comedy belong wholly to the latter, or imitative class: the epic, partly to the narrative, partly to the imitative. Plato will allow this imitation and temporary adoption of the character described, only when rational and amiable qualities are represented. He will not sanction so exact and vivid a copy of mean or abominable qualities. Frequent attempts to imitate, he says, when commenced at an early period of life, pass at last into reality. (p. 94.) A man of worth would be ashamed to transfuse himself into the habits and actions of the vicious, or to appear under the disguise of a woman, a slave, or a drunkard. (p. 95.) If the actions or sentiments of such persons are to be represented, he will rather prefer to deliver a simple narrative of them in his own character. Besides, an imitation of good characters would require but little versatility of power, since there is little variety in the sentiments to be delivered. But of odious or unworthy subjects there is an infinite number, differing from each other, and each requiring a different accompaniment of music and gesture. (p. 96.) And this of itself proves a serious objection in Plato's eyes, since it would entail upon one person the necessity of performing a number of very different and even opposite processes, which the philosopher highly disapproves.* He pushes the division of labour to the utmost possible extent. He would banish, without mercy, one who could imitate every thing, as unfit for his state. (p. 97.)

Instructions in music and rhythm, which seem to have been exceedingly general among the rich Athenian youth, next pass under Plato's review. "The song (he says, p. 98,) contains three parts—the words, the harmony, and the accompanying measure.† The words or sentiments are to be judged according to the principles before laid down, and the strain and measure will be determined by the same rule, since both are to be exclusively adapted to the purpose of enforcing these sentiments. Whatever species of music might tend to seduce or overpower that peculiar cast of thought which he is anxious to foster in his pupils, is rigorously prohibited. Some strains (such as the *μεζολυδιστί*, *συντονωλυδιστί*) enervate the mind, by encouraging excess of grief and sensibility; others again are loose and luscious and altogether extinguish all sobriety of thought, (such are the Ionian and Lydian): both these sorts Plato forbids, and permits nothing besides the dorian and Phrygian moods. The former, warlike and inspiriting, cherishing in the mind of the hearer a steady and magnanimous resolution; the latter, gentle, pacific, and persuasive, introducing feelings of calmness and content. (pp. 98-99.) No more complicated style of music is to be permitted;‡ and even the flute is proscribed as too varied and artificial. (p. 100.) The lyre and harp in the city, and the Pan's pipe in the country, he deems sufficient

His decisions on the subject of rhythm are similar. He allows only

* Οὐκ ἐστὶ διπλῆς ἀνὴρ παρ' ἡμῶν, ὅδε πολλαπλῆς· ἐπεὶ δὲ ἕκαστος ἐν πράττει. P. 97.

† Το μέλος ἐκ τριῶν συγκείμενον, λόγῳ τε, καὶ ἀρμονίας, καὶ ρυθμῶν.

‡ Οὐ πολυχροδίας ὅδε παταρμονία δεῖνται.

simple combinations of feet, calculated to assist and enforce the subject of the song (p. 101.); and he lays great stress on the strict preservation of these measures, as tending to produce ideas of decency and symmetry in the mind, which he regards as intimately connected with inward goodness of heart.* So fully is he persuaded of the necessity of nourishing the youthful eye in the contemplation of symmetry and proportion, that he enjoins artificers of all denominations to observe them rigidly, and will not suffer even the commonest utensils to be prepared in ill-favoured shapes. (p. 102.) This connexion between virtue and proportion is certainly somewhat fanciful, but the observation in which it terminates is very true: that the perfection of education consists in enabling the pupil to detect and follow the principles of virtue in the least things, as well as in the greatest. (p. 104.)

He next proceeds to discuss the subject of gymnastics, or the bodily training of the ruling class. He prescribes to them a light and plain diet; not excessive, like that of an athlete, whose temperament was usually sluggish and somnolent from overabundance of food. Moderation in wine, and in other appetites, is also enjoined. (pp. 106-107.) Under such training, they would stand little in need of a physician, except in case of accidental wound or disease: and if the constitution of the pupils was so weak as not to be able to endure this training, but to need the aid of medicine continually to keep them alive, Plato denounces this as a perversion of the talents of the physician. That life is not, in his opinion, worthy of preservation, which is too sickly to be employed in the performance of any social function. Their children, too, would be sickly. (pp. 108-111.) A poor artificer, who has nothing to rely upon for subsistence except his daily labour, cannot afford to relax in the performance of this duty, whether from illness or any other cause. "We do not perceive," he says, "the application of the same principle in the case of the wealthy and prosperous" (p. 109.); but they too have a duty which it is incumbent on them to discharge towards the community, and from which nothing beyond a temporary relief and vacation can be allowed to them, in case of an accidental wound or fever.

He ascribes this artificial extension of medical science, which he has just been condemning, to Herodicus, the brother of Gorgias, who was a *παιδοτρίβης* (a trainer of youth), and a man of very sickly constitution himself. By the nicest attention to his health, Herodicus managed to prolong his existence, through continual sickness, into old age.†

Plato draws a parallel between the task of the physician and that of the judge. Both are remedial, and presuppose the existence of disorders, which might, by previous caution, be prevented from ever arising; a good moral education would render the members of the community friendly towards each other, and would almost silence the demand for judicature; a good system of bodily training would so discipline and invigorate their constitutions, that they would rarely stand in need of medicine. A frequent appeal to judicature, or a very refined system of medicine, is a proof of an ill-regulated education, and of intemperance and luxury in the previous course of life:

* *Ευθεία*—in sensu bono.

† *Δουλοῦνται οὐκ ἐφίης, οὐ γὰρ ἀφικέτο.* P. 109.

(p. 107.) Occasional dissensions and attacks of disease would unquestionably occur, under any conceivable system, and the judge and physician would then interpose with benefit. But, if the bodily constitution of any man were radically unsound, the physician ought to withhold his aid, and suffer the patient to die; and the judge should put to death without mercy any vicious and incurable temper which was continually calling for his animadversion and restraint.*

But the possession of a sound body is not the greatest effect which Plato anticipates from this attention to gymnastics. The mental result is his chief object—to create by their means a vehement and hardy temper.† But were the bodily exercises to be pursued exclusively, the disposition would become altogether savage and tyrannical, and the intellect would be deadened, so as neither to be desirous or susceptible of farther instruction. Music alone, on the other hand, would relax and enervate the soul. Were the disposition not naturally passionate, music would quickly succeed in emasculating it; if it were, that passion and vehemence would be converted into a touchy and short-lived irritability.‡ But music and gymnastics, if properly united, would temper each other, and give birth to a disposition in which courage and gentleness would be combined. (pp. 115—117.)

For the maintenance of these regulations, superintendants will be requisite, and they are to be selected from the elders of the military caste. Those elders, who have throughout evinced the most faithful attachment to the system and to the city—who shall pass with honour through certain artificial temptations to which they are to be exposed—who can neither be frightened nor cheated out of their patriotism—are to be elected commanders, and the rest of the military class are to be styled their assistants. (pp. 117—120.)

(To be continued.)

PETER-PINDARICS.

The Surgeon and the House Painters.

PAINTERS are like the dry-rot, if we let 'em
Fix on our pannels and our planks,
There's no ejection that can get 'em
Out till they've fairly play'd their pranks.
There is a time, however, when the ghastly
Spectres cease to haunt our vision,
And as my readers, doubtless, would like vastly
To calculate it with precision,
I'll tell them for their ease and comfort
What happen'd t'other day at Romford.
In that great thoroughfare for calves,
Destined to pacify the yearnings
Of Norton-Falgate gormandizing,
There dwelt a Surgeon, who went halves

* 'Ιατρικήν, εἰαν εἰπομεν, μετὰ τῆς τοιαύτης δικαστικῆς κατὰ πόλιν νομοθετησείας, αἱ τῶν πολιτῶν σὺν τῆς μὲν εὐφρείας τὰ σώματα καὶ τὰς ψυχὰς θεραπεύουσι, τῆς δὲ με, οὗτοι μὲν κατὰ σῶμα τοῖστοι, ἀποθνήσκουσιν ἐκαστος, τῆς δὲ κατὰ τὴν ψυχὴν κακοφύεις καὶ ἀνιάτης αὐτοὶ ἀποκτείνουσι. (P. 114.)

† Θυμοειδής.

‡ Ἀχροχολεὶ καὶ οργίλοι ἀντὶ θυμοειδῶν γεγεννηταί, δυσκολίας ἐμπλεῖ. (P. 116.)

With the apothecary in the earnings
 From broken limbs and accidents arising.
 But somehow the good Romford drones
 Were so confounded careful against harms,
 They neither broke their legs nor arms,
 Nor even slipp'd their collar-bones.
 In short he could'nt find one benefactor
 Among these cruel calf and pig-herds,
 To treat him with a single fracture.
 Was ever such a set of niggards!

The fact is, that they never took the road,
 Except on vehicles which God bestow'd—
 But if with other legs you take a journey,
 What wonder if they sometimes overturn ye?

One morn a Patent Safety Coach
 Departed from the Swan with the Two Necks,
 A sign that seems intended to reproach
 Those travellers of either sex,
 Who deem one neck sufficient for the risks
 Of ditches, drunkards, wheels, and four-legg'd frisks.
 Just as they enter'd Romford with a dash,
 Meaning to pass the Opposition,
 The front wheel came in violent collision
 With a low post—was shiver'd, smash!
 And down the coach came with a horrid crash.

"Zooks!" cried the coachman, as he swore and cursed,
 "That rascal Jack will get to Chelmsford first:—
 We might have had worse luck on't, for I sees
 None of the horses has'nt broke their knees."
 As to his fare—or any human limb,
 Had ten been broken, 'twas all one to him.
 Luckily for the passengers, the master
 Of the Plough Inn, who witness'd the disaster,
 Ran with his men, and maids, and spouse,
 Th' imprison'd sufferers unpounded,
 Convey'd the frighten'd, sick, and wounded
 Into his house;

Then hied himself into the town, to urge on
 The speed of the aforesaid Surgeon.

He came—inquired the wounds and spasms
 Of all the mistresses and masters;
 Applied lint-poultice—balsams—plasters,
 And cataplasms,
 Bandaging some, and letting others blood,
 And then ran home to tell how matters stood.

Like Garrick 'twixt Thalia and Melpomene
 His wife put on her tragi-comic features:—
 She had a heart—but also an uncommon eye
 To the main chance, and so she cried—"Poor creatures!
 Dear me, how shocking to be wounded thus!—
 A famous God-send certainly for us!
 Don't tell me any more, my dear Cathartic;
 The horrid story really makes my heart ach.
 One broken rib—an ancle sprain'd—that's worse,
 I mean that's better, for it lasts the longer;
 Those careless coachmen are the traveller's curse,
 How lucky that they hadn't got to Ongar!
 Two bad contusions—several ugly wounds,
 Why this should be a job of fifty pounds!—

So now there's no excuse for being stingy;
 'Tis full twelve years—no matter when it was—
 At all events, the parlour's horrid dingy,
 And now it *shall* be painted—that is poz!—"

The Painters come—two summer-days they give
 To scrape acquaintance with each pannel,
 Then mix the deadly stuff by which they live,
 (The smell's enough to make the stoutest man ill,)
 And now, in all their deleterious glory,
 They fall upon the wainscot *con amore*.
 The parlour's done—you wouldn't know the room,
 It looks four times as large, and eight times lighter,
 But most unluckily, as that grew whiter,
 The hall look'd less, and put on tenfold gloom.

"There's no use doing things by halves, my dear,
 We must just titivate the hall, that's clear."
 "Well, be it so, you've my consent, my love,
 But when that's done, the painters go, by Jove!"—
 They heard him, and began. All hurry-scurry
 They set to work *instantly*,
 But presently they slacken'd from their hurry
 Into a species of snail's canter.
 The Surgeon, who had had his fill
 Of stench, and trembled for his bill,
 Saw day by day with aggravated loathing,
 That they were only dabbling, paddling,
 Twiddling, and fiddle-faddling,
 And helping one another to do nothing,
 So call'd the foreman in, and begg'd to know,
 As a great favour, when they meant to go.
 "Why," quoth the honest man, scratching his nob,
 "Not afore master gets another job."—

The Surgeon storm'd and swore, but took the hint,
 Laid in a double stock of lint,
 And to his patients at the Plough dispenses,
 Week after week, new pills and plasters,
 Looks very grave on their disasters,
 And will not answer for the consequences,
 If they presume to use their arms or feet,
 Before their cure is quite complete.
 "No, no," he mutters, "they shall be
 Served as the painters treated me;
 And if my slowness they reproach,
 I'll tell them they shall leave the place
 The moment there's another race
 Run by the Patent Safety Coach."

H.

THE NIGHTMARE.

*Somnia fallaci ludunt temeraria nocte,
Et pavidas mentes falsa timere jubent.*

CATULLUS.

THE various phenomena of dreams have hitherto baffled the speculations of all the physiologists, from Wolfius down to Spurzheim. Visions arising in sleep, and floating over the surface of the mind, are still as unaccounted for as the congregated vapours which hover in the heavens. They are analogous to them in other respects as well, for they often present us the brightest and most fantastic imagery, and pour over our senses a dew, as refreshing as that which falls on earth "from the bosom of a dropping cloud." But were the illusory wonderings of the brain, during its demi-collapsed state—or when the nervous fluid ceases to communicate with it—or when our mental lethargy is broken by the excitement of some organ of sensation—or when, in short, (to quit the jargon of theory, and speak plainly,) we are asleep—were they but one continuous chain of pleasure, an article would never have been written "on the Nightmare." Passing, then, from those exquisite illusions of slumber, when "delighted thought in Fancy's maze runs mad," and forgetting the still more delicious waking dreams, those

—noontide trances, hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictured joys,

we must now turn to the dreadful visitings of that demon, who comes upon us at times, "making night hideous."

It has been supposed and asserted, that fearful dreams are the consequences of evil thoughts. It is true that they are often so; and, if the dreadful punishment of Incubus were to fall only on the doers of bad deeds, its retributive inflictions might be considered endurable. But we know that the preceding frame of mind has no positive influence on the victims of this inexorable fiend, who often passes by the breast "the deepest stained with sin," to fix on the bosom of innocence and beauty: for

Of on his nightmare through the evening fog
Flits the squab fiend o'er fen, and lake, and bog,
Seeks some love-wildered maid by sleep oppress,
Alights, and grinning sits upon her breast.

Nor is sanctity itself a safeguard from the encounters of this evil spirit, call it by what name, or imagine it under what figure we may:

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold,
He met the nightmare, and her name he told;
Bade her alight, and her troth plight.

We find in these two last quoted passages a rather puzzling distinction in their respective personifications of the spirit, arising from the absurdity of the compound word which designates it in the English language, and which comes from Night, and, according to Temple, from *Mara*, the name of a spirit, that in the northern mythology was related to torment or suffocate sleepers. It would be hard to find an instance of a simple derivation more absurdly mismanaged than in the formation of our word, which has led Shakspeare to make the night-demon a *mare*, and Darwin, to convert it into a fiend mounted on a mare. The latter bold supposition is certainly the more tolerable of the two, and is daringly embodied in Fuseli's picture; which, though in itself the

essence of caricature, serves seriously to illustrate Burke's remark, as to the ludicrous effect produced by painting, whenever it attempts to bring before us the palpable forms of those phantoms which poetry makes forcible and grand.

This demon has been, from the earliest times, the privileged tormentor of mankind, and a favourite subject with poets. The *nocturni le mures* of every age have been honoured with many a painful celebration; but probably the finest description of the morbid oppression in which all this phantasma originates, is that of Eliphaz, in the fourth chapter of the book of Job. "In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up. An image was before mine eyes; it stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof."

Compared with the sublimity of this vague but appalling passage, all succeeding attempts seem feeble. The vision of Pompey, in Lucan's *Pharsalia*, is powerless beside it. Clarence's and Caliban's well-specified imaginings produce nothing of the same effect; and the details of Athalie's terrific dream, when her mother Jezabel appears before her, require the acting of Mademoiselle Duchesnois to make a legitimate horror rise superior to disgust.

—En achevant ces mots épouvantables,
Son ombre vers mon lit a paru se baisser;
Et moi, je lui tendois les mains pour l'embrasser;
Mais je n'ai plus trouvé qu'un horrible mélange
D'os et de chair meurtris et trainés dans la fange.

These instances are but a proof of the many efforts to produce a vivid image of the horrors of sleep, by means of spectral agency in its most revolting aspects. Other poets have traced the persecuting fancies which oppress the dreamer, unmixed with the personal terrors of those just cited. Thus Young—

—My soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields, or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods, or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool,
Or scaled the cliff, or danced on hollow winds—

And Coleridge, who, in the following powerful lines, seems to have been strongly imbued with the vague intensity that distinguishes the passage from holy writ above quoted:

But yesternight I pray'd aloud
In anguish and in agony,
Up-starting from the fiendish crowd
Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me:
A lurid light, a trampling throng,
Sense of intolerable wrong,
And whom I scorn'd, those only strong!
Thirst of revenge, the powerless will
Still baffled and yet burning still!
Desire with loathing strangely mix'd,
On wild and hateful objects fixed.
Fantastic passions! madd'ning brawl!
And shame and terror over all!
Deeds to be hid which were not hid,
Which, all confused, I could not know,
Whether I suffer'd or I did:
For all seem'd guilt, remorse, or wo;

skin is like white parchment outstretched on a framework of bones; their eyeballs show not a single spark of soul; their livid lips writhe with horror and dismay, or with mirth still more hideous, for they curl into a smile as fierce and scornful as the last thought of a criminal who braves and spurns his fate. Most of them are agitated by weak but unceasing convulsions, and tremble like the iron tongue of that sonorous instrument which children love to sound between their teeth. The most wretched of all are those who, by the dire award of all-conquering fate, are doomed to terrify every beholder by the monstrous deformity of their gnarled limbs and inflexible attitudes.

"It is only during the periods which intervene between the regular returns of sleep that they taste any respite to their woes. Foredoomed to glut the vengeance of the enchantresses of Thessaly, they relapse into agonies which no tongue can express, as soon as the sun, sinking beneath the horizon, has ceased to protect them from the redoubtable queens of darkness. For this it is, that, with eyes rivetted on his path, they follow his too rapid career, in the ever-baffled hope that he may for once forget his azure bed, and remain suspended in the golden clouds of the west. But no sooner does night come to undeceive them, shedding from his wings of crape a gloom, unbroken even by one of those livid gleams which tinged just now the summits of the trees, than a fearful murmur arises amongst them. Their teeth chatter with despair and rage: they crowd together, or shun each other's contact, and seem at each step to shrink from an assassin or a ghost. 'Tis night! Hell reopens!—"

Among the merciless magicians who sport in the misery of their victims, Meroé, the sorceress, is the leading personage; and, of all the hideous monsters who figure in her train, Smarra is her favourite and well-beloved familiar. This precious fiend receives from his mistress a special mandate to torment the persecuted sleeper. "She spoke, and the monster sprang from her burning hand, turned writhingly and rapidly in the air, outspread his wildly-fashioned wings, uprose, sank down, expanded, shrunk—and, in the semblance of a deformed and spiteful dwarf, with nails of a metal sharper than steel, which pierced without tearing the flesh, he darted upon my breast, enlarged to a monstrous size, raised his enormous head, and burst into a fiendish laugh. In vain my glazed eye sought for some object of support. Thousands of night-demons played around me:—women of stunted growth and drunken aspect—red and violet-coloured serpents spitting flame—lizards, with hideous human faces, crawling in blood and mire—heads newly struck from still palpitating bodies, looking on me with glaring eyes, and bounding on the legs and feet of reptiles. They danced in a circle around me, deafening me with their cries, terrifying me with their atrocious gambols, and parching my quivering lips with their disgusting caresses. Meroé guided their movements as she floated above them, with her long hair flashing forth flames of livid blue. Her features were the same as usual; but under their wonted loveliness I was shocked to discern, as through a transparent gauze, the leaden tints and sulphur-coloured limbs of the enchantress: her fixed and hollow eyes were floating in crimson; sanguined tears trickled down her cheeks; and her hand, as she waved it in the air, seemed to print upon the void the trace of a hand of blood."

After such a combination of horrors as this exhibition displays—

Nocturnos lemures portentaque Thessala rides?

In this strain of still increasing suffering, the dream of Lucius goes on, through episode and episode, leaving the agonies of Orestes and all other victims of Eumenides, goblins, ghosts, or witches, far behind. Of these excruciating torments we have already had enough, and we shall now take leave of them and their historian with tenderest feelings of compassion, (but not *sympathy*, thank heaven!) if, as he admits by implication in his preface, he is himself the unfortunate subject from which his vivid pictures are drawn.*

LETTERS FROM TOURS.

MISS MARY BALL TO MISS JANE JENKINS.

Tho' I send them from Tours, yet my letters remain
As first they were scribbled at Paris—dear Jane.

I bought my new bonnet on purpose to wear
At th' Italian Boulevards, to which thousands repair
As the twilight approaches. Imagine three rows
Of chairs at each side of an avenue; those
Are quickly engaged in succession, till all
Are cover'd with parties, *en habit de bal*.
While lamps from the trees their effulgence are throwing,
Between them a dense population is flowing
Of all that is dashing and gay:—Cuirassiers,
Polish Lancers, and Guards, whisker'd up to the ears;
Large parties of English, with spruce-looking face;
Old Ultras—a fatuous posthumous race;
Inundations of women, no longer in caps,
But extravagant bonnets worth six or eight Naps;
Cits, soldiers, and lovers, wives, husbands, and brats,
Cloaks, spencers, and shawls, turbans, helmets, and hats,
All jumbled together to form, when they meet,
A grand cosmopolitan rout in the street.

Behind roll the carriages—good ones are rareish,
For most have an aspect extremely Rag-fairish:—
Calèches, with horses that pine for the pleasure
Of sharing the dinner of Nebuchadnezzar,
Fiacre, gig, tilbury, cabriolet,
And demi-fortunes, with their wretched display
Of one wo-begone horse, which on our side the water
Are sacred to knights of the pestle and mortar.
Some jump out, and saunter—some gaze at the throng,
Or nod to their friends as they rattle along.

Here parties of bowing Parisians stand,
With badges at button-hole, hats in their hand,
Who stop the whole tide as they congee, and show no
Reserve or compunction, but chatter *pro bono*.
"Madame, j'ai l'honneur—Je suis charmé, ravi."
"Je vous salue, Monsieur—Vous êtes toujours poli."
"Que vous-avez bonne mine!—Vous me flattez—Pardon!"
"Il y a beaucoup de monde.—Mais très-peu du haut ton."

* The Editor could not forbear giving a place to this paper, though he begs not to be made responsible for his correspondent's enjoyment of Mr. Nodier's "*glowing style*." The work of this Frenchman is, no doubt, removed from "*common-place*," but his taste is morbidly bad.

Letters from Tours.

"Je suis désespéré de vous quitter; bon soir."

"Ah, Madame, vous me crevez le cœur—au revoir."

John Bull, with a shake, or a slap on the back,
Cries—"Harry, how goes it, my hearty?" "What, Jack!
Weren't you spilt from you dennet in Bond-street? I say,
Do you like the French wines—have you been to the play?"
"Yes, I went to see Talma; what horrible stuff!
The French are all blackguards: the women take snuff.
Have you dined at Beauvillier's and Very's? Egad,
What would Tattersal say to their horses? D—d bad!
Rue de Rivoli's fine. But the credit is Boney's.
This mobbing's a nuisance. I vote for Tortoni's."

We follow'd such in, and they brought us a *carte*
Of the ices, ('twould pose you to learn it by heart,)
So I glanced down the column of "Glaces et Sorbets,"
And begged them to give me an ice "framboisée,"
While Pa, having ponder'd and changed a good deal,
Cried "Waiter!" and pointed to "à la Vanille."
In an instant I gazed on a conical mass,
Half pallid like Inkle, half dark like his lass:
And as Yarico never yet doated on Inkle
As I upon ice, it was gone in a twinkle.
But Pa with a face that denoted disaster,
Swore his tasted of putty, of paint, sticking plaster;
And after repeated attempts and frustration,
Made it over to me with an ejaculation.
The walks were now cramm'd, and I wish'd to renew
Our stroll—but he gave me a snappish Pho! pho!
And said he was tired, though I fancy the loss
Of his ice, not fatigue, made him grumpy and cross;
And 'twas doubly provoking, for just at that minute
Lieutenant O' Fagan had "stipt from his dinnett,"
And joining our party, was quoting Lord Byron,
Admiring my bonnet, and calling me syren!

We went to the Gallery, Jenny, to see
The pictures—and thither our countrymen flee
To determine their bets. It's the fourth of a mile,
Which point causes daily disputes, and you'd smile
To hear them contesting how soon they could walk it,
Laying wagers, and straightway proceeding to stalk it.
Captain Strut of the Fourth was twelve minutes, and then
Lieutenant O' Fagan perform'd it in ten;
But Sir Phelim O'Stridle accomplish'd the task
In nine without effort. I ventured to ask
What he thought of the pictures—"The pictures? that's prime!
"Who'll be staring at signs when he's posting 'gainst Time?"—
Here's an answer at once, if a foreigner starts
An idea that we're not *getting on* in the Arts.

Our countrymen flock, though they seldom have got any
Taste for Museums, or lectures, or botany,
To the Jardin des Plantes—not for rational feasts,
But to flutter the birds and to worry the beasts:
And these ('tis a fact that we all must agree to)
Cut out ours in the Tower, and extinguish Polito.
Yet though on the whole they so greatly surpass us,
They haven't that big-headed brute, the Bonassus.
That's a point where we beat them, but even on this one
They come very near in a beast call'd the Bison.
The old one-eyed Bear I shall never forget,
Who some time ago, being rather sharp set,

Pick'd the bones of a hypochondriacal Gaul,
Who by way of a suicide jump'd in his stall.
Whose taste was the worst—whose the frightfullest wish?
The man's for his death, or the bear's for his dish?

But a truce to the Gardens and bear with a swivel eye,
For Pa has just entered to take me to Tivoli.
Pauline! my new bonnet. Well, nobody knows
How I joy that' twas "doublé en couleur de rose."
Quick—give me my shawl—where's my best bib and tucker:
Lud!—like my own ruff, I am all in a pucker!
Pa calls me—"I'm coming"—so Jenny, you see
I can only subscribe my initials,

M. B.

THE SMITH VELANT.*

The author of *Kenilworth*, whose brilliant and fertile imagination has turned to such good account the popular traditions of his country, has brought into notice that of the invisible Smith, called in Berkshire the Wayland Smith, who is said to have taken up his abode in the valley of the White Horse, in the midst of a number of upright, but rude and misshapen stones. There he is said to shoe all the horses brought thither, provided a piece of money be left upon one of the stones.† It is known but to very few, perhaps, that this is far from being a mere local tradition. It is not only of very remote antiquity, but traces of it are found in various other countries besides England. It is not easy to decide which is the country of its origin. It is certain that it has been known in England for several centuries back. In an old romance upon King Horn, published by Ritson,‡ it is thus mentioned:

Than sche lete forth bring
A sword hougandbs a sing
To Horn sche it betaught
Wit is the make of minning
Of all swerdes it is king
And Weland it wrought
Bitterfer the sword hight.

But a still more ancient notice of the tradition of Velant is found in the Anglo-Saxon translation of Boethius by King Alfred§, who says, "Where now are the bones of the wise and famous goldsmith Velant? Who can now point out his tomb?" This even is not the only proof that the Anglo-Saxons were acquainted with this tradition. In a heroic poem upon the Skyldingues, written in Anglo-Saxon, and published for the first time by Thorkeling, Danish counsellor of state, Biedulph the Goth requires, that if he should happen to fall in fight, he should be buried in his armour—the *workmanship of Velant*.||

The armour made by Velant was equally renowned in France. In

* The Wayland Smith in *Kenilworth*, communicated by M. Depping, of Paris.

† Besides what is said of it in Camden's *Britannia*, it is also alluded to in Wise's Letter to Dr. Mead, concerning some antiquities in Berkshire, particularly the White Horse. Oxford, 1738, 4to.

‡ Ancient English Metrical Romances. London, 1802, vol. 3.

§ Oxford edition, 1693, page 43 and 162.

|| De Danorum rebus gestis, poema Danicum dialecto Anglo-Saxonico ex biblioth. Cotton. Havnia, 1815, Chant 6.

a Chronicle of the Counts of Angouleme, written in the 12th century,* it is said, that Count William received his surname of Taillefer, because he could, with his sword *made by Velant*, cleave asunder a warrior armed cap-a-pie. The fame of this celebrated armourer was also established amongst the Germans. The author of the Latin poem upon the first expedition of Attila into Gaul, published, and to all appearance written, in Germany,† clothes Gauthier de Vorkastein in armour manufactured by Velant. In the German poetry of the middle ages, Velant is often met with under the Germanized name of Veilandt, and his praises rung as being a maker of arms of the finest temper.‡ Godfroy of Strasbourg, in his poem of Tristan, calls him Vilint, and states that he was a duke, who, being driven from his country by two giants, took refuge in the territory of King Elberic, where he followed the profession of a smith, in the mountain of Gloggensachsen. But it is particularly in the north of Europe that the tradition of the Smith Velant has been most firmly established, and where his name is oftener met with in poetry. There they not only relate many detached anecdotes of him; but there is an entire romance containing the life and adventures of this famous personage. It is this circumstance that has led the modern Danish authors to think that this tradition had its origin in the north. M. Pierre Erasmus Muller has very learnedly discussed this subject in his interesting *Bibliothèque des Sagas Islandais*.§ To his erudite researches I am indebted for the greater number of the details contained in this article.

As an equivalent for the word Smith is to be found in the language of almost every nation, so the Icelanders have rendered it by the word *Velant* or *Voelund*; and Mr. Muller finds in this word a convincing proof of the Scandinavian origin of this tradition, for, says he, *Voelund* is an Icelandic word, the root of which is *Voel*, which signifies stratagem or skill. *Volundar* is even at the present day the term which the Icelanders apply to a skilful artist. The most ancient mention of Velant to be found in the northern literature, is in the Edda, which contains an entire canto, called *Volundar quida*; but the romance, or Saga of Velant, forms a part of an Icelandic composition somewhat less ancient, called *Vilkina Saga*. It is in the nature of an episode, and seems to have been added without much attention to the march of the story. Mr. Muller thinks that the *Scalde*, or poet, who composed the *Vilkina Saga*, or added this episode to it, must have been acquainted with the German traditions and poems on the same subject, and that it was from them and from the Edda that he derived the materials of the fable of the famous Smith.

Mr. Oehlenschlaeger, one of the first living poets of Denmark, found this story so interesting, that he has twice treated it, first after the simple narrative of the Edda, and the second time according to the more romantic tale of the *Vilkina Saga*. Indeed, the second poem is nothing more than a faithful translation of the Icelandic.¶ I shall here give the outlines of it.

* Chez Labbe bibliotheca MS. nov. t. 2.

† *De prima expeditione Attilæ regis Hunnorum in Gallias*, Ed. Fischer.

‡ Voyez Grimm, de l'origine de la poésie Allemande, dans le tome 4 des *Studien* De Daub. et Creutzer.

§ *Sagabiblotek*, tom. 2. Kisebenhavn, 1818.

¶ Dans les *Scandinaviske Litteratur-Selskabs-Skrifter*. Copenhagen, 1809. Cahier 2.

The giant Vade, or Selande, had a son named Velant, whom, at the age of nine years, he placed with a famous and skilful smith, of Hunaland, called Mimit, in order to learn the art of forging iron. After leaving him three winters in Hunaland, Vade took him to a mountain called Kallona, the interior of which was inhabited by two dwarfs, who had the reputation of being more skilful in the working of iron than any other dwarfs,* or ordinary mortals. They manufactured swords, casques, and cuirasses, and were great adepts in the working of gold and silver, of which they made numberless trinkets. Vade agreed with the dwarfs that they should teach his son Velant, in the space of twelve months, all the arts of which they were masters; and for which they were to receive, as a recompense, a golden mark. Velant soon learned all that the dwarfs thought proper to teach him; and when his father returned, at the expiration of the appointed time, to take him away, the dwarfs offered to give him back the golden mark, and teach his son as much again as he had already learned, if he should be allowed to remain another twelve months under their care. Vade consented; but the dwarfs, quickly repenting of the bad bargain they had made, added this condition, that if, upon the appointed day, Vade did not appear to take away his son, they should be at liberty to kill him. To this Vade also gave his assent; but, before his departure, he took his son aside, showed him a sword, which he concealed in a certain spot at the foot of the mountain, and said to him, "If I should not arrive on the appointed day, sooner than allow yourself to be killed by those dwarfs, take this sword and put an end to your own existence, in order that my friends may say, that I gave to the world a man, and not a girl." Velant promised to do so, and re-entered the mountain, where he soon became so skilful in the art of working metals, that the dwarfs became jealous of his superiority. Towards the close of the twelve months, Vade the giant set out for the mountain, where he arrived three days before the expiration of the time. But, finding the entrance to the interior of the mountain not yet open, and being very much fatigued after his long journey, he fell asleep. During his slumber a violent storm arose, a part of the mountain gave way, and buried poor Vade under its fragments.

The day fixed upon for his appearance being come, the dwarfs issued from the mountain, but could perceive no traces of Vade the giant. His son Velant, after in vain searching for him, ran to where the sword was concealed, took it, and hiding it under his garments, followed the dwarfs into the mountain. He there killed them (instead of himself), took possession of their tools, loaded a horse with as much gold and silver as he could carry, and set out on his return to Denmark. On being stopped in his progress by a river, he cut down a tree, hollowed out its trunk, stowed his treasures into it, made a cover for it, which rendered it impervious to the water, and getting into it himself, closed the lid, and committed himself to the mercy of the waves.

One day that the King of Jutland and his court were out on a fishing-

* The Finlanders are continually designated in the Sagas as dwarfs, and even sorcerers. They were of a very diminutive stature, and generally lived in the caverns of the mountains; hence their double appellation of dwarfs and necromancers.

party, on the nets being drawn, there was found in one of them a singularly shaped trunk of a tree. In order to find out what it contained, they were going to break it to pieces, when suddenly a voice issued from the trunk of the tree, commanding the workmen to desist. On hearing which, the workmen ran away precipitately, crying out that there was a sorcerer hid in the piece of timber. In the mean time Velant opened the door of his prison; and on coming out, told the King that he was no sorcerer, and that if he would spare his life and his treasures, he (Velant) would promise to render the King the most signal services. The King assented. Velant concealed his treasures under ground, and entered into the royal service. His charge was to take great care of three knives, which were every day placed before the King at table. One day, while he was washing these knives in the river, one of them fell out of his hands, and sunk to the bottom. Fearing to lose the royal favour, he went secretly to the forge belonging to the King's smith, and made a knife exactly similar to the one that had been lost. The first time the King made use of this knife at dinner, it not only cut the bread, but went clean through the wood of the table. The King, astonished at the extraordinary temper of the blade, wished to know by whom it had been made. Velant, being hard pressed by his Majesty's questions, confessed what had taken place. On this being made known, the King's smith became jealous of Velant, and pretended that he was capable of producing as good work as this stranger, whom he challenged to a trial of skill on the following conditions:—"Make," said he to Velant, "the best sword you are capable of making: in the meantime I shall make a complete suit of armour; which if you can cut through with your sword, my head shall be at your service. But, if the armour resist the edge of your sword, your life shall be the forfeit. In twelve months the trial shall take place." Velant accepted the proposition. Two courtiers became guarantees for the smith, and the King offered himself as security for Velant. The smith immediately shut himself up, together with his assistants, in his forge, in order to work at the armour. Velant, on the contrary, continued to serve the King, and let six months pass away without thinking of his sword. The King at length asked him the reason; and Velant replied, that he had not been able to find his tools, nor his treasures, in the place where he had buried them, and that he suspected that they had been taken away by a person who had seen him hide them, but whose name he knew not. The King issued an order for all his subjects to come together, so that Velant might discover the culpable person. The *thinget*, or assembly of the people, took place; but Velant did not see the person of the robber amongst them. The King then became angry, and said that Velant had told him a falsehood. Upon this, Velant secretly made the figure of a man exactly resembling the person who, he suspected, had stolen his treasures; he also clothed it in a similar dress to what this person wore, and then placed it in the hall of the palace: on entering which the King exclaimed, "Ah, is that you, Reigin! are you already returned from your embassy? why have you not come to speak to me?" Velant, who had closely followed the King, immediately said, "Sire, you have named the guilty person." The moment Reigin returned, the King forced him to restore to Velant his tools and his treasures. Still, however, he

allowed four months more to pass away, till at length, urged by the King, he manufactured, in seven days, a sword which wonderfully pleased his Majesty. They went together to the river-side, and Velant threw into the water a piece of timber a foot in thickness: as this descended with the stream, he held the sword before it, and it was instantly cut in two. But, in returning home, he broke the weapon in pieces, and in three days produced another sword, which he took likewise to the river-side, and tried, in the presence of the King, a similar experiment, but with a piece of wood two feet in thickness, which was also divided in two. Velant, thinking even this not good enough, broke it, and in three hours made a third sword, encrusted with gold, which he tried in the same manner, with a piece of wood three feet long and three feet thick, which had the same fate as its predecessors of minor dimensions. The King was quite charmed with this last weapon, and declared that he would have no other.

The great day of trial having arrived, the king's smith first presented himself clothed in a complete suit of armour, the beauty of which excited the admiration of all present. Velant soon after entered the lists with his sword *Minning*. The smith seated himself in presence of the whole court, and Velant with one stroke of his sword clove the casque, the head, the cuirass, and the body of the unfortunate smith to the very waist. From thenceforth Velant passed for the most skilful workman in the kingdom, and manufactured for the King many precious articles in gold and silver.

Shortly after this, the King set out with 30,000 cavaliers to attack an enemy that had made an incursion into the kingdom; but, on the eve of the day of battle, he perceived that he had not brought along with him a little stone, which secured the victory to him that carried it about his person. He offered his daughter and the half of his kingdom to any one who would bring it to him by the next morning; but not one of his knights could be found to undertake in so short a time a journey which required several days. The King at length addressed himself to Velant, who immediately set off on one of the King's swiftest horses, and returned the next morning with the stone. But, just as he was entering the royal tent, he met the King's bailly, accompanied by six cavaliers, who offered him a quantity of gold and silver for the stone, and on his refusal the bailly attempted to take it from him by force, but Velant killed him with a single blow of his sword *Minning*. The King was very glad to receive the stone, but the death of his bailly angered him so much, that he refused to keep his word with Velant, and drove him from his service.

The worthy smith went away meditating plans of vengeance. He disguised himself as a cook, and was hired to serve in the King's kitchen, where he threw a charm over the meats preparing for the princess. There was on the king's table a knife, which always returned a certain sound when it was used in cutting viands that were not perfectly pure. Velant cunningly took away this knife, and replaced it by one which he had made to resemble it exactly. The King and the princess were astonished at finding the viands impure, although the knife had not sounded as usual the tocsin of alarm. They immediately suspected that it was one of Velant's tricks; he was sought after, and discovered. By way of a slight remonstrance for his wag-

gery, the King ordered him to be hamstrung and to have the nerves of his feet cut, which spoiled poor Velant's pedestrian powers for the rest of his days. He told the King, that if he would restore him to favour, he would manufacture for him every thing he wished. The King agreed, built a forge, and established him in it, where he constructed an infinity of curious and precious objects. About this time Egil, the brother of Velant, arrived at court. He was the most skilful archer of his time. The King ordered him to pierce with an arrow an apple placed upon the head of his own child. Egil took two arrows, struck the apple off with one, and said that with the other he would have pierced the King's heart, if he had had the misfortune to kill his child.

It happened about this time that the King's daughter broke a very precious ring: she sent to Velant to have it repaired, without her father's knowledge. Velant insisted that she should come herself for it. She accordingly went to the forge, when Velant fastened the doors, and violated her person. She lay in, in due course of time, of a son. Shortly after this the King's two sons went to Velant to have some arrows made: he in like manner fastened the doors upon them, and killed them both, and fashioned their bones into drinking-cups and other articles for the use of the table, which he dexterously adorned with gold and silver, and presented them to the King for his great festivals, who took great pride in exhibiting and using these splendid articles. Having thus nearly accomplished his vengeance, he sent his brother Egil to collect all manner of birds' feathers, with which he constructed a pair of wings for himself, and took flight towards the highest tower of the palace. He had first, however, engaged his brother, in case the King should command him to shoot at him, to take aim at his arm-pit, where he had placed a bladder filled with the blood of the two young princes whom he had killed. From the top of the tower Velant told the King that it was he who had violated the princess and killed the princes, as a punishment for the King having broken his oath and driven him from his presence. His majesty immediately ordered Egil, upon pain of death, to shoot at his brother. Egil obeyed and pierced the bladder, and the King was covered with the blood of his own children. Velant then took wing, and directed his flight towards the lands that his father the giant Vade* had left him in Seland.

Such is in substance the contents of the *Saga*, or the tradition of Velant, which forms a part of the Icelandic *Vilkina Saga*. It is impossible not to be struck with the resemblance between this tale and the Greek fable concerning Dædalus. The Velant of the Icelanders, like the Grecian Dædalus, was a skilful mechanic, who succeeded in constructing a pair of wings for himself. It is also very remarkable that the word labyrinth, which in Greek is called Dedalos from the name of the inventor, is, in the Icelandic, rendered by the expression Voelundar hus, or the House of Velant. It would appear then that the fable of Dædalus had found its way, at a very early period, into the north, and was confounded and amalgamated with the adventures

* This giant Vade appears to be the same of whom Chaucer talks in his *Troilus*, ch. 3, and who is also mentioned in one of the songs of Ritson's Collection, "He songe, he playde, he tolde a tale of Wade." Tom. 3, p. 256.—Vide Grimm in *Irmens-Strasse und Irmenswille*. Wien. 1815.

of some skilful artist of the country. The following curious fact renders it highly probable that there did exist a considerable time back, in the North of Europe, a smith of the name of Veland. As late as the sixteenth century the possessors of the lordship of Voetland in Scania bore in their coat of arms a hammer and a pair of pincers.*

But it is by no means an easy task to discover the original source of a tradition. The people of every country, particularly in the early stages of civilization, have acted like children, who eagerly listen to novel or wondrous tales, and then arrange them after their own manner and propagate them in their turn. The antiquary who should wish to arrive at the true source of this tradition of the smith Velant or Wayland, would find the task not an easy one; for in the island of Ceylon in the Indian seas the artists and artisans are called Vælundes.† Thus after a long search and a circuitous route, we are brought back at length to the common country of the greater number of most ancient traditions—to India, which may be regarded as the cradle of truths and fables.

D—G.

ODE TO MAHOMET,
The Brighton Shampooer.

Nunc opus est succis: per quos, renovata senectus
In florem redeat, primosque recolligat annos.—*Ovid.*

O THOU dark sage, whose vapour bath
Makes muscular as his of Gath,
Limbs erst relax'd and limber:
Whose herbs, like those of Jason's mate,
The withered leg of seventy-eight
Convert to stout *knee* timber:

Sprung, doubtless, from Abdallah's son,
Thy miracles thy sire's outrun,
Thy cures his deaths outnumber:
His coffin soars 'twixt heav'n and earth,
But thou, within that narrow birth,
Immortal, ne'er shalt slumber.

Go, bid that turban'd Musselman
Give up his Mosch, his Ramadan,
And choke his well of Zemzem;
Thy bath, whose magic steam can fling
On Winter's cheek the rose of Spring,
To Lethe's Gulf condemns 'em.

While thus, beneath thy flannel shades,
Fat dowagers and wrinkled maids
Rebloom in adolescence,
I marvel not that friends tell friends,
And Brighton every day extends
Its circuses and crescents.

From either cliff, the East, the West,
The startled sea-gull quits her nest,
The spade her haunts unearthing,
For Speculation plants his hod
On every foot of freehold sod
From Rottingdean to Worthing.

* Bring's *Monumenta Scanensia*, 1598.

† *Asiatic Researches*, t. viii.

Ode to Mahomet, the Shampooer.

Wash'd by thy Æsculapian stream,
 Dark sage, the fair, "propell'd by steam,"
 Renew the joys of kissing
 In cheeks, or lank or over-ripe,
 Where time has, in relentless type,
 Placarded up "Youth Missing."

To woo thee on thy western cliff,
 What pilgrims strong, in gig, in skiff,
Fly, donkey-cart, and pillion:
 While Turkish dome and minaret
 In compliment to Mahomet.
 O'ertop the King's Pavilion.

Thy fame let worthless wags invade,
 Let punsters underrate thy trade,
 For me, I'd perish sooner:
 Him who, thy opening scene to damn,
 Derived *shampoo* from *phoo!* and *sham!*
 I dub a base lampooner.

Propell'd by steam to shake from squeak,
 Mara, in Lent, shall twice a week
 Again in song be glorious,
 While Kelly, laughing Time to scorn,
 Once more shall chaunt "Oh thou wert born,"
 And Incledon "Rude Boreas."

Godwin avaunt! thy tale thrice told,
 Of endless youth and countless gold,
 Unbought "*repositum manet.*"
 St. Leon's secret here we view,
 Without the toil of wading through
 Three heavy tomes to gain it.

Yet oh, while thus thy waves reveal
 Past virtues in the dancer's heel,
 And brace the singer's weazon:
 Tell, sable wizard, tell the cause
 Why *himp* poor I, from yonder vase,
 Whence others *jump* like Æson?

The cause is plain—though slips of yew
 With vervain mingle, sage meets rue,
 And myrrh with wolfsbane tosses:
 Still shrieks, unquell'd, the water-wraith:
 That mustard-seed ingredient, faith,
 Is wanting to the process.

Dip then within thy bubbling wave,
 Sage Mahomet, the votive stave
 Thy poet now rehearses:
 The steam, whose virtues won't befriend
 The sceptic bard, perhaps may mend
 The lameness of his verses!

ENGLISH LANDSCAPE.

Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the landscape round it measures
 Russet lawns and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray,
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
 Meadows trim with daisies pied,
 Shallow brooks and rivers wide.
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.

L'Allegro.

In these beautiful lines Milton has accurately drawn the outline and character of English Landscape, or at least those striking features of it which may be styled national. He has given a most appropriate finish to the description, by introducing a supposed beauty dwelling in the midst of the embowered scene, thus heightening its interest and attaching the heart to his picture. The whole is the most happy general description of the same nature ever put together. The character of English rural scenery is different from that of other countries, and this forcibly occurs to the mind of the traveller absent from England, when he is contrasting the view before him in a distant land with the "trees and the towers" of his native island. This peculiar character, that Englishmen are accustomed to from infancy, is the standard by which they try all rural objects abroad, and creates a disposition in them to undervalue foreign scenery, when it may be far superior to their own in the eye of taste. Something, nevertheless, must be allowed for that tendency of mind which always leads us to disparage present objects, compared with those which we hold in remembrance. The memory, if it be sometimes deficient in calling up the exact detail of absent images, never deprives them of their colouring, but adds to their brilliancy and effect. The portrait of an absent mistress in the mind of her lover is always more beautiful than she ever appeared to him in the life. A thousand tender associations, too, crowd thickly after one another, and confer upon things out of sight the same kind of superiority, that the pictures of "Auld Lang Syne" always possess over those which are before us at the moment.

But there is a charm in English scenery as much its characteristic as the features, dress, and air of an Englishman are peculiar to himself. There is a snugness, a comfort, an agreeable circumscription in the look of the country dwellings of the gentry, and all but the very lowest class, which has something attractive and endearing in it, like that which is implied in the epithet "little,"* when used in kindness. Close high-fenced fields surrounded by trees, houses buried in shrubberies and groves, beautiful cattle feeding among rich pasturages, and all in the smallest space, so that the eye can command them together, take a hold on the affections that an uninclosed country, large forests, and immense buildings, can never attain. We may admire the latter, but we cannot love them. The idea of comfort which they afford is an addi-

* Burke. Sublime and Beautiful, p. 126.

tional tie to our regard, while the smiling fertility every where visible, arising from the depth of colour in the verdure, kept fresh and fragrant, even during the height of summer, by frequent showers, and the endless variety of green in the foliage, is nowhere surpassed: masses of tufted trees rising amid an ocean of luxuriant vegetation; vast oaks stretching out their knotty arms in the most picturesque forms; parks and plantations made without an appearance of art; an absence of rocks and precipices and those objects which Nature always intermingles in her most beautiful landscapes, making a marked difference between her own and English landscape of the kind I am describing. For though the latter may have little show of art, yet it possesses a distinct and definite character. To picturesque scenery, strictly speaking, I make no allusion, but confine myself to the social or highly cultivated. The perpetual green of England is the charm of her natural beauty, like a smiling expression upon the face of female loveliness. Englishmen, from missing this grateful hue in the South of Europe under its intense summer sun, are always complaining of the arid appearance of the country, forgetting that spring, under those genial skies, answers to our summer, and that even winter is a season of mildness and beauty of which we have no notion in England.

The sober, snug appearance of English retirements in the country is favourable to the development of the qualities of the heart; it is congenial to thought and reflection, it tends to concentrate our ideas, and to throw us back upon ourselves. It is painful to see the love of rural life losing ground among the better class of society, for we owed, and yet owe, much of the steadiness and simplicity of the English character to its influence. A secluded house and garden, buried in trees, having a circumscribed field of view, and producing an idea of recluseness, is also the best situation for study. Let the individual who would think deeply place himself on the summit of a high hill, commanding an extensive and varied prospect, a prodigality of luxuriant scenery being extended beneath him, and let him think intently, if he can, particularly in fine weather, even though he be a mathematician. A dissipation of thought must take hold of him in spite of himself, and his ideas will require all his exertion to keep them to their object. But how favourable to meditation are our sequestered plantations and fields. The high green hedges, well lined with timber, and almost peculiar to our island, divide the face of the country in a very unpicturesque manner, but they inclose many natural gardens, many delicious spots isolated each from the other, carpetted with the softest vegetation, and seeming to be made for study and gentle exercise at the same time. From these the eye cannot stray away to diverting objects all round the horizon, but may closely repose upon wild flowers and cool verdure, while the "thoughts are wandering through eternity." Men of the most comprehensive souls and commanding talents, those who have dazzled the world by the splendour of their military achievements, delighted it by immortal song, or instructed it by science, have preferred circumscribed residences and silent retreats. The excursions of the mind have no sympathy with the arbitrary limits which confine the body, for they always expatiate over the largest space while the body is inert; and this is a strong argument against materialism. Men of the most sublime conceptions have preferred small dwellings,

for the body may be housed with ease and comfort in a little space; but what human hands can erect a dwelling commensurate with the unlimited conceptions of genius? Men of contracted minds, therefore, prefer large habitations; but those who are occupied with views truly great, are contented with giving the body all that is reasonable. No schemes of ambition were more vast, and few minds were ever formed on a scale more capacious, than that of Bonaparte; yet he preferred his small abode at Malmaison to the Thuilleries or Versailles; the latter, indeed, he never deigned to inhabit. Just before his return from Egypt, he wrote to his brother Joseph—"Secure me a small house in the country, near Paris, or in Burgundy, where I hope to pass the winter." The rooms at Malmaison, his favourite residence, were little, and bore no proportion to the gigantic intellect of its inhabitant; and yet he, no doubt, planned in them the most daring of his schemes of future aggrandizement. Rousseau was remarkable for his love of secluded scenery in the country, his eloquent and delusive writings were generally composed in such situations.—But a thousand such examples might be cited from among the sons of Genius.

There is a tranquillity and a feeling of security about some spots in England which no native ever feels abroad. In such places, thought seems to multiply thought, and all the stores of intellect appear to come forth at our command. There is no crossing and jostling among our ideas, but they arrange themselves spontaneously. What is so delightful as the room that opens into a garden enclosed with dense foliage, from which nothing of artificial life can be seen, save the grey smoke rising perpendicularly from some concealed cottage chimney? English rural scenery is not artificial, as the term was once understood; we do not crop our yew hedges into fantastical figures, or shape our box trees into dragons, at least in modern days, and yet it commonly owes its most delightful charm to the hand of the planter. The infinite variety of irregular images constantly before us, prevents our being fatigued by the sameness of our secluded views, while the dark green water, deep and cool, refreshes and braces the mind, for green is the most exhilarating of colours. English landscape, in the rich and cultivated parts of the island, to which I now more particularly allude, consists of little more than a succession of green fields and embowered habitations; yet the variety of these is endless, and though the picture may possess no strong features, and be of its usual confined character, it always breathes a beautiful tranquillity, and the sensation of a comfortable home, in a way understood in no country but this.

One of the most delicious retreats of the foregoing description that I have ever seen, is Guy's Cliff, the residence of Mr. Greatheed. The house is old, and has been built at different times; but it appears to harmonize so well with the wood and water around, that they all seem to have been created at the same moment. It has the most perfect character of peace and retirement—of the "lodge in some vast wilderness," where "rumour of oppression and deceit" can never reach us. There are, it is true, some circumstances connected with it, which enhance its interest. Tradition makes it the residence of the famous Sir Guy of Warwick, and he is said to have been buried in a cave near the house. It was at Guy's Cliff that, after having left his beautiful Phyllis to seek "hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach"—after

performing a number of knight-errant-like adventures in Palestine, and combatting "dun cows" and fiery dragons—he put on the habit of a hermit, and took up his residence in the cave shown as his at the present day; his fair Phyllis, residing all the time at Warwick Castle, no great way off, little dreaming that her liege lord was so near her. The love of Sir Guy seems to have been thoroughly obedient to his sentiments of devotion, or else he imagined that the mortification and self-denial he put upon himself in not returning to the fair dame after the close of his perilous adventures, might give him a claim to a shorter residence in purgatory. However this might have been, when he was expiring, he sent for his loving Phyllis, and making himself known to her, she closed his dying eyes. The walk by the cave is still called "Phyllis's Walk." This obscure, or it may be fabulous legend, produces an interest, and breathes that hallowed charm over the spot which is always experienced in contemplating a place consecrated to remembrance by traditional lore. We are content respecting such things to take leave of reason and matter of fact, if they either of them interfere with the faith, on which hangs the spell of our enjoyment—and are not most of our enjoyments erected upon foundations as untenable? Honest old Rous, the antiquary, lived at Guy's Cliff; and the Queen of modern tragedy, the British Thalia, she who trod the stage without a rival—who harrowed up our souls in *Lady Macbeth*, and appeared, when personifying royalty, far superior in dignity to any thing we have ever seen in royalty itself—for hers was the poetry of acting, and accommodated the "shews of things to the desires of the mind,"—this lady was once an inhabitant of Guy's Cliff in a humble capacity, from the shades of which she emerged "to delight all hearts and to charm all eyes."

It will hardly be thought fair, after these observations, to cite Guy's Cliff as a specimen of an English rural retreat, because a portion of our admiration might be attributed to associations unconnected with situation and natural beauty. But those who have visited it, unknowing the circumstances attached to its history, have confessed its claims to attraction. My first visit to it was on a fine summer evening, and it brought forcibly to my recollection, at the first glimpse of it, the lines of Virgil:

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,
Dives opum variorum; hic latis otia fundis,
Speluncæ, vivique lacus; hic frigida Tempe,
Mugitusque bœum, mollesque sub arbore somni.*

The weather had been hot during the day, and evening had arrived, when I turned down a short by-road, one side of which was bounded by the wall of the grounds, and the other by a quickset hedge, enclosing a flower-garden in full bloom and fragrance. A fine piece of water soon opened upon my view on the right hand, which I crossed by several rustic bridges, passing the front of a mill, where Camden reports that there has been one ever since the Conquest. The water was the

- * Yet calm content, secure from guilty cares,
Yet home-felt pleasure, peace and rest are theirs;
Leisure and ease, in groves and cooling vales,
Grottoes and bubbling brooks, and darksome dales;
The lowing oxen and the bleating sheep,
And under branching trees delicious sleep.

WARREN.

"soft flowing Avon," which in this place, owing to a fall of two or three feet, differed in some degree from its usual placid appearance. It was no longer smooth, glassy, dark from depth, and reflecting, in motionless beauty, the willows, rushes, and noble oaks, that ornamented its banks. On the contrary, it was agitated and broken into whirls and eddies, until it nearly reached the house, about 400 yards off, where it resumed its mirror-like surface, and glided along "at its own sweet will," without a ripple, like the current of time stealing silently into eternity. Under the shade of some lofty trees, in a line with the front of the house from which I was separated by the river that almost washed the walls, I flung myself on the grass in pure idleness to enjoy the picture. No breeze stirred a leaf; a few white clouds were floating on the blue sky. Men like Dr. Johnson, or a citizen of Cheapside, might have preferred the filth of Fleet-street, or the exhalations of Smithfield, but to me the first few minutes in that situation were worth all London, or a dozen Londons. The mind in similar cases becomes intoxicated with delight, and for a time loses all power of forming definite ideas: it quaffs largely of the delicious draught which it does not taste until the first cravings of its thirst are satisfied. It is this intoxication of feeling—this excess of delight and admiration, that has disappointed the expectations of many in the effect produced upon genius by the view of a soul-stirring scene. Burns was once conducted to a cataract of great grandeur, which he surveyed in silent wonder. He did not write verses upon it, as his friends expected he would do, for he was overpowered by the scene; to have done so, he must have reflected; he could not, like a painter, do his work on the spot by the use of his eyes and hands. The mind was powerless, as to composition, being confused with admiration. No man can write his feelings at such moments; there must be an interval for reaction, that imagination may act and embody its ideas with order and symmetry.

The house was broken into angles; a part was erected upon arches, which were continued terrace-fashion beyond it on one side, and were covered with fine turf. A chapel with an antique tower of grey stone stood on the opposite side; the whole was backed with lofty trees and dense but varied foliage, rising "shade above shade," and reflected darkly in the water. A shrubbery and garden were situated close to the building; and at a little distance, surrounded by trees, was a green enclosure, in which a few sheep were feeding. Several swans floated proudly along the smooth part of the river, leaving in their track, on the dark water, a long stream of "dewy light." The fall near the mill threw its foam sparkling in the rays of the setting sun. Willows and limes were quivering in reflection among the agitated water, while the shore on which the house stood was wrapped in that deep warm hue which distinguishes the shade at the hour of sunset. Retracing my steps across the Avon, I entered the shrubbery by a door in a low wall, which I found open, and soon reached the back part of the house, or what some might call the back front, looking down on an avenue of lofty fir and cedar trees towards the turnpike road, from which a stranger could have had no idea of the scenery next the water. The *tout ensemble* forcibly recalled the truly English picture of a pleasure-ground drawn by Sir P. Sidney in his *Arcadia*; though when he wrote it is to be presumed, that the ancient stiff unnatural style of gar-

dening was in full vogue. "The back side of the house was neither field nor garden, nor orchard; or rather, it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soone as the descending of the staires had delivered them downe, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but they were sodainely stept into a delicate greene; of each side of the greene a thicket, and behind the thickets againe new beds of flowers, which being under, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a mosaicall floore. So that it seemed that arte therein would needs be delightfull, by counterfeiting his enemie error, and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a faire pond, whose shaking chrystall was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens—one in deed, the other in shadows."

After walking over the shrubbery, brimful of delight, as I found myself, I could not help returning to the spot from whence I had first seen the house, which became enveloped in deeper shade as the twilight advanced. The hollow bleating of cattle came sullenly upon the ear at intervals, from the meadows and moors that lay northward along the banks of the river. These, and the sound of the gently dashing water, were all that disturbed the stillness: for no voice was heard. The bat too flitted across the shade, beneath the close and lofty trees, impatient for a darker hour. Several ladies came out of the house, and moving along among the trees and shrubs, disappeared behind the clumps of foliage, their white dresses rendering them indistinctly visible amid the gloom. It was one of those moments when a "pleasing fit of melancholy" comes over the mind, and we begin to recall "by-gone" times and forms of those we once loved and revered that now live no more. I drew out my watch instinctively; its former possessor was in the grave. I gazed upon the monitor of time, and could not help reflecting of how little account in duration is the existence of a mortal, when even its most trifling appendages outlive it. I thought too upon her who gave me being, and almost fancied that she stood before me, smiling with all a mother's tenderness. I thought too—but here I must talk no more of my reverie.

The charm of English scenery is predominant at Guy's Cliff; poor indeed is the pomp of palaces to such a retreat. The air of antiquity about it is, however, less impressive than around some buildings of a more recent date. But all the accompaniments of our best rural beauty are there—foaming water, and that which is dark and still; thick shades; a total exclusion of foreign objects;* depth of green colour in the verdure; the gothic tower; the inartificial appearance of every thing; the idea of seclusion and comfort, all that is truly English in character. There, indeed, one might expect to find a "Cynosure of neighbouring eyes;" for where is beauty so interesting as in such a retreat?—surely not in

"——— court amour,
Mixt dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball."

Amid such scenery the heart is always on the lips, and female loveli-

* Except Blacklow Hill close by, on which an inscription records, that *Pierre Gaveston*, Earl of Cornwall, was beheaded in 1311, and which adds greatly to the interest of the view.

ness, so "imparadised," allures in its most bewitching manner. Retirements like these are gems studding the green face of our island; and while other lands may boast of finer cities, more splendid temples, and palaces far nobler than ours, we outshine the world in the graceful, virtuous, comfortable character of our sequestered villas and country scenery. V.

PLACE ON POPULATION.*

ONE of the most important of the questions which now occupy the attention of all who interest themselves in the improvement and happiness of the human race, is the subject of population. Whether the human species has, or has not, a tendency to multiply faster than the means of subsistence will allow; and whether, in consequence of this superior rapidity, the population has not become so numerous, in most countries, as to press closely upon the means of subsistence, has formed an object of frequent inquiry. About the beginning of this century, however, the circumstances calculated to elucidate the subject were more thoroughly collected, and the result presented to the public, by Mr. Malthus, in his "Essay on Population." The principle of increase was there so ably supported, and so fairly reasoned upon, that the thinking part of the community became pretty generally impressed with the justness of Mr. Malthus's views; and among those who concurred in them, no one could do so more heartily than Mr. Godwin. This gentleman has, however, thought fit to alter his sentiments with regard to the principle of increase, and has now written and published a work expressly designed to controvert the doctrine he formerly upheld. As his present views of the subject are likely to prove more palatable and agreeable to the mass of readers than such as go to restrain individual freedom of conduct, it is exceedingly to be desired that the arguments of the two opposing parties should be arrayed and compared by a third, and the value and soundness of each calculation respectively certified.

This process has, we are glad to find, been performed in a satisfactory manner, by Mr. Place, who has likewise superadded various documents, and ascertained a number of facts bearing upon the question in dispute, which materially tend to account for the discrepancy between Mr. G. and Mr. M.'s statements. Although Mr. Godwin enforced by his own pen the arguments of Mr. Malthus, three years subsequently to the appearance of the "Essay on Population;"† he now enters the lists as a determined opponent of them, without accounting in any way for his change of opinion; the unlicensed terms of contempt and insolent derision with which Mr. Godwin treats his departed sentiments, being the only evidence his present work contains of his having formerly harboured them. No one who simply differed from a set of opinions could entertain so virulent an animosity against the holders, as the consciousness of desertion without assignable grounds invariably inspires.

* Illustrations and Proofs of the Principle of Population; including an examination of the proposed remedies of Mr. Malthus, and a Reply to the objections of Mr. Godwin and others. By Francis Place. 8vo. pp. 280.

† Reply to Dr. Parr, Mr. McIntosh, &c. pp. 57, 58.

The contested point between the two is, whether or not the human race has a tendency to increase its numbers faster than food can be provided for them.

Mr. Malthus adduces, as the main bulwark of his theory, the rapidity with which the population of the United States of America has multiplied during the last two centuries. In 1610, the first beginning of any thing like a permanent or successful settlement was made there, and in 1810 the American census proved the population to amount to 7,239,903.

This affords ample grounds for believing that the numbers have increased at a prodigious rate, and Mr. Malthus affirms that they have repeatedly doubled in 25 years.* Mr. Godwin, on the contrary, maintains that no such tendency to increase by procreation exists; in support of which denial he says, that this power of doubling has never been exhibited in any country of Europe; that, so far from it, every nation on the face of the earth has in vain endeavoured to add to its population; that ancient rulers laboured to encourage the people to multiply, without success; and that, by actual proofs of the state of the population in Sweden, derived from the regular returns, registers, and methodical accounts of that kingdom, no such ratio of increase takes place there, and consequently that no such ratio of increase can take place in any other country.

This most unsequential and dogmatical assumption Mr. Place has endeavoured to demolish by a complete examination of the facts which Mr. Godwin has adduced. On the inferences that he is pleased to draw, and the latitude of calculation wherein he indulges, no labour has been wasted here; Mr. Place's object being chiefly to elucidate the matter in dispute. The logical merit of the "Enquiry" is acutely and amusingly displayed in another place, in a little pamphlet entitled "Remarks on Mr. Godwin's Enquiry, 1821," by an anonymous author.

The Tables of Sweden are the text-book whence all Mr. Godwin's speculations are derived. They are, according to him, the only authentic documents existing which convey any knowledge respecting population, which is to be determined solely by them throughout the whole world: no difference of circumstances whatever is to be admitted as deranging their infallibility; and where the particulars they furnish are at all incomplete, Mr. Godwin's gratuitous and accommodating assumptions supply the deficiency. These tables show that the additions annually made to the Swedish population are in the proportion of $4\frac{1}{2}$ children to a marriage; that one woman out of five persons is a marriageable woman; and that nearly half the number born die in their non-age.

Now it is allowed by Mr. Godwin, that, upon this evidence the population of Sweden is found to have increased one half in the period of 54 years.† But such an increase must not be deemed possible in other countries, unless the circumstances favourable to population be shown to prevail there to the same extent as in Sweden; which he pronounces

* For authorities see Mr. Malthus's Letter to Mr. Godwin, inserted in Mr. Godwin's Enquiry, p. 122.

† Through the one-eighth over and above the number requisite to replace themselves, which, spread over three millions, produces the increase admitted.

"in every respect as favourable to the experiment as we could desire." (p. 187.)

Mr. Place enters into these "advantageous circumstances," and shows the total absurdity of ascribing any one to the case of Sweden: its soil, climate, and government being in the highest degree obstructive to the multiplication of its inhabitants. This part of the subject occupies some pages of Mr. Place's book, who, in a convincing style, demonstrates that under these impeding circumstances fewer are born, and more die in childhood, than would do so in different circumstances. The wretched condition of the mass of the people for want of adequate means of subsistence, the degraded and servile offices to which the women are subjected, the oppression exercised by the nobles, the occurrence of ruinous wars, and occasional famines: all these combine to render Sweden as little likely to afford facilities to increase as any country in the known world. Yet Mr. Godwin holds it up as presenting an epitome of all advantages.

The tables do not specify at what age the women of Sweden commonly marry, nor what proportion of them. This difficulty Mr. Godwin is good enough to solve by taking it for granted that all women, or very nearly all, marry, and that at twenty years of age. This, together with the wish on the part of the government that the people should multiply, amounts to a positive proof that as many are born as could be born from the same proportion of marriageable women in any other country. The means of subsistence do not constitute a necessary concomitant to either woman or child's life, it would seem; since the increase of population depends on causes perfectly distinct from this consideration.

Mr. Place proceeds to point out in what respects the United States affords facilities to increase beyond that of Sweden, and which he recapitulates thus:

"The United States of America are happily free from all the most material evils, whether of government or climate, which afflict Sweden, and inevitably tend to the destruction of human life in its early stages. The poverty too, which must deter numbers from marrying in Sweden, and cannot fail to delay the period of marriage generally, may hardly be said to operate at all in any part of the United States. In the one country, a family, if it be not a curse, is a very heavy burden; in the other it is an actual blessing."—P. 92.

The proportion of females between sixteen and forty-five years of age to the whole population, is, in America, about seventeen in the hundred. In Sweden, twenty-two in the hundred. On the other hand, the proportion of children under sixteen to the whole population, is, in America, about fifty in the hundred; whilst in Sweden it was (in 1805) only thirty-six in the hundred. Consequently there must be a greater number of children born and reared to a marriage in America, than to one in Sweden.

Mr. Godwin admits that the children under sixteen constitute half the population of America. In defiance of which admission he insists that no greater number are born to a marriage than in Europe;* and as he has Dr. Franklin's authority for saying, that "half the born must

* That is to say, in Sweden; for no other country is allowed to be taken as evidence on the question.

die in their non-age," nothing will ever induce him to suppose the contrary. Dr. Franklin said so, and they do so in Sweden, *therefore* it is the case in America. This is a sample of the logic contained in Mr. Godwin's book. According to him, there is but one way by which marriages can be more productive; viz. by a larger number being born. The possibility of rearing them with greater chance of reaching maturity goes for nothing with him. The facility of obtaining wholesome food, good nursing, the healthful habits of the parents, absence of want and misery—all are ineffectual as preservatives from the lot to which Dr. Franklin has pronounced the children of men subject. Concerning this particular point, Mr. Place has brought forward certain statements, taken from the American Philosophical Transactions,* which show that in the parish of Hengham, State of Massachusetts, in fifty-four years, there were,

Births . . .	2247
Deaths . . .	1113

"It is plain that the *constitution and course of nature* did not kill half the born at Hengham in their non-age, the whole of those who died at every age being less than half the number born." Place, p. 74.

Mr. Godwin being compelled to acknowledge the numerical increase of the population of America, by evidence which neither his own wishes nor Dr. Johnson's oracular opinion on his side, can warrant him in rejecting, resorts to other modes of accounting for this phenomenon. He asserts with confidence, that it has been produced by emigration from the different countries of Europe, chiefly from the British dominions. In order to estimate the numbers requisite to make good the hypothesis of emigration, let us quote Mr. Godwin's scale of acknowledged increase.

- "1. as it was estimated in 1749 . . . 1,046,000
2. The census in 1790 . . . 3,929,326
3. The census in 1810, *omitting,*
for the sake of perspicuity, that of 1800, 7,239,903."

Mr. Place detects the unfairness of omitting the census of 1800, with much discernment.

"To have asserted that 193,014† persons actually arrived every year, and remained as settlers in the United States, from 1800 to 1810, and that 276,809* did so from 1810 to 1820, would have been two large a draft for credulity itself to answer; an average was therefore made to run back as far as 1790, including a period of 20 years, &c."—PLACE, p. 47.

Nine-tenths of the supposed supplies of emigrants, Mr. Place considers to have proceeded from this and the sister kingdom. To ascertain, in the most correct manner, the real amount of these, Mr. Place has inspected the returns to parliament, furnished by the owners of British shipping; and from his careful and attentive examination results the surest evidence of the fallacy and exaggeration in which Mr. Godwin and his partisans have indulged.

Among others, Mr. Godwin avails himself of the authority of Mr. Cobbet, who, in a Letter which appeared in his "Register," Aug. 14,

* And alluded to by Mr. Godwin, in his Enquiry.

† The number necessary to account for the increase.

1819, dated Long Island, State of New York, affirms, that "within the last twelve months, upwards of 150,000 have landed from *England*, to settle here." Now the returns to Parliament show that the total number of vessels cleared out from all the ports of Great Britain and Ireland, for the United States of North America, in the year 1819, was as follows:

	Ships.	Tons.	Passengers.
England	386	117,140 . . .	7,350
Ireland	71	19,161 . . .	2,513
Scotland	35	9,043 . . .	637
	<hr/> 492	<hr/> 145,344	<hr/> 10,500

And among this number of passengers were many merchants, clerks, travellers, and others, who were not emigrants. So much for Mr. Cobbett's accuracy. Mr. Place passes on to quote farther facts in disproof of the vast arrivals assumed by Mr Godwin.

Mr. Wakefield's statements are conclusive against them, as far as relates to Ireland.*

Dr. Seybert's "Statistical Annals," a work published at Philadelphia, under the sanction of the American Government in 1818, falsifies the notion of excessive emigration. Dr. S. says, "Though we admit that 10,000 foreigners might have arrived in the United States in 1794, we cannot allow that they did so in an equal number in any preceding or subsequent year, till 1817."

In another passage he says, "In 1817, *one of the great years of emigration* to the United States, it appears, that from all parts of the world, the arrivals in the ten principal ports of the United States were 22,240. The returns were obtained from the records of the Custom-houses."

Dr. Seybert, in short, concludes, that 6000 settlers per annum, from 1790 to 1810, was the utmost the United States could have received.—Place, p. 62.

In the National Calendar for 1821 is a list of passengers, who had arrived in the different ports of the United States from the 30th of September 1819 to the 30th of September 1820, which amounts to 7001 persons; of whom 1959 were *females*, and 5042 *males*. Mr. Place mentions several reasons to show how little ground there is to question the precision and fidelity of the returns, and closes the second chapter, with a table of the increase of emigrants, taken with the utmost latitude of allowance, by which the aggregate amount of the emigrants, together with their annual increase by procreation from 1796 to 1820, is 365,694.

The population of the United States in 1800 was	5,309,758
in 1790	3,929,326

Showing an increase of	1,380,432
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If this increase be divided by two, we get the amount of the popula-

* Wakefield's Account of Ireland, vol. ii. p. 712.

tion in 1795, viz. 4,619,542. The share which the emigrants have had in the increase since that period, is, at the outside, 365,694, whilst the population is now admitted to consist of 10,000,000. We do not see how this body of substantial facts, from unquestionable authorities, can possibly fail to convince every one of the tendency and power of increase which belong to the human species.

Here are the returns of the departures, and those of the arrivals, and a liberal allowance made for the probable additions by modes which do not appear, and the inadequate amount of the increase by emigration is distinctly shown; so that no one, who is not prepared to suggest the possibility of thousands having walked over to America, can withstand the inferences which flow from the above very complete statement of the case.

The Dissertation of Mr. David Booth occupies some space in Mr. Place's book. The important points of this consist of the argument against the geometrical ratio of increase, and the calculation relative to the numerical increase in America, which he refers to emigration. Mr. Booth picks out from the Swedish tables nine years of exceedingly slow increase, and founds upon them an average of the progression of the Swedish population for a large number of years, calculated to a table of 10,000 inhabitants, which he has made to represent the whole world. He asserts that there can be no increase in a geometrical ratio, unless there be an increase *every* year in the requisite proportion; consequently that, as in Sweden, during some particular years, scarcely any increase at all took place, the idea of a geometrical progression is inadmissible. Mr. Booth, assuming the tables of Sweden to be a standard for calculating the increase of every other country whatsoever, hence concludes, that in the United States this ratio is equally untenable. The absurdity of applying the Swedish tables to countries so very differently circumstanced, has been before commented upon by Mr. Place; but here he exposes the partiality of Mr. Booth's statement in another point of view.

"Mr. Booth takes the consecutive nine years from the series which contains the lowest rate of increase; during the greatest part of the whole series, the population increased by more than double the number taken by Mr. Booth; and then he says, the population of Sweden is to be considered as not increasing at all.

"He takes no notice of the population having increased nearly one half in fifty-four years, but he constructs tables to prove (as he says) that there can be no doubling in geometrical progression; nor, according to him, any increase at all; so he reasons here. He might, if he pleased, have taken the nine years of the greatest increase; he might have taken the three years of greatest increase, inasmuch as, for the construction of such a table as his, three years would have answered the purpose as well as nine. But then he would have confuted himself, by showing that the period of doubling would be very short. He might have made his table from a period in the series, when, as appears by the Swedish table, the population was declining; and then, upon *his* plan, he might have proved that, not only in Sweden, but also in the North American States, the population was fast wearing out. Tables constituted upon such arbitrary data, and so applied, are absolutely good for nothing."—Place, p. 107.

The fundamental error in the calculations of both Mr. Booth and Mr. Godwin, lies in the notion, that the value of human life is the same in America as in Sweden, and that there is but one rule to be admitted for the proportion of deaths in all cases. One half is always to be

knocked off for the benefit of the maxim of Dr. Franklin. In spite of the American tables, showing the deaths to fall short of the births by one half; in spite of every reasonable probability of children not dying so frequently in America, nothing can rescue half the born from this inevitable deduction. Accordingly, a comparative statement is presented of the numbers in the United States in 1800 and 1810, which, upon the usual premises, is supposed to be decisive in proving the extent of emigration.

"The whole White population," says Mr. Booth, "of the United States in 1800, was 4,305,971: these in ten years would be diminished by a fourth."—Mr. Place continues: "All of them would be upwards of ten years of age in 1810, and granting this deduction of one-fourth, there would remain 3,229,479. Mr. Booth cuts off the 29,479, saying, 'It is very *improbable* that more than 3,200,000 should be alive in 1810.' But the actual census was 3,845,389, giving a surplus of 645,389 of those above ten years of age, which can be accounted for in no other way than by emigration."

Mr. Place remarks upon this plausible statement:

"The number of White persons above ten years of age, in 1800, according to the census, was 2,871,021

"Mr. Booth says the number of the same description of persons in 1810, ought to have been 3,200,000

"Admitting, by his own account, a clear addition to that part of the population which was above ten years of age, of 328,979

"Here, then, we have Mr. Booth endeavouring to prove that, if not a single emigrant had set his foot in the country during these ten years, the population above ten years of age would have increased 328,979." p. 121.

Now, if so vast an augmentation took place in ten years, of the numbers of grown persons, as 328,979, we may safely assume the additions of such as were under ten years of age, to have amounted to a still larger number; and thus, even according to Mr. Booth, (whose estimate of the value of life in America is so erroneous) the fact is manifest, that a considerable increase takes place by procreation alone.

No small portion of Mr. Place's book is appropriated to the discussion of Mr. Godwin's opinions regarding the population of England, which he assumes to have been but slightly augmented during the last five centuries. "How this number could have been either produced or maintained amidst the terrible disasters of preceding ages, Mr. Godwin gives himself no trouble to inquire."—Place, p. 181.

Mr. Place, however, has entered upon the inquiry with industrious attention, and has taken a comprehensive survey of the state of this country from the Roman invasion downwards to the present time; subdividing it into seven historical periods, marking the circumstances which would influence the progress of population, and comparing the evidence of its increase or decrease.

After some quotations from Saxon writers (assisted by the authority of Mr. Turner's History of the Anglo-Saxons) Mr. Place takes as the amount of the population at the Norman conquest 2,000,000, and then proceeds to examine the probabilities of their arriving at the amount of ten millions in 1339, the period at which Mr. Godwin asserts England was as populous as at present.

The state of the kingdom up to that time is shown to have afforded no probability of an increase in the population; on the contrary, every check that bad government, intestine wars, famine (which in the reign of Edward II. afflicted the nation several years), wretched husbandry

system, the want of roads and means of communication, the celibacy of the priests and nuns, the slavery of the common people, and some other depopulating causes, could oppose to increase, was prevalent during this period.

The next period brought under review by Mr. Place is from 1339 to 1485, during which there happened severe and destructive wars, and the great plague of 1348. Notwithstanding which it appears by tables quoted from Mr. Chalmers,* that the population in 1377 was 2,353,203. Whether, at the close of the civil wars in 1485, the population was reduced somewhat below its amount in 1339, is not of much consequence: since if it were, there are causes sufficient to account for the reduction without abandoning the doctrine of the power of increase.

The ensuing period embraces the interval between the accession of Henry VII. 1485 and the Revolution in 1688. Mr. Place thinks many parts of this interval were less unfavourable to population than those years which preceded it, and adduces sundry facts in support of his opinion: p. 220. The reign of Charles I. and subsequent years were highly discouraging to increase; but Mr. Place does not grant that it was retarded.

We are conducted, finally, to the consideration of the period extending from 1668 down to this present time; and the causes which have operated upon the increase of the population are distinctly, and we think, forcibly stated. The cessation of the great plague (which happened in 1665), the discontinuance of celibacy by the monks and nuns, the absence of civil wars, the diffusion of wealth over a larger surface, and the accumulation of capital, concurred in affording ample encouragement to the principle of population. Then follows a lengthened dissertation on the debated point; Mr. Godwin always maintaining the decrease, and propping up his theory with Dr. Price, whose alarms concerning the decline of the numbers of man are truly contemptible. Mr. Godwin denies the fidelity of the returns as exhibited in the two census's of 1801 and 1811 of the British population, which were

in 1801	10,942,646
in 1811	12,596,803

showing an increase of 1,654,157

He says, the enumeration of 1801 was below the truth, from the motives to concealment which acted upon the males at that time. This deduction he thinks amounted to a number which Mr. Place shows to be equal to *one half of the males between 20 and 60 years of age*. Mr. Place admits that *some* effect might have been produced by this concealment upon the returns, but observes, that

“Had it operated to a very great extent, the number of females would have greatly exceeded that of the males, which was not the case, the excess of females in England, Wales and Scotland, being only 42,062.”

The number of houses (inhabited) were, by the returns to parliament

in 1801	1,870,476
in 1811	2,101,597

Increase of houses . . . 231,121

* Estimate, p. 12.

"The causes which have been noticed, as tending in some degree to make the returns in 1801 rather lower than they ought to have been, can none of them be assigned for the concealment of houses: and yet to make Mr. Godwin's argument worth any thing, upwards of 200,000 houses must have been concealed." —Place, p. 240, 241.

Mr. Place then exposes the unfair use made of Mr. Rickman's tables by Mr. Godwin, and closes the seventh chapter with a pretty complete proof of the greater rapidity of increase in the English population than in the Swedish.

The eighth chapter treats of the improvement in the value of life, which has taken place in England within the last sixty years, and which the testimony of several documents, together with the opinion of some respectable writers, seems to warrant Mr. Place in advancing. The actuaries of the principal life-insurances of the metropolis confirm the fact; and Mr. Place has not neglected to bring forward many material facts in corroboration of the decreased mortality of this kingdom, especially in the great towns. P. 254, *et seq.*

The ninth chapter gives a short but comprehensive sketch of the condition of the people in Ireland as influenced by the fluctuation of the means of subsistence. The case of Ireland offers a striking illustration of the connexion between an increased population and the increase of subsistence. There the spade cultivation enabling the poor to produce potatoes readily, the population multiplies up to the provision; insomuch that, when a bad crop happens and the means of subsistence fall short, the seed potatoes are consumed. Of course the poverty and disease that ensue destroy large numbers, and so relieve the pressure against the means of subsistence, for a while; but the evil returns, and ever will return, unless means be devised for maintaining more equality betwixt the population and the capital. The inspectors appointed to examine and report upon the condition of the people in Ireland after the fever in 1816, 1817, and 1818, all concurred in ascribing the disease and its mortality to bad nourishment in consequence of the failure of the potato crops. They likewise observed that the population had been rapidly increasing.

As this increase was encouraged, not by an augmentation of capital, but by the facility of raising just enough by the labour of the peasant to maintain himself and family upon potatoes in an average year; so the disappointment of the return to this labour in the event of a deficient crop naturally engendered want and famine.

The suggestion of Mr. Godwin, relative to spade cultivation, would have the effect of encouraging population in proportion to the facility of procuring present subsistence. But as the production of mere labourers would not accumulate, but be applied to the immediate support of their families, food would not be provided as fast as children would come into the world, and an unpropitious season might bring utter starvation to the miserable victims of this precarious mode of life. Mr. Place lays down the fundamental principles of political economy in opposition to this doctrine, and enforces them with a passage quoted from the author of "The History of British India,"* than which, nothing can be more explanatory of the effects of stimulating the production of food to the exclusion of all other commodities.

* Article "Colony" in the supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica.

Considering the suggestion of spade cultivation therefore as pernicious, or at least unprofitable, and nowise adapted to ameliorate the condition of the working classes, some other means of averting the desolating evils of vice and misery, or, which is the same thing, placing the bulk of the people in a better condition, must be sought. To this end it should be distinctly understood, that wherever a large proportion of the lower or labouring classes suffer from extreme poverty, it is because there exists a greater quantity of persons dependant for subsistence on labour than the capital of the country is capable of employing. That in order to procure to the labouring classes a tolerable share of the produce of the country, the competition for employment must be diminished, for it is impracticable to attempt forcing the accumulation of capital so as to keep pace with population.

This adjustment of labour to the capital which is to set it in motion, constitutes then the chief remedy by which the baneful effects of a redundant, and consequently impoverished, population can be averted. The mode in which this remedy shall be brought to bear with most efficacy, forms the subject of consideration in the sixth chapter of Mr. Place's book, section 2d.

In the foregoing remarks we have endeavoured to state the main points on which Mr. Place meets Mr. Godwin, and in our opinion refutes him. On the means for preventing superabundant population, which our author has suggested, we decline entering for the present.

THE SPECTRE BOAT, A BALLAD.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Light rued false Ferdinand, to leave a lovely maid forlorn,
Who broke her heart and died to hide her blushing cheek from scorn.
One night he dreamt he woo'd her in their wonted bower of love,
Where the flowers sprang thick around them, and the birds sang sweet above.

But the scene was swiftly changed into a church-yard's dismal view,
And her lips grew black beneath his kiss from love's delicious hue.
What more he dreamt, he told to none; but shuddering, pale, and dumb,
Look'd out upon the waves, like one that knew his hour was come.

'Twas now the dead watch of the night—the helm was lash'd a-lee,
And the ship rode where Mount Ætna lights the deep Levantine sea;
When beneath its glare a boat came, row'd by a woman in her shroud,
Who, with eyes that made our blood run cold, stood up and spoke aloud.

Come, Traitor, down, for whom my ghost still wanders unforgiven!
Come down, false Ferdinand, for whom I broke my peace with Heaven!—
It was in vain to hold the victim, for he plung'd to meet her call
Like the bird that shrieks and flutters in the gazing serpent's thrall.

You may guess, the boldest mariner shrunk daunted from the sight,
For the spectre and her winding sheet shone blue with hideous light;
Like a fiery wheel the boat spun with the waving of her hand,
And round they went, and down they went, as the cock crew from the land.

To the Editor of the New Monthly Magazine.

ON GARRICK'S DELIVERY OF A PASSAGE IN SHAKSPEARE.

SIR,—As any thing which tends to throw a striking light on the spirit of one of Shakspeare's most celebrated passages can scarcely be uninteresting to the majority of your readers, you may, perhaps, not object to afford me a page or two, for a few remarks on a suggestion thrown out by a writer in your last number. In the paper on Mr. Matthews's new entertainment, it was stated, that that exquisite artist had given an imitation of an imitation (—"the shadow of a shade"—) of Garrick's manner, when he spoke the celebrated soliloquy in Richard the Third, "Now is the winter of our discontent," &c. This excited my curiosity towards the subject, and induced me to pay particular attention to the imitation in question; and as the witnessing of it has had the immediate effect of totally changing my previous feelings on the point, I am tempted to offer a few words in justification of the opinion which, in common with your contributor, I now firmly adhere to.

It is not less remarkable than true that a whole generation shall frequently remain for years together in the possession of one undisputed, and as they seem to think, indisputable opinion, on a given point; when suddenly a single touch of the Ithurian spear of inquiry shall discover to them that they have been all along cherishing a decided and palpable error. I anticipate that nothing less than this will soon be the case with regard to the spirit of that celebrated passage to which I am now directing your readers' attention. I will place the passage before them, and then briefly state why I think so.

"GLOSTER—Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York;
And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house,
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our stern alarms are changed to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marchings to delightful measures.
Grim-visaged War has smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,—
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute."

Now, can any reader peruse the above passage, and reflect for a moment on the character and situation of him who utters it, and then say that it should be delivered in a low, gloomy, thoughtful, muttering tone, and with a bitterly contemptuous and ironical turn of expression? Who is the speaker? and of what is he speaking? Is it not upon "our house" that the "clouds" have till lately "lowered"? Is it not "our brows" that are now "bound with victorious wreaths"? And are not Ambition and Glory the gods of the speaker's idolatry—the only gods—the gods to whom he sacrifices, with a gay and reckless hand, every obstacle that stands in his way? Who is it too, that has brought about this "glorious summer"?—who, but the "sun of York;" the Plantagenet; by a relationship to whom the "high reaching" Gloster "looks proudly on the crown;" and which crown, but for the late successes that he is contemplating, he might in vain have hoped to

compass? And with all these considerations playing, shifting, and blending themselves together in his ever-active mind, will he be likely to utter their results in any other than a tone of joyous exultation, with smiling lips, fire-darting eyes, and altogether an action and demeanour calculated to evince the presence of that new-born spirit of hope which may be supposed to have just visited him?

It must be borne in mind that Gloster is a person absolutely without shame, fear, or remorse; a gay, impudent, bold-faced villain; exulting in the consciousness of his intellectual superiority, and firmly believing that it will carry him safely and triumphantly through all difficulties. He can "smile, and smile, and murder while he smiles;" not hypocritically or affectedly, but from pure love of the sport. Nay, he can scarcely murder *without* smiling: there is not one of his deeds of blood that he does not cut a joke upon. Even his own deformity, the contemplation of which is the only thing that ever for an instant disturbs the self-complacency of his thoughts—he can make merry even with that; and only treats it seriously to serve a particular purpose—as in the scene where he bares his withered arm, and calls for punishment on those through whose spells (as he would insinuate) this has befallen him.

The reader will do well to recollect that those "compunctious visitings" which assail Gloster in the Tower, are confined to the *acted* play,—that impudent falsification of Shakspeare and history which has so long kept possession of the stage, to the disgrace of our national taste and feeling. In the *real* scene in the Tower, Gloster is all light-heartedness and joy. Even his anxious care about the mode of burying the murdered princes is all interpolated. What cares he how or where they are buried? It is enough for him that they are dead; and when Tyrrel tells him

"The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know,"—

he does not say a word more on the subject; but proceeds gaily to sum up the number of his subjects of self-congratulation,—

"The son of Clarence have I penned up close;
His daughter meanly have I matched in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom;
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night."

Here are as many jokes as lines; and he finishes by determining instantly to visit his niece Elizabeth, in the character of "a jolly thriving wooer."

Gloster was, in fact, disposed to be any thing rather than out of temper, either with the world or with himself. To those who did not know him, he must have appeared one of the most delightful persons imaginable. He continues careless, confident, animated, and courageous even to the last; not to be daunted or cast down by danger or death itself.* And it is remarkable, that the very last speech he utters before he rushes out to seek and find Richmond "even in the throat of death," is evidently intended to include a pleasantry,—*"I think there be six*

* By nothing but "shadows;" and by them only for a moment. See that admirably characteristic speech "Shadows to-night have struck more terror to the soul of Richard," &c. And the history of the human intellect proves that "shadows" have often been known to exercise a more striking momentary influence over minds like his than over those of a meaner rank.

Richmonds in the field," &c. We are of course speaking of *Shakespeare's* play, in which Gloster is not seen after this speech.

Surely there needs no more arguments to prove that the soliloquy which has occasioned these remarks calls for a manner of delivery directly opposite to that which we have seen assigned to it in the present day; that, in fact, it requires exactly the manner which Garrick is said to have adopted in giving it, and which adoption is, perhaps, of itself an argument almost conclusive in its favour. Whether Mr. Matthews's manner of giving the speech in question resemble Tate Wilkinson's imitation of Garrick, I know not; but of this I am certain, that it is an admirable *morceau* of acting; that the highly animated and cheerful look; the restless and almost redundant action, and the exulting bubbling up of the voice (as if it came fresh and sparkling from the overflowing well-springs of the heart) are all in perfect keeping with the character and situation of the speaker; and I hope (more than I expect) that they will at once supersede those gloomy and querulous tones and gestures which would induce one to believe that "the clouds" which are spoken of were all "buried in the dark bosom" of the speaker, instead of "the ocean."

It must be understood that I would apply the foregoing remarks exclusively to the first part of the soliloquy; to that part of it which I have quoted above, and which alone Mr. Matthews gives as having been spoken by Garrick in a cheerful and exulting spirit. From this we are, no doubt, to conclude, that the moment Gloster begins to "descant on his own deformity," Garrick made him assume a different tone and manner; probably a similar one to that adopted in the present day throughout the whole speech. If so, this furnished a striking and highly dramatic contrast, worthy the reputed genius of that actor. But to enter into this part of the subject would require more space than you are likely to allow me: I, therefore, conclude by expressing my sincere admiration for the talents of an actor who would deserve the thanks of all lovers of the English acted drama, even if he had done nothing else than thus preserve a traditional likeness of the mind and manner of its most distinguished ornament. Z.

SONG.

When Napoleon was flying
From the field of Waterloo,
A British soldier dying,
To his brother bade adieu!
And take, he said, this token
To the maid that owns my faith,
With the words that I have spoken
In affection's latest breath.
Sore mourn'd the brother's heart,
When the youth beside him fell;
But the trumpet warn'd to part,
And they took a sad farewell.
There was many a friend to lose him,
For that gallant soldier sigh'd;
But the maiden of his bosom
Wept when all their tears were dried

T. C.

BROOK-GREEN FAIR.

A LONG residence in town has partially estranged me from any participation in the amusements and delights of the country. Yet amidst all the bustle and agitation of London, my thoughts are ever winging themselves away to the green retreats and hearty enjoyments of my native Devonshire. What a restless inconsistent being is man! What changes do a few years bring about, in his powers, his habits, and his wishes! The days of my youth were gliding away serene and happy among the scenes of rural life, till I sighed for the unknown and mysterious pleasures of London. That desire has been gratified; and after eight years of satiety in its allurements and dissipations, its systematic follies and its refined pursuits, I yearn again for the tranquil days of childhood—the verdant fields, the blue heavens, and the rustic sports of C——, with an intense anxiety. In spite of all my efforts to keep these longings under restraints, and to accommodate myself to the necessity of my situation, I have been utterly unable to “subdue my mind to what it works in.” When I gaze upon the setting sun, or catch “an impulse from the vernal wood,” my laborious sophistications disperse like mists before the sun, and I long to breathe in the freshness and fragrance—to sink gently into the repose—of earlier and better years.

Ma poi ch' insieme con l'età fiorita
 Mancò la speme e la baldanza audace,
 Piansi i riposi di quest' umil vita,
 E sospirai la mia perduta pace.—*Tasso.*

It was the first day of May:—and I strolled into Kensington Gardens, a favourite refuge from the “fitful fever” of the town. Here I meditate over the memory of hopes once so eager, but now blighted for ever—over prospects once so alluring that have faded away; or sometimes beguile a wearied spirit in framing airy castles—that deepest of mental luxuries, and withdraw from the sad realities of life into a visionary world, where the scenes of youth float before me, mellowed by time, and still redolent of peace and joy. My day-dreams are very rarely disturbed by the intrusions of company; for how it is I know not, but these delicious retirements are under the ban of the self-erected, but all-prevailing, arbiters of taste, and have long been deserted for the bare, exposed, and dusty drives of Rotten-row. Kensington Gardens, forsooth, are cockney. Every thing is cockney now-a-days—poetry, criticism, the town and the country. Hampstead has long been branded with the stigma. Richmond is approximating to London every hour: a year or two passed, and the sound of Bow bells will be heard on the hill, “swinging slow with *sleepy* roar.” Geography was long the “eye of history”—it has lately become that of taste. He who dares to avow a liking for the environs of London, incurs the heaviest penalty of ridicule. Yet one may lounge in the park at Berlin—the Bruhl-gardens at Dresden—the Prater at Vienna—the Cascine at Florence, or the Chiaja at Naples, without being identified with vulgarity and affectation. But, with the exception of Florence and Naples, the immediate environs of London are scarcely inferior in beauty to any of these, and to some are far superior. It is offensive to see our pleasures thus “put into circumscription and confine.” For myself, I can bear these “quips and quirks and paper bullets” without shrinking, partly shielded

by my humility, and somewhat by obstinacy, but chiefly sustained by the boundless pleasure which springs from the unfettered indulgences of my own wayward ramblings "in the great world of eye and ear." The truth is, if people would follow the guidance of their own sensibilities of natural beauty, all this mawkish and ridiculous affectation about vulgarity and cockneyism would wear out of the mode, and be suffered no longer to cheat us of our enjoyments. But in this, as in every thing else, fashion bears sovereign sway; and those who are paramount in settling a collar, or regulating a boot, or devising a quadrille, are equally despotic in prescribing what shall or shall not be beautiful in Nature. Caprice, fancy, and the spirit of imitation, are more enduring in art, which is partly their province; but thus to sit in judgment on the ever varied and ever glorious creations of Nature, is an arrogance as contemptible as it is fantastic.

"I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face.
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve."—THOMSON.

To me Kensington Gardens are delicious. They have not, indeed, all the grandeur and magnificence and boundless variety of English park-scenery, but they are still beautiful, and, in my mind, not the less so for being so near town. The walks, though in some parts a little too formal for the prevailing style, have a look of the antique, but are in general sufficiently diversified by the inequalities and undulations of ground. Through clumps of "old patrician oaks" we catch the silver gleam of the Serpentine, harmonizing sweetly with the little patches of sunshine which flutter on the green sward. The varieties and gradations of tint produced by the different degrees of light and shadow are infinite and beautiful, as are the variously reflected rays which one leaf casts upon another, according to the different degrees of opacity or exposure. Sometimes, while stretched out on the grass, shaping idle visions, or watching the light dry leaf dallying with the wind, I catch a glance of some "blithe company," whose light and graceful forms and sparkling dresses, moving along the glades, remind me of one of the gay landscapes of Watteau. Then it is that resigning ourselves passively to the scenery, the feeling of an invisible and indescribable influence, "a burthen and a mystery," comes over us, at once delightful and pure. In these lone communions with the beautiful and permanent forms of Nature, the pleasure is not sensual merely: the imagination is charmed, the passions are incorporated with the scene, and the soul itself exalted.

It was the first of May, the holiday of chimney-sweepers; and to me there has always been something inexpressively melancholy and repulsive in their merriment. The incongruous mixture of tinsel and flowers; the rose-painted face; the tawdry pranking out with fluttering ribbons and frizzled and powdered heads; the squalid dresses and noisy discordant importunities for money, all unite in forming a most disgusting exhibition. Nor have we the poor satisfaction of supposing that our extorted liberality is charity; for they are paraded about by a master, who retains, for his own use, their miserable collections. And is it to this! Has old May-day then, shorn of all

its festive pomp and sacred observances, shrunk into noisy Saturnalia for the most forlorn and pitiable portion of God's creatures—a class so wretched and so degraded, that it exists in no other part of the world !*

After wandering about for some time in the gardens, I recollected it was the annual Fair at Brook-Green, and bent my steps thither. Crowds of people of all ages and of all ranks, from the middle classes downwards—men, women, and children—horse, foot, wagon, cart, gig, and coach, were sweeping along in a vast tide, decked out in their gayest apparel, their faces brightening with expected pleasures ; and making the day look like itself—a popular holiday. To escape from the throng, I chose the solitary lane, which, passing behind Holland House, leads to Shepherd's Bush, through hedges and noble oaks and elms that sometimes, in spite of the vicinity of London, recall the romantic lanes of Devon. But fancy, and the thoughts of gone-by times, are fruitful in delusion. On my way, I could not avoid reflecting how our great festivals and fairs, our old ceremonies and holiday sports, are gradually becoming more and more obsolete. It would be an interesting inquiry to examine the causes and speculate on the consequences. Within the last half century our national character has experienced a manifest and violent change. The displacement of population ; the revulsions of property ; the rise of mushrooms from the dunghill of trade, with all the selfishness and ignorance of their origin ; the influence of East and West India adventurers, whose feelings are unlinked from the customs they have so long ceased to observe ; the breaking down of the old salutary distinctions of rank, and the sweeping away of the beautiful gradations of society, by that universal money-getting spirit, which has divided the nation into two classes, the *rich* and *poor*, and is rotting it, like an ulcer, to the very bone—these have gradually weakened the power of old national associations, and diminished the frequency of those public festivities, which in more natural and healthy times were sources, both in anticipation and reality, of a wide-spread and genuine pleasure. A general spirit of selfishness has diffused itself among those lilies of society, that neither toil nor spin ; and with a pharisaic morality, which is the offspring equally of blindness of understanding and hardness of heart, they have lopped away, one by one, nearly all those holiday relics which the poor hailed with eagerness and enjoyed with delight. Whatever was imaginative and poetical in the life of the lower classes, has faded away. It has retired from the "smoke and stir" of large towns ; and we shall have soon become so exceedingly *improved* under the unnatural and absurd systems which our wealthy and enterprising betters have devised for us, that all who are anxious to study the joyous, simple-hearted, and manly amusements and customs of "merry England," (what a satire is that epithet now !) will be obliged to resort to some unpolished and secluded district—some remote Goshen, not yet flooded by the tide of improvement. A few slight efforts, indeed, have been made to preserve these heritages of our fathers in remembrance, and to retard the rapidity of their decline. Some of our poets and wiser writers have done what they could in their behalf. They were once a part of

* Some one, on seeing the chimney-sweepers in their May-day trappings, observed, that he had often heard of the majesty of the people—and these, were, doubtless, some of the young princes.

the splendid ritual of the Romish church, and many of them are vestiges of Paganism. Philosophers and princes did not disdain to be amused by sports and holidays that are now deemed too vulgar for all but the meanest rabble, and too licentious even for these. At the Reformation, a great many were swept away as the *exuviae* of an abrogated faith. Any thing like festivity was offensive to the Reformers, who thought that to be the relentless foes of popish celebration, was sure to draw down the favour of Heaven. For such, however, as were part of the authorized ritual of the Romish church, and, therefore, still remain in vigour wherever her authority exists, I feel the less concern: my apprehensions are for those devotional and festive accompaniments of solemn days and times, which custom alone, and not ecclesiastical discipline, had annexed to them; and which have, more or less, continued to our day, and have become a prescriptive right of merriment to the old and the young. They are an important chapter in the moral and physical history of our ancestors,—the links which join the mythology of the past age to the romance of the present. Without submitting to that “resolved prostration to antiquity,” which Sir Thomas Brown so harshly censures, we may grieve to see these guides to the domestic knowledge of our fathers disappear from our view,—to see dry up before our eyes, these abundant sources of hearty and honest enjoyment. Alas! in a few years—and we shall have have to lament their utter extinction—

“Star after star goes out, and all is night!”

“Festivals,” says a poet, who deserves to be better known than he is, “holidays, customary sports, and every institution which adds an hour of importance or harmless enjoyment to the poor man’s heart, ought to be religiously preserved.”* I pity the man who cannot comprehend how these things act upon the human heart. Wherever holidays are frequent, there, it is an indisputable fact, the lower classes are farthest removed from brutality. Wherever they rarely occur, they will be uniformly abused. In Catholic countries the manners of the populace are more generally mild; they are more capable, likewise, of withstanding the temptations to ebriety and riot, than in Protestant countries. In England, and especially in the metropolis, we see the rabble become gradually more embruted; and I am disposed to consider as one cause of it, the closing up those frequent channels by which the fieriness and ardour of their tempers were accustomed to be drained. In Spain the peasantry of the villages dance in the evening with their castanets, and the sound of the viola is heard from the cottage doors. The universal disposition of the French and Italians for these peaceful and social amusements is well known, and beautifully described in the Traveller of Goldsmith; and seldom, if ever, in these countries, are their festivals and holidays abused. In England the reverse of the picture is too frightfully true.

Happy the age and harmlesse were the dayes,
For then true love and amity were found,
When every village did a May-pole raise,
And Whitsun ales and May-games did abound;
And all the lusty yonkers in a rout,
With merry lasses, daunced the rod about;

* Grahame’s British Geogrics, pref.

Then friendship to the banquet bid the guests,
 And poor men fared the better for their feasts.
 Alas! poor May-poles! what should be the cause
 That you were almost banisht from the earth?
 Who never were rebellious to the lawes,
 Your greatest crime was honest, harmlesse mirth.*

Of all our old holidays only four or five remain. The Fairs about London are daily perishing away. The Ranger of Greenwich park has given the death-blow to those scenes of generous and innocent Easter revelry, which it has been my fortune to witness and share in so often, by closing up the park—because, in good sooth, the grass is injured! To Greenwich Fair the young used to look forward as the sunny spot in the fancied shades of their May of life. They regarded it with the sacredness of an inheritance, and cherished it as an element of their happiness. Stepney, West End, and Peckham Fairs have pined to shadows, under the strait-waistcoat of police; and Bartlemy itself—Bartlemy! that twinned in the same cradle with “the Smithfield Muses,” venerable with age and honour, has bowed before the sensitive apprehensions of the “wise men of the East!” Why, the best part of a Lord Mayor himself is the antiquity of his office;—his surest hold on our respect is the imaginative part of his character—his association with the remembrances of childhood. But thou, O Bartlemy! shalt “live in description, and look green in song;” and, in spite of the petty malice of mayors and aldermen, be immortal whilst Matthews endures—and I hope he may endure for ever! All this, and much more I had meditated, when I arrived at Brook-Green. What a contrast did it present the last time I was there! Then the heavens were dark and gloomy—the road thronged with sad and anxious faces—to pay the last mournful tribute to one whose lot in this realm had been wretchedness and obloquy, and whose remains were journeying to their last repose in the sepulchre of her illustrious ancestors. The mockery of a procession with “maimed rites” came heavily on through the wet sand, giving forth a sound like the roaring of a distant sea. Now—the golden sun, “with all his travelling glories round him,” was shedding a genial influence on thousands of happy hearts and glad faces, all eager in the chase of joy. And surely they may find it here, where so many hands are anxious to administer it, and where the appetite is so easily appeased.

Foreigners always remark how inseparable good eating is from an Englishman’s notions of enjoyment. Quin himself would not have scorned the display of edibles here. To use his own felicitous phrase, “there was plentiful accommodation and great happiness of provision.” The green was gemmed with “hotels and taverns,” flinging their sweet and tempting odours upon the air. I could not but observe that, excepting one or two *civil* signs, such as the Dog and Cat, the Goose and Gridiron, &c. the greater part of them had put up the names and effigies of our great military heroes. The mobility are as capricious as their betters; all are for

“———the land service,
 Forgetting gallant Nelson, Howe, and Jervis.”

* Pasquil’s Palinode. The last May-pole upon record was that in May-fair, which Sir Isaac Newton begged as a stand for his great telescope.

A vast street of shops opened before me, stuffed with all that could allure the eye or provoke the palate. Many a wistful look did I see cast in vain upon the gorgeously gilded gingerbread devices of strange amorphous shapes—many a mouth watering at pyramids of fruits which were flanked by oceans of potables, from aristocratic sherbet down to the “poor creature small beer.” But if the poison enticed on one side, the antidote was proffered bountifully on the other. Here stood a Quack proclaiming the supernatural virtues of his compounds to a gaping *levée*, with a confident and fluent eloquence which some of my oratorical friends might despair to rival. The conjuror, too, was not wanting. The *Sieur Boaz*, a name which seems the patronymic of itinerant magicians (*genus immortale manet*), was mystifying a crowd with his cups and balls. Observing one of them drop on the ground unintentionally, as I thought, I placed my foot on it, and ventured to doubt the success of his trick. Having given the challenge, and rather confident of his failure, I accepted his wager of a crown, and lifted up the cup—I will never wager again with a conjuror. Methinks the loud laugh is buzzing in my ear still. The police ought to interfere with these fellows. With my veneration for antiquity, I could not witness without pleasure a relic of the old Morris dance, by six young and healthy-looking country lads. They were gaily decked in ribbons, with small bells attached to their knees and ankles—one hand waving a white handkerchief, the other flourishing a smooth stick. The step was regular and graceful, and, when crossing in the dance, the sticks were smartly struck against each other, making, with the jingling of the bells, a new, but not displeasing accord with the music. I doubt whether the most accomplished pupil of Payne—were it even Mr. De——himself, could have achieved the intricacy of the figure with more facility than did these rude and self-tutored peasants. Here, too, was “young Saunders,” with his troop of vaulters and equestrians. Who knows not “*young Saunders?*” I can remember him these twenty years. Here he was again performing his wonderful evolutions, with a fearlessness and precision that filled one with the highest notions of human powers. Next to a top “fiddler”—which art I look upon as the *ne plus ultra* of mortal genius—a skilful rope-dancer is the most extraordinary of men. Well might Johnson contend, that no one could arrive at high excellence in this *line*, unless he possessed all the cardinal virtues. I never see one without conceding them all to him, and set him down “most wisest, virtuous, discreetest, best.” A modern critic, somewhere, places the famous Richer above Sir Joshua Reynolds, and I agree with him. Next to beholding the display of art itself is the pleasure of studying its effects on others. At my side stood a raw unwhelped clown, “so wild and withered in his attire,” that one was puzzled to conceive how such a being could have been found within any calculable distance of London. He was one of those fellows who have *two left legs*, with a head not unlike a pumpkin;—from the moment Saunders—“*young?*” Saunders—began his *caracoles*, he stood like Dryden’s hero—

——With open eyes
And gaping mouth that testified surprise,
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witnessed with an idiot laugh,
Then would have spoke—

But he seemed perplexed and toiling to *think* whether the whole was not a work of magic—or whether there were not some unseen wires by which the actor was upheld in his stupendous flights between heaven and earth, “striking his lofty head against the stars.” I had just begun to smile at his stupid wonder, till I reflected, that my smile was the result of conscious superiority; and, the juggler’s laugh tingling in my ears, my features settled into the gravity of a judge. A little farther on, I came to a splendid theatre. It was *Richardson’s*; a name familiar with all the play-goers at fairs. If frequency of attendance give any claim to favour, my name ought long ago to have been down on the free-list. The external appearance of this theatre, for it would be unjust to call it a booth, was really striking, and afforded an evidence of the uncommon care and expense which are employed amongst us in getting up this kind of thing. Many large cities do I know in Europe, whose royal theatres are vastly below, both in show and comfort, this perambulating playhouse. There is something generous and liberal in the way these exhibitions are conducted. All the *corps dramatique* are paraded in a spacious portico before the crowd, in the cast and habits of their respective characters, to give us, as it were, a taste of their art. In one corner were Tom, Jerry, and Logic, “the inexpressive three,” in high feather, dividing the general attention between the infinitely knowing “castor of Logic” and the “bang-up tog of Tom.” It was declared, however, with one voice, that they were the “prime swells” imaginable. In another place was a group of banditti awfully ferocious:—here a “black diamond flashing his ivory” in the face of a fair Sultana; and there “a Charley,” with “all appliances to boot,” whispering in the ear of a crowned Queen. Farther on, two valorous knights, “clad in complete steel,” rehearsing a passage at arms. My eye was caught by the heroine, whose plume was so portentously high, that it seemed farther from her chin to the top of her head, than to the sole of her foot. It was quite pathetic to see her totter about under this mountain of feathers: and scarcely less so, to witness the affliction of a rival heroine, whose tail was so prodigiously exuberant, that her utmost efforts could scarcely protect it from the invasion of hostile feet. The lover was apart, solitary and *die-away*, as he should be, though no great shakes after all; but the clown—are there two Grimaldis? a fellow with trenches from mouth to ear, and when he “oped his ponderous and marble jaws” I shrunk back with involuntary apprehension. Nor was he deficient in that sort of boisterous wit, which, in such situations, and with uncritical audiences, is sure to command applause. His phrase, to be sure, savoured a little of ancient Pistol, as he dwelt on the immense and supernatural excellences of his exhibitions—challenging the world to equal them—dealing out a lofty scorn for the neighbouring rival establishments—cutting jokes on his brother vagabonds, and sometimes with a happy audacity on the audience itself, and concluding with summersault, as a sort of practical commentary on his discourse. He had an attendant clown or satellite moving about him, little more however than a residuary legatee of the morsels of his wit. But the daintiest part of my friend Richardson’s exhibition was the *corps du ballet*. If the *artistes* were less scientific than those of the Opera, they were at least much better looking girls; and though they wanted the “foot of fire,” there was a healthy

substantial Englishness about their dancing, infinitely more *germane* to those they were called upon to please, than the most exquisite science of Bigottini or Fanni Bias. Their dress reminded me of Chalkhill's lines:

"Under their vestments—something short before—
White buskins laced with ribbanding they wore:
It was a catching sight to a young eye."

Passing over a multitude of other very attracting *sights*, I must not omit the "Assembly Rooms," one of which was attached to every "Hotel." They were all capacious, and some of them very splendid: large and variegated lustres and girandoles, "all made out of the carver's brain," as Coleridge has it—hung down from the roof, and scattered a radiance that outvied the sun himself. By the by, this was in bad taste, to *light up* in the day-time. The more youthful part of the dancers, though not very expert in gestic lore, had a lightness of step which bespoke no heaviness of heart. They were full of the gay and buoyant spirits which belong to those with whom life as yet is only hope and promise. One young creature I remarked, who seemed to be one of a higher order of beings. She was among them, but not of them. The glow of youth and health was diffused over her features, which recent exercise had rendered more animated. It was one of those forms and faces which we sometimes meet, and which command respect at the same moment that they inflame the imagination. She reminded me of another presence, and of other days, when my heart was in all its singleness and freshness. Lovely floweret! though doomed to waste thy sweetness upon a rude and unworthy soil, mayst thou bloom ever innocent and pure, unchilled by any blast of misery, and untainted by any of those poisonous influences which always hover round youth and beauty!

Such were the May-day festivities of Brook-Green; not celebrated in all the pride and pomp of ancient reverence, but with an earnest and light-hearted gaiety. It wanted, indeed, its proper emblem, the may-pole; there were no itinerant minstrels singing their "old true tale" of "Lady Love and War"—no juggler swallowing fire and smoke, to the imminent peril of his own bowels, and the astonishment of beholders—none of the descendants of Orson Pinnit* were there, with the royal bears—nor were there a multitude of those old observances and games, which "have a spell beyond their name," and which raised this day above all the other holidays of the year. I left it, however, with a heart something freer than before, as the sun was going down, "trailing clouds of glory" which Italy never exceeded.

X.

* Kenilworth, vol. ii.

MODERN PILGRIMAGES.—NO. IV.

THE PARACLETE.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where learning lies,
And Venus sets, ere Mercury can rise :"

Said Pope, imitating Chaucer. The little poet, "no more for loving made, than being loved," should have been contented to speak for himself. There exists no being upon earth that stands so much in need of giving and receiving affection, as the man of letters and retirement; nor is there one whose habitual pursuits and thoughts are so congenial to that second religion—that single devotedness towards one lovely object, deprived of which every nobler spirit frets and eats into itself. If the heart of the poet did not contradict his pen, as it traced the sentiment, he might have thought on Petrarch, on Abelard, and have stood confuted. But the votaries of the Muse love to be over-candid, to disentangle themselves, in a moment of high spirits, from their most sacred feelings, and to toss them up to ridicule in good-humoured vengeance for many an hour of pain. And when Feeling grants her sons a holiday, the truants instantly rebel. They pelt most mercilessly the sovereign whom they love, with missiles that wound, if they do not kill: sneers and jests pour in overwhelming love, enthusiasm, passion, all that is generous and great; the vulgar take the jest for earnest, and think the laughers most flinty-hearted, while the rogues compress the very essence of feeling in the same heart's core. There is a moral grandeur in genius and passion that forbids to its possessors any thing like an *esprit de corps*, or party spirit. The fraternity claims no allegiance or loyalty as a body; and those little treasons which its members indulge in, of now and then denying the sincerity, nay at times the existence, of that noble sentiment which constitutes their essence, are regarded by it as rare amusements:—similar to our late Monarch, who was said to enjoy cordially the caricatures in which he was himself represented. We should, therefore, never estimate strictly the assertions of poets respecting their own tribe. They are sad rogues, and though zealously attached to fame, cannot resist, now and then, the temptation of telling awkward stories of themselves, that they may lead the world into a quagmire. It is to this habit, which Feeling has, of playing the traitor with itself, that Schlegel has assigned the name of the *arbitrary comic*. I do not like this scholastic system of labelling, and had rather invent a new term every time that the idea occurs, than be thus fettered in my vocabulary. A Dictionary of Sentiment will certainly be the tombstone of all poetry and poetic prose.

Lady Montague's injurious line, which is rashly quoted above, falls short of him who wrote the epistle of Heloise: and I cannot help here remarking, how fortunate it was for the poet's fame that he happened to indulge in this one poetic burst of passion. Had he not written it, and consequently had hostile critics the power of fastening on him the defect of being passionless, 'tis hard to say with what success his memory might have weathered the storm. But as there is no impugning the sensibility of the heart that dictated such impassioned verse, this scrap serves during the reigning state of taste, as a sheet-anchor in the

road of poetic fame. It affords a lively example of the erroneous opinions which future generations may form of genius—since the Epistle among the works of Pope may be considered as a mere God-send.

The most perfect ideal painters, or imaginers, in the world are children, and moreover the most scrupulous. We are nearer during that age to our mother nature; our scenic taste is fresh from its birth, and (directly contrary to vulgar opinions) is much more true and much less fantastic, than the conventional taste of educated man. To think upon the delight with which I gazed in childhood on rural scenes, and contemplated them again and again in my memory, is at times almost sufficient to make me a disciple of Berkeley; external things seem to have lost their identities, and are no longer the lovely things they were. Yet the change is in me;—they are but what I make them. The imagination can never recompose the tint, in which all things were clothed for it of old. The "*purpureum lumen juventæ*" cannot allude to the cheeks of youth; it must express the atmosphere that stretches before its vision. And this simple, inimitable colouring is sufficient to illumine the then real far above the ideal of maturity's most lofty flight. And things also wore a magnitude that since has most inconceivably shrunk away—what a huge place was the village we were reared in! how immense were its streets, and how stupendous its steeple! the fields that lay around, and that were the scenes of our daily excursions, how vast, how interminable did they appear, bounded by the horizon of heaven. We go and return, and the giants have dwindled into dwarfs—our miles become inches, and our mountains mole-hills—and the atmosphere of indefinable sentiment that was wont to pervade this space and those objects has evaporated like a mist. We struggle to replace this vanished boon—we call this struggle sentiment—we clothe it in verse, and call it poetry. No marvel if the world laugh at our vanity.

Man endeavours to substitute ideality for the reality of childhood's imaginations; he *composes* pictures, the infant *copies* them—takes them from nature. The first gives himself credit for inventing novelties, and this self-flattery communicates an artificial charm to imaginations strange and idle, which touch not one chord of his sympathy, and appeal not to one genuine principle of his taste. Tales of Araby and Ind are misplaced in the hands of children; for them nature is novelty enough. Phantasms and gauds and toys for man; the child alone is sensible and simple, if fools and story-books would permit him to remain so. But the mind at present is reared after a mode, the converse of that which has been found to suit the body; the spirits and strong meats of excitement are ministered to it in infancy, and it has to retrace its steps to the milk-diet of simplicity in its old days.

The poetry read during childhood, if it be a scene, is instantly embodied; if it be a sketch, is immediately filled up. The imagination never flags; but in this, its activity, there is little ideal. Real, familiar scenes, every-day objects are sources of illusion, fertile and varied enough for it. It does not dip its pencil in the rainbow, nor choose for its canvass the fantastic cloud; its little domestic world is paradise and fairy-land for its purposes. Yon castle on the height, the neighbouring mansion, the hill, the grove, the stream—all within a stone's throw of the youthful visionary—possesses the freshness of

romance for his unworn imagination. It is thus that the haunts of our childhood become peopled with the personages of our early reading; and thus the poetry which we have first read, the novels and fictions which we have first perused, live for ever in our recollections, identified with vivid reality. The arbitrary combinations of fancy may be beautiful, but never lasting: they chase one another through the mind like the shadows of clouds flitting over the plain, or like the stories of Ariosto, replacing and obliterating each other. But reality, in the mind, is imperishable, and, unfortunately for our happiness, the only reality we deign to count or to cherish, is that which presented itself to our youthful eyes in the fairy garb of the ideal. It is hence a great blessing for a man of imagination to have spent his childhood amidst beautiful scenes, for at that age the back-ground, as well as the prevailing colour, of the mind is unalterably established, the order and fate of all its future associations arranged, and the germs, in fine, of all its pleasures and its pains take irradicable possession of the soil.

The three first lines of Pope's "Eloisa to Abelard" strike out a picture more instantaneously than any passage I remember to have met with in English poetry. There can be few poetical readers in whose ear their sound does not dwell, and whose imaginations do not possess a corresponding scene. In my fancy they formed one of the aboriginal settlements, long even before developed passions led me to sympathize with the ill-fated lovers.

The outline of love-stories is in general exquisite, the glimpse is fascinating. But, strange to tell, the Muses both of History and Fiction have conducted themselves most treacherously towards this first, this purest of passions. We will pass over Sappho, and the themes of the ancient poets; but even in modern times, refined as they were by chivalry and religion, those lovers whose names have been sung and celebrated, and chosen out for record, present but sorry examples of that passion which we worship. Petrarch and Laura, Abelard and Heloise,—perhaps there could not have been two stories worse selected, or less calculated to represent the pure and sublime perfection of modern love. Even if commentators and scholiasts had not utterly tainted the ideality of Laura, and vulgarized the name even beyond poesy's redemption, with their Gothic discoveries about *ptubs*, &c., the very pages of Petrarch offer but the marks of a frigid and conceited whim. The sonnetteer seems to have worshipped his mistress chiefly for that quality which Shenstone thanked the stars he wanted—that her name was obnoxious to a pun. The story of Abelard and Heloise offers a still more wretched example of modern taste:—of all the tales that were ever put together by fantastic romancer, it is certainly the most revolting and the most ridiculous. It is like Don Juan, one of those traps of sympathy, that beguile us with concealed sneer into genuine emotion, and then turn us out most impolitely with a broad and avowed grin. In truth the circumstance and fate of these far-famed lovers present so broad a mask for ridicule, that one cannot help being amazed at the preposterous choice of Voltaire, who founded his indecent ribaldry on the pure heroism of the Maid of Orleans, when he might have found in the lives of those canonized lovers so fertile a theme for his powers of burlesque. Thence, indeed, he might have dealt hearty

blows on the monkish religion he hated, and might also have made himself sufficiently merry with impassioned sentiment.*

The lovers, however, cannot be considered as answerable for those mishaps in their story, which unfortunately render it so anti-romantic, and which are much more calculated to excite our risibility than our interest. Their names have become ideal, and it is an ill-applied research, that would discover the actual, unadorned causes of their poetical complaints. Were I, with Mr. Berington, to enter into their history, and discuss their merits and demerits—inquire into the sources of their sorrow and celebrity, I am afraid we should find them no better and no more heroic than they ought to be. Abelard might appear the vain, petulant, selfish pedant, who deserved the punishment he underwent; and Heloise, a nun, who, over and above the crying sin of *blueism*, wrote Latin epistles not very capable of a modest translation.

But let such a learned discussion rest in the inchoate shape of a "*may be*." Like Mercury, my assumed office only respects the shades; and if that gossip, tradition, has purified one name or two, among the thousands she has vilified, let us take them at her hands as we find them, nor be so rigidly attached to truth, as to restore and refresh the blemishes that time has removed. Therefore, lovers of the Paraclete, closed be the old volume of your history,—we will suppose you, the warmest, the purest, the noblest, and most disinterested pair, that ever sacrificed to the blind god—Abelard shall be the *preux chevalier* of scholarship and love, and Heloise the ideal of that most rare and most lovely of beings, in whom learning and genius are united with the tenderness and boundless passion of a female heart.

Thus leaving their lives to their proper domicile—our imagination, let us trace the history of their ashes. Abelard died in 1142, at the priory of St. Marcel, near Chalons-sur-Soane, whither he had retired from Cluni, for the sake of recruiting his health. He was buried first at St. Marcel, but at the earnest entreaties of Heloise, then abbess of the Paraclete, the body was taken up privately by night, (to avoid the opposition of the monks) and conveyed to the Paraclete. There Heloise buried the remains of her husband in a chapel, which he had himself constructed, called *Petit Moustier*. She survived him for the space of twenty-one years, and was laid by his side, according to her dying wish. We need not copy the inscription in barbarous Latin, that graced this her first monument. In 1497 the ashes of the lovers were taken up and buried separately in the great church of the abbey; till in 1630, the abbess Marie de la Rochefoucault caused these to be placed side by side in the chapel of the Trinity. In 1766, a monument was erected over them, bearing the following inscription, which is still visible on the tomb newly erected in the cemetery of Père La Chaise:—

Hic
Sub eodem marmore jacent,
Hujus monasterii
Conditor, Petrus Abælardus,
Et Abbatissa prima, Heloïssa,

* It was in this light that Bayle viewed the story of Abelard and Heloise, and he treated it accordingly.

Modern Pilgrimages.

Olim studiis, ingenio, amore, infaustis nuptiis
 Et pœnitentiâ,
 Nunc æternâ, quod speramus, felicitate
 Conjuncti.
 Petrus Abælardus obiit xx prima Aprilis m.c.xlii.
 Heloise, XVII Maii m.c.lxiii.
 Curis Carolæ de Roucy Paracleti abbatisz.
 M.D.CC.LXXIX.

Two years after this was erected, the Paraclete was visited by an English traveller, a letter from whom on the subject is preserved in the Annual Register for 1768. The old abess told him that no English person had visited the abbey as long as she could remember. It is remarkable that she herself was an Englishwoman, and that the prior of St. Marcel was Irish.*

When all the convents were destroyed in 1792, the inhabitants of Nogent-sur-Seinè transported the remains of Abelard and Heloise to the vaults of their own church. From thence they were brought by order of the government to Paris in the year 1800, and placed in the Museum of French monuments, *Rue des Petits Augustins*, in a neat sepulchral canopy or chapel, built by M. Lenoir out of the ruins of the Paraclete. Previous to their being here deposited, the remains were examined, and the unromantic *procès-verbal* details the several bones that had as yet escaped dissolution.† The establishment of a *Succursal Mont de Piété*, or pawnbroker's office, adjoining the Museum, again disturbed the ashes of the lovers in 1814. In 1817 the Museum itself was destroyed, and the coffins, &c. were removed to Père La Chaise, where the sepulchral chapel was re-erected; and here, it is to be hoped, the bones of Abelard and Heloise have found at length an undisturbed sanctuary.

The sepulchral chapel, as it is called, in which those famed remains rest, does little honour to M. Lenoir. The tomb itself is the same as of old, but the reclining figures of Abelard and Heloise have been evidently plastered up and repaired. The chapel or canopy, that rises above, is not many feet high, wretchedly slated, and surmounted with arabesque pinnacles of wood. The only thought of reverence inspired by it, is owing to its being partially constructed of the ruins of the Paraclete. And the monument altogether is worthy of the nation, that has left Rousseau and Voltaire to crumble in deal boxes, honoured, nevertheless, in burlesque ostentation, with the title of *sarcophagi*.

* "Before dinner," writes this traveller, "St. Romain walked with me round the demesne. Mr. Pope's description is ideal, and, to poetical minds, easily conveyed, but I saw neither rocks nor pines. Nor was it a kind of ground, which ever seemed to encourage such objects; on the contrary it was in a vale," &c.

"The superstructure of the Paraclete is not the same as we can imagine the 12th century to have produced; but the vaulted part, as the arches are all pointed, may most likely be such. Adjoining is a low building, now inhabited by a miller, which has some marks of real antiquity; and St. Romain concurred with me in the sentiment. It seems to have been the public hall where Abelard might have given his lectures: for in the wall, on each side, are small apertures, so horizontal, that they have strong appearances of benches, which never rise theatrically in their buildings abroad."

† There were, the femur et tibia, les côtes, les vertèbres, et une grande portion du crane et de la machoire inférieure" of poor Abelard. Of Heloise, there were, "une tête complète, la machoire inférieure en deux parties, les ossemens des cuisses, des bras, et des jambes, conservés dans leur entier."

The great inscription may be worth preserving, as it is at present very illegible, and it seems to be intended to erase that part of it which alludes to Abelard's having formed three figures from one block of marble, to represent the Trinity.

"Pierre Abélard, fondateur de cette abbaye, vivait dans le douzième siècle; il se distingua par son savoir et la rareté de son mérite; cependant il publia un traité de la Trinité qui fut condamné par un concile tenu à Soissons, en 1120. Il se rétracta aussitôt avec une soumission parfaite; et, pour témoigner qu'il n'avait eu que des sentiments orthodoxes, il fit faire de cette pierre ces trois figures qui représentent les trois personnes divines dans une nature, après avoir consacré cette église au Saint Esprit, qu'il nomma Paraclet, par rapport aux consolations qu'il avait goûtées pendant la retraite qu'il fit en ce lieu. Il avait épousé Héloïse, qui en fut la première abbesse. L'amour qui avait uni leur esprit pendant leur vie, et qui se conserva pendant leur absence par les lettres les plus tendres et les plus spirituelles, a réuni leurs corps dans ce tombeau. Il mourut le 21 Avril 1143, âgé de soixante-trois ans, après avoir donné l'un et l'autre des marques d'une vie chrétienne et spirituelle.

"Par très-haute et très-puissante dame Catherine de la Rochefoucault, abbesse, le 3 Juin, 1701."

Abelard, like Rousseau, is one of those, whose fame, during their lives as well as after, is chiefly personal. Even his literary reputation was necessarily of that kind, since the fashion of the age was not so much to write volumes, as to argue in public, read lectures, and support theses. As a scholastic philosopher, his name is perhaps the most eminent in those dark ages, and it is singular, that this man of passion and genius, whose name has been handed down as the hero of love and sentiment, should have been the great and triumphant enemy of the philosophy most akin to those feelings. It was owing chiefly to him, that the writings of Aristotle obtained that reverence and worship, till then bestowed on the mysticism of the Platonists. The change was but from one scheme of nonsense to another, but we are astonished to find that which is the antidote to all poetry and sentiment, preferred by Abelard to the sublime speculations of the academists. From his choice of tenets we should conjecture that in his love he was not much elevated above a sensual passion, and Heloise casts up to him a similar reproach in one of her letters. Heloise was indeed his superior in every respect, and if they are to be looked upon as samples of the sexes, the lords of the creation are humbled far beneath the lovely beings whom they designate as slaves. Not only in disinterestedness, in passion, in pure and exalted affection, is Heloise pre-eminent, but even in genius, in the art of composition, the famed philosopher whom she loved, is vastly inferior to her. The letters of Heloise are nobly eloquent, and even when they treat of learned subjects, have none of that contemptible affectation and puerility, which fills those of Abelard. She accuses him in the warmth of affectionate reproach, and he in answer divides into his firstly, his secondly, and thirdly, some poor and cold-blooded arguments in reply to her glowing and pathetic letters. But I must respect my former resolution, nor unromance the ideal outline of their story by the obtrusion of impertinent truth.

R.

SKETCHES OF ITALY, IN VERSE AND PROSE.

NO. III.—VENICE.

THOU cloudless Moon, whose trembling light appears
 Like the faint image of departed years,
 Mournful but lovely; now in distance spread
 O'er dim uncertain forms, now nearer shed
 In gems of sparkling lustre, O be thou
 With starry cincture and unclouded brow
 My guide and guardian; by the mountain side,
 Through the wild forest, o'er the heaving tide,
 Pour all the softness of thy liquid ray,
 And shine serene as childhood's purest day.
 For, looking on thine orb, again I seem
 To taste the freshness of life's early stream,
 I view again those visions whence I drew
 The dreams of hope, and all its joys renew.
 Mild eye of heaven, still does thy radiance sleep
 O'er earth and air, and o'er the unruffled deep,
 The same as when I watch'd thy path with gaze
 Of infant wonder, in thy silvery rays
 Reading my wayward fancies; but, alas!
 Time's gnawing cares, those mental clouds which pass,
 Shade deep'ning shade, o'er manhood's breast, have changed
 The mind that woos thee; thoughts which soaring ranged
 On thy bright sphere into the heavens are now
 Seen but as memory's image, and the brow
 Which then was calm as thine æthereal light,
 Is overcast with melancholy night
 Of earthly passions. Orb of peace, once more
 My virtuous joys, my soothing hopes restore,
 Subdue each grosser wish, and leave me free
 As in the hour when first I gazed on thee.
 'Twas thus I mused, as from Italia's shore
 The dark prow sprang beneath the bending oar,
 And Venice rose before me in her pride—
 The moon's last rays were quivering on the tide,
 The stars were shooting in the heavens, the sigh
 Of distant winds re-echoed in the sky,
 And night in virgin beauty shone serene.
 So shouldst thou, Ocean's fairest isle, be seen,
 Not mid the fervour of meridian day,
 When floods of gorgeous splendour round thee play,
 But in the soft repose, the milder light
 Which streams from earth's attendant satellite:
 Then spire and dome more ample rise, and throw
 A deeper shadow on the vale below;
 Then those pale argent rays that slanting fall
 On arch and pinnacle and turret-wall,
 From point to point in level lustre stray,
 And on the edge of darkness fade away.
 All is the night's—how broad the chasten'd glare
 Floats round each mass and melts it into air!
 How the grey hues on mould'ring turrets lie,
 And blend their forms of æther with the sky,
 Till every trace of earthly semblance die,
 And spirits of celestial image seem
 To sail around them on the lunar beam,
 Choosing her wave-worn palaces and towers
 Wherein to revel through the midnight hours,

Till morn returns, and to the sons of pain
 Restores the bitter load of life again.
 O fair and beauteous to the eye, within
 Corrupt and foul and tainted o'er with sin,
 Which ages have engender'd! I will weep
 Not thy past glories; let thy children keep
 Their records to efface the bitter shame
 Of crime that darkens, Venice, round thy name.
 I mourn that thou hast ever been; the wave
 Which Freedom to thy suppliant fathers gave
 Long since should have o'erwhelm'd thee, ere the blood
 Of one poor slave had flow'd to stain its flood;
 Ere thou hadst thrown thy mounds upon its tide,
 And curb'd the heavings of its free-born pride,
 Till round thee it compress'd its stagnant pool
 In fetid stillness like thy tyrant-rule.
 No conquer'd nation then had cursed the hour
 Which doom'd their children to thy lawless power;
 Lonely in wo still Athens would have view'd
 Her trophied marbles guard her solitude;
 Still in her silent port she might have seen
 The couching lion* glare with angry mien
 On Salamis, as listening to the dirge
 Of heroes, swelling slowly o'er the surge.
 She had not then bewail'd that Christians dared
 To seize those relics which the Moslem spared,
 Nor 'mid the ruins of Minerva's fane*
 Felt all the wounds of ages bleed again.
 But vain my meditations: 'tis the hour
 When pleasure woos her votaries to her bower,
 And Venice views her dark-hair'd daughters glide
 Like sea-nymphs on the night-o'ershadow'd tide.
 Now softly-struck guitars sound silvery sweet,
 And lovers' sighs on midnight breezes meet.
 Now flit the gondolas; from prow to stern
 The gorgeous banners wave, the torches burn;
 Through noiseless streets, where footstep never fell
 On maiden's ear her lover's watch to tell,
 They move; a rippling lustre marks their way,
 And lights before their furrow'd pathway play,
 Streaming from palaces where masque and ball
 Unto the throng'd saloon the triflers call,
 Those listless flutterers of fashion's hour,
 Who fly in Folly's chase from flower to flower,
 Whose task it is life's dulness to beguile,
 To gaze, to yawn, to saunter, and to smile,
 Whose only hope is to escape from thought,
 Whose sole ambition to remain untaught,
 Save in that lore which every fool can teach,
 The flimsy nothing, wrapp'd in flippant speech;
 Who with the lines of an unmeaning face
 Twisted into the angles of grimace,
 In rival contest of distortion vie,
 And mould their hideousness for beauty's eye.
 Here let them loiter whilst their country groans,
 Here let them prate of pleasure, whilst the moans

* Alluding to the figure of a lion which adorned the Piræus and was carried off by the Venetians; and to the destruction of the Temple of Minerva when they besieged the city.

Of tortured man, from caverns foul and dank,
Join with the ringing bolt and fetter's clank.
Insensate ! here your nightly vigils keep ;
I turn to him who only wakes to weep.

Within the lowest dungeon's darkest shade,
Upon a rushy mattress squalid laid,
Where slime-engendered reptiles slowly crawl,
And the thick damps hang clotted on the wall,
His manly limbs to shreds of sinew shrunk,
His hollow eye within its socket sunk,
Behold the captive—he for twenty years
Has bathed that dungeon's pavement with his tears,
Torn from the world in manhood's early prime,
Unseen, unknown the accuser and the crime ;
Doom'd in this charnel-house to draw his breath,
And hour by hour to feel a living death,
When rush in visions on his madd'ning brain
Those forms of love he ne'er must see again,
Wife, children, all that made him feel it bliss
To live, the infant grasp, the matron kiss
Still fresh in memory on his lips, still press'd
With aching recollection to his breast.
Long did he hope, and when the door unbarr'd
Upon its rusty hinges hoarsely jar'd,
He sprang with trembling eagerness to drink
The flood of day, that quiver'd round the brink
Of his lone vault ; and turn'd his upward eye
To catch once more the beam of liberty ;
And clasp'd his supplicating hands to know
If vengeance yet were sated with his wo.
In vain—the mournful day succeeded day,
Sad years of bitter anguish roll'd away,
Till all that high disdain and generous pride
That steel'd his breast to bear, within him died.
He hoped, he fear'd no more ; the joyous past,
Love, friendship, peace, were all effaced at last,
Sear'd from his blighted bosom ;—now to scrawl
Unmeaning lines upon his prison-wall,
To play with straws, or trace the spider's thread
Hanging its long festoons around his bed,
Or o'er his brows his tatter'd robe to bind,
Betray the wanderings of a ruin'd mind ;
And that sad smile which furrows his pale cheek,
Is the heart's last faint effort ere it break.

And dost thou boast, amidst such woes as these,
Thy painted halls, thy gorgeous palaces,
Tyrannic Venice ! Can all these atone
For this one guiltless captive's secret groan—
For the long pangs of him, who, born as free
As mountain-air, was spurn'd to dust by thee !
I mourn thee not in thy misfortune's hour ;
No—perish, I exclaim, insatiate Pow'r !
Perish all those who at the bloody shrine
Of mad ambition offer'd crimes like thine ;
Who strain'd each thought to conquer and oppress,
But left undone the nobler task, to bless ;
Strove not the applause of virtuous minds to gain,
And in the hearts of grateful thousands reign,
But fellow-man like herds of cattle sold,
And barter'd sacred liberty for gold.

Proud city! I will read the lesson here,
 Which speaks to ages: on thy massive pier,
 Where met the nations of the world and spread
 Its wealth into thy bosom, the lone tread
 Sounds fearfully; within thy port the reed
 Clusters unstirr'd, and round thy keels the weed
 Shelters the gnawing worm; because thy sway
 Taught calumny to whisper life away,
 On every thought of cruelty refined,
 And with the keenest tortures rack'd the mind
 (That heavenly particle which man defies
 And soars exulting whilst the body dies),
 Lent to suspicion's breath the ready ear,
 And show'd thy slaves the danger e'en to* fear,
 When looks and sighs were summon'd forth to plead
 'Gainst bloodless hands, the foul imputed deed.
 Hadst thou not thus each generous wish suppress'd,
 Hadst thou from the oppressor snatch'd the oppress'd,
 This storm of desolation would have pass'd,
 Thy children would have rallied to the last,
 And thou wouldst still have shone the Ocean's gem,
 Firm 'mid thy subject isles, unchanged, unmoved like them.

Whilst other celebrated cities derive in part their interest from their civil and military history, Venice is attractive chiefly by her local peculiarities. A romantic feeling is awakened at the sight of her, which may be attributed more to the singularity of her situation than to the genius or achievements of her natives. Her magnificent edifices rest upon the waves, and are approached only along the silent bosom of the waters. Even the busy operations of commerce were performed in her streets with comparative tranquillity. She received the treasures of the East upon her quays and in her warehouses, not with the tumultuous crash of overloaded wains and sledges, but from the peaceful felucca, which having deposited its burden, spread again its canvass to the breeze and sailed in search of richer offerings to the pride of its sea-wreathed mistress. When we recline in our gondolas and impelled by an invisible hand glide along her broad canals—when at every turn we perceive new objects of architectural splendour rising before us in rapid succession, palaces receding beyond palaces, domes clustering behind domes, the long perspective of arcades, the broad expanse of piazzas, the tapering points of towers and pinnacles—when we survey all these reflecting their façades in the watery mirror beneath them, which, far from seeming to supply the place of a foundation, continues their images to another heaven and another sky, the whole appears like a magnificent pageant with the immateriality of which the sea and the air mingle, but to which the earth affords no support. This unsubstantial character of Venice forms a singular contrast with the extent and duration of her political power. It seems as if a breath could at any time have annihilated, and yet it required the lapse of ages to shake and to subvert the fabric of her empire. Mistress in the days of her greatness of so large a portion of the civilized world, she fixed the seat of her power, not on the land which she possessed, but on the waters which flowed by her. She grasped with insatiable ambition distant possessions, and contended with mighty empires, but still her

* From Tacitus—*id ipsum paventes quod timuissent*.

existence was on the waves; her ships conveyed to her port the produce of the Eastern world, or bore the sound of her vengeance to remote countries, whilst she, unprotected by bulwarks, unconfined by ramparts, and defended only by the singularity of her situation and the terror of her name, seemed to exist as much at least in imagination as in reality. The extent and greatness of her power appeared to her opponents as undefined as the walls of her capital. A shadowy uncertainty overspread her actions as well as her habitations. She was felt before she was seen. She was present every where, and as occasion required could condense to a point, or expand to a long line of attack, the numerous population which she commanded. The genius of her government partook of this secrecy and indistinctness. Its designs were conceived in darkness, and its mandates issued in silence: there was no preparatory notice by debate and discussion, no attempt to ascertain the state of popular feeling by hints and surmises; the decree and the execution were simultaneous, the flash was seen and the bolt felt at the same instant. Obscurity is a source of power as well as of sublimity, and the long existence of the Venetian government may, perhaps, be ascribed in part to that cause. Of the wisdom of its institutions, on which it was, during so long a period, the fashion for political writers to descant, we may now be allowed to entertain considerable doubts. If to sacrifice individual rights to public security—if to consolidate into a morbid mass of suspicion, treachery, and fear, the mental energies of the people—if to stifle Nature's most honourable feelings at their birth, and form the infant reason by artificial compression, to that passive character which assents when it should inquire, and complies when it should object—if to call off, by the open sanction of unbounded profligacy, the observer's attention from the crimes of the state, to the vices of the citizen, and thus, under the mask of private licentiousness, to advance with security to the perpetration of the most atrocious actions, be wisdom, Venice may claim and enjoy the reputation of political sagacity. The reward, however, of such sagacity has been the fate which Venice has experienced. She fell with ignominy, as she existed by oppression. The objects of her ambition were wealth and power: these she possessed, and these have passed away; nor will the Muse of Italy, whom she despised in her prosperity, and who could alone have ensured her immortality, now awaken along the waters which receive into their stagnant depths the falling fragments of her ruined halls and palaces, one strain to celebrate her former grandeur, or bewail her present desolation.

H.

SONG. BY T. CAMPBELL.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and
brow
Are sweet as hers we love.
Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,

Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.
Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in Heav'n,
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

LETTERS ON ENGLAND.

LETTER XII.

London, Oct. 11, 1817.

THE most remarkable public buildings in London are certainly the Royal Palaces. Nothing can give one a more striking idea of the comparatively little respect in which kings are held in this country, than the external aspect of their residences. And they show, also, the state of total barbarism in which the arts remained in England, at a period when they had reached the highest state of perfection that they have hitherto arrived at in other countries, her immediate neighbours.

The best and handsomest of the town palaces is Buckingham-House; and this would hardly serve for the residence of a wealthy private gentleman in France. Think of the monarch of a great nation having for his town palace a brick house two stories high, with four pilasters stuck on the front of it, and nine windows on a floor! Yet such is Buckingham-House, situated in one of the parks. To be sure it was not intended for a royal palace; but was built by a nobleman, the Duke of Buckingham. But this, you will think, does not mend the matter.

There are two other palaces, which are of brick also. They are even inferior to the one I have described; and are remarkable only for that perverse skill which could contrive to put together such a mass of materials, without by any accident, or in any particular, making an approach to either grandeur or beauty.

Carlton-House, the present town residence of the Regent, but which was erected expressly for him as heir-apparent to the throne, is in much better style. It is built of stone; and though extremely small, is in very good taste. It has a highly ornamented Corinthian portico, which, combining, and yet contrasting, with the simple style of the wings of the building, gives an elegant and somewhat classical air to the whole. The small court-yard before the house is entered by two handsome Ionic gateways, which, had they been connected together by a low screen, surmounted by an appropriate iron railing, would have rendered the effect of the whole building elegant and complete. But in this country they contrive, in matters of taste, to spoil every thing. They have done so in this instance most effectually, by connecting the gateways to each other by a high screen surmounted by couples of Ionic columns, reaching to the same height as the gateways themselves, which is more than half the height of the whole building. The effect of this is totally bad; for the columns have nothing to support but themselves; and from the novel predicament in which they are placed, they are not able to do even that with any thing like grace or dignity.

There are two other palaces about four leagues from London, and one about seven. These I have not yet seen.

Next to the palaces, I have inquired for the public offices of the Government; but I find most of them are built in such a strange and disorderly style, that it would be impossible for me to give you any distinct idea of them by a description. Indeed I cannot get one myself by looking at them. I here speak of the War-Office, the Admiralty, the Treasury, &c. all of which are joined to each other, and form part of the side of a long street.

These buildings, for the same expense which they must have cost, might have been made a splendid ornament to this fine part of the metropolis; but, as it is, from their total want of uniformity or apparent design, they produce no continuity or singleness of effect whatever. The back-fronts of these buildings, which look towards the Park, though comparatively small and insignificant, are much more uniform and pleasing.

In the same street there is a very good specimen of modern architecture, called Whitehall—out of one of the windows of which Charles the First was led to the scaffold. I could not learn to what purpose this edifice is now appropriated.

Most of the other government offices are situated in Somerset-House. This is the only public building in London which can be said to have any pretensions to the character of grandeur and magnificence; the only one in which there appears any evidence of a comprehensive and well-digested plan; the only one which for extent, variety, and yet completeness, is worthy of the largest city in the world. Somerset-House is a modern building of Portland stone. It is situated on the banks of the Thames; over which the grand front looks. This front is elevated on arches; and at high tide it appears to rise—and, indeed, does rise—out of the water. It extends four hundred feet along the banks of the river. The arches, which rise directly from the bed of the river, support a balustraded terrace fifty feet wide; immediately behind which the grand front rises. This front is by no means sufficiently elevated to form a corresponding whole with the immense substructures on which it stands:—a defect that is especially remarkable at low water, when the whole basement is exposed to view, and, from its disproportionate size, gives the appearance of smallness to what is intended to be the most striking part of the building. This front is not yet finished; but the architecture of it, though more varied in its details, corresponds in style with those parts which I shall describe more particularly. The north front, looking towards the Strand, is an elegant and complete piece of architecture. It consists of a basement of nine arches, of which the three centre ones form the principal entrance to the whole building. On the key-stones of the arches are sculptured masks, representing Ocean, and the eight principal rivers of England. On this basement rises an elegant Corinthian order of ten columns, which support an entablature and balustrade; and over the three centre intercolumniations is an attic, ornamented with four statues, and surmounted by a sculptured allegorical group. The arches of the basement, and the intercolumniations of the second order, are filled by Doric windows, with pilasters, pediments, &c. The shafts of the Corinthian columns are not fluted: a peculiarity which is, I believe, not authorized by ancient examples. On passing through a very beautiful vestibule, formed by the three centre arches of this front, you enter a fine quadrangle, considerably more than 300 feet long and 200 wide, formed by the back fronts of the two principal elevations which I have described, and by two side-fronts to correspond. The style of the architecture of this quadrangle, though varied in parts, yet corresponds generally with the principal fronts—excepting, however, a dome which rises over the south front, and a cupola over each of the sides which join it. These are small and insignificant in themselves, and

their effect on the *coup-d'œil* from the centre of the quadrangle is very bad. So also is the effect produced by the paved court of the quadrangle being sunk considerably below the level of the street, and of the principal entrance.

I had forgotten to mention that, immediately on passing through the vestibule, you are faced by a bronze statue of the present King. All that struck me concerning this specimen of the fine arts was, that if it had never been produced, it would have been better for the artist, the person whom it represents, and the place where it stands.*

Upon the whole, Somerset-House, though it has no peculiar claims to the character either of grandeur or beauty, and though it does not evince genius in the architect, is yet a distinguished ornament to the metropolis: and, as a structure built for, and exclusively appropriated to public offices, it is perhaps not to be paralleled in Europe.

Although this building has been erected little more than forty years, the sea-coal smoke, and the effects of this horrible climate together, have turned it entirely black, and given it the appearance of age without that of antiquity.

That part of Somerset-House which looks toward the Strand is appropriated to the use of three of the principal public Institutions connected with the Arts and Sciences, viz. the Royal Academy of Arts, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquaries. The rest of the building is occupied by different offices, mostly connected with the administration of the Finances.

The other public buildings of London are chiefly appropriated to commercial purposes. The Bank and the India-House are the chief of these. The Bank is a structure, the style of which is, fortunately, quite unique and indescribable—though it has not inaptly been likened to a huge Mausoleum. The India-House belongs to a joint-stock Company, who are allowed by law certain exclusive privileges in the trade with the East Indies and China. It is a fine stone building, with a noble Corinthian portico; and if it were situated in some open space where it could be seen to advantage, it would be as great an ornament to the metropolis as any other single building it contains: but its front forms part of the side of a narrow dirty street, where it is totally lost. You pass, as it were, *under* it, and without even seeing it.

Near to this part of the city there is a single column raised to commemorate the great fire which destroyed a considerable part of London about one hundred and fifty years ago. It is fifty feet higher than the column in the Place Vendôme; and is of stone, with a sculptured pedestal and a fluted shaft. It stands in the midst of houses, and produces no good or grand effect whatever, when you are near it; but, in all the distant views of the metropolis, it forms a very striking object, being considerably higher than any other structure, except the dome of St. Paul's. By the by, does it not evince rather a strange taste, to expend an immense sum in raising a national monument to commemorate a national calamity? And this is called, too, *par excellence*, *The Monument*.

London contains no other public buildings worth particular notice on

* This statue was executed by the elder Bacon, who is long since dead.—T_W.

their own account, except the bridges over the River Thames. These, however, though they afford little scope for description, are finer single objects of sight than any other structures in London. This arises partly from their immense extent, but chiefly from the good taste which has been displayed in the building of them. There is also a new one now erecting, which is in a state of great forwardness, and is still finer than either of the other three. When finished, it will probably be the noblest structure of the kind in Europe.

I am afraid I have quite tired you with these formal descriptions of tangible and visible objects. But you know our agreement extended to *every thing*. But we will have done with them now; and I think I may promise you, that the rest of our communications together shall take place in regions in some way or other connected with that of intellect: for nowhere else do I ever feel true freedom or delight; and therefore, nowhere else can I expect to receive impressions in the descriptions of which I may hope to convey any pleasure to you. In my next I shall commence in the field of literature. D. S. F.

SONG—"MEN OF ENGLAND."

BY T. CAMPBELL.

Men of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your Sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood.
By the foes ye've fought uncounted,
By the glorious deeds ye've done,
Trophies captured—breaches mounted,
Navies conquer'd—Kingdoms won!
Yet, remember, England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.
What are monuments of bravery,
Where no public virtue blooms?
What avail in lands of slavery,
Trophied temples, arches, tombs?
Pageants!—Let the world revere us
For our people's rights and laws,
And the breasts of civic heroes
Bared in Freedom's holy cause.
Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,
Sydney's matchless shade is yours,
Martyrs in heroic story,
Worth a hundred Agincourts.
We're the sons of Sires that baffled
Crown'd and mitred tyranny:—
They defied the field and scaffold
For their birth-rights—so will we!

INDEX

TO

THE THIRD VOLUME.

A

Africa (Northern Central) review of, 476.
 Ahyonwaeghs, the Mohawk chief, letter to, 97.
 Air "Fly not yet," 496.
 Alberghi, his character, 234.
 Alfieri's Filippo and Schiller's Don Carlos, 56—reflections upon, 57, 58, 59.
 Algarotti, his works, 174.
 All-Hallows Eve in Ireland, 254—mode of enjoying, 255 to 260.
 Anacreon, lines from, 300.
 Angelo di Costanzo, sonnet of, 266.
 ——— (Michel), his poetry, 339.
 Angling: with remarks on I. Walton, 491.
 Antipathies, 68.
 Apelles, gallery of, 1.
 Arabic and Persian literature, 262.
 Arts, Fine, state and improvement of, in England, 17—new buildings in London, *ib.* 18—monuments, *ib.* 19—incongruities in English art, 20, 21.
 Aschenputtel, 293.
 Assassin, the obliging, 140.
 Astrology, on a lady professing her belief in, 356.

B

Ballad from the Spanish, 154.
 Beauley Abbey, stanzas on some skulls in, 47.
 Bertram, remarks on Shakspeare's character of, 481.
 Birth-day, the, 337.
 Boruwlaski, Count, his history, 51 to 54.
 Bottle, the Spirit in the, 292.
 Brook Green Fair, 554.
 Brother, the younger, 65.
 Bull, John, travelling opinions and propensities of, 13—errors of English travellers in description, 14, 15—mistakes as to French women, 15—French Sunday, *ib.*
 Burleigh House, 444.

C

Campaigns of a Cornet, 365, 463.
 Campbell's (T.) Lectures on Poetry, 193, 385—the Spectre Boat, by, 550—songs by, 572, 576.
 Casanova's Visit to Voltaire and Haller, 171, 232.
 Catiline, review of, 471.
 Celio Magno, sonnet of, 243.
 Cemetery of Père la Chaise, 155—monuments in, 156, 157—funerals in, 159.

VOL. III.—1322.

Chantry, stanzas on a monument by, 336.
 Chess, on the game of, in Europe, during the thirteenth century, 318, 497.
 Clairon, (M.) account of, 311.
 Como, sketch of, 568.
 Concealment, a song, 348.
 Confessional, the, 349. No. I.—Love, 450, II.
 Courtship, modern, 71.
 Craniology and physiology, 121.
 Crecy, lines on the field of, 261.

D

Doblado's Letters from Spain, 113, 321.
 Drama, on the German, 145—The Robbers, *ib.*—Cabal and Love, *ib.*—of Kotzebue, 146—Iffland, 147—Schiller's Don Carlos, 149.
 Dublin in 1822, 503.
 Dumesnil, the actor, account of, 311.
 Dwarfs, 49—Count Boruwlaski, 50—his history, 51, 52, 53, 54.

E

Easter, on the origin and celebration of, 270.
 England, Letters on, by M. De. St. Foix, 164.
 English architecture, incongruities in, 20, 21.
 English landscape, 535.
 Epigram, 55.

F

Fables, on the old, 373.
 Fair, Brook Green, 554.
 Farmer's wife and Gascon, the, 396.
 Festival of May morning in Warwickshire, 433.
 Fight, the, 102—journey to Hungerford, 103, 104, 105—the combat between Neate and Hickman, 109 to 111—adventures home, 112.
 Filicaja, sonnets of, 320.
 Fox (Mr.) his introduction to Voltaire, 174.
 Francisco Redi, sonnet of, 231.
 Frederick II. and Pietro delle Vigne, 455.

G

Gallery of Apelles, 1.
 Game of Chess during the thirteenth century, 320, 497.
 Garden, an old English, 224—Pope and Bacon's love of, 224, 225—a gardener a happy man, 227.
 Garrick's delivery of a passage in Shakspeare, on, 551.

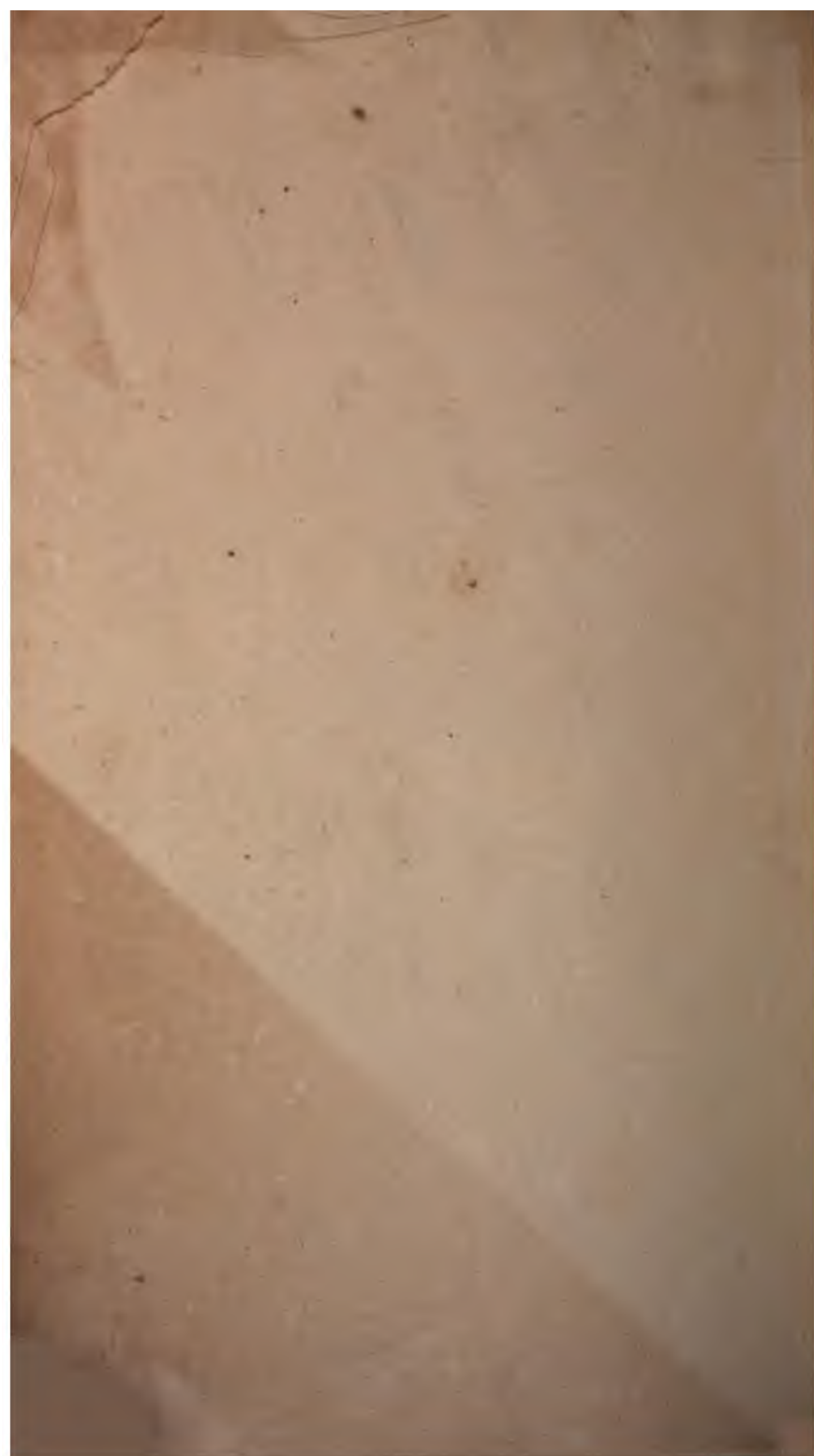
- George II., *Memoirs of*, by Lord Walpole, 357.
- German drama, on the, 145—popular and traditionary literature, 239—the King of the Golden Mountain, 200—the Spirit in the Bottle, 292—Aschenputtel, 293—coincidences in songs of Germany and England, 296.
- Going a journey, on, 73.
- Goldoni, remarks on, 234.
- Green-room of the French theatre, on the, 309—*Le Kain*, 310—*Clairon*, 311—*Dumesnil*, *ib.*—*Preville*, *Molé*, 312—*Talma*, 313.
- Grimm's Ghost, 63, 160—Capt. Thackeray, *ib.*—his dress described, 64—London under water, 160—continued, 285—the dinner, *ib.* to 287—continued, 399—carving, 399.
- Guy's Cliff, account of, 537.
- H
- Haller, *Casanova's* visit to and conversation with, 171 to 173.
- Haunch of Venison, the, 126.
- Highlands, state of religion in, 329.
- I
- India, letter from, 90.
- Ireland, All-Hallows Eve in, 254.
- Italy, Sketches of, 267.
- Italian Poets—*M. Angelo*, 339—*Pietro delle Vigne*, 455.
- J
- Journey, on going a, 73.
- Julia, lines to, 96.
- K
- Kemble (John), his residence near Lausanne described, 26.
- King of the Golden Mountain, 200.
- L
- Landscape, English, 535.
- Lausanne, description of, 25—residence of Kemble at, 26.
- Lawyer and Chimney-sweeper, the, 406.
- Lectures on Poetry, by T. Campbell, V. p. II. Greek poetry, 193—epic poetry, *ib.*—the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, 194—*Hesiod*, *ib.*—the Cyclic poets, 195—*Pisander*, *ib.*—*Antimachus*, 196—bad taste of *Hesiod*, *ib.*—mock-heroic poetry, 197—*Matron's* description of an Athenian supper, *ib.*—didactic poetry, 198—the Gnomic poets, *ib.*—*Solon*, *Theognis*, *Phocylides*, and *Pythagoras*, *ib.*—oracular poetry, 385—Delphic inspiration and prophecies, 385, 386—*Cassandra's* predictions, 387—the Sibylline verses, 387—elegiac and lyric poetry of Greece, 388, 389—of the *Scolia*, or convivial songs of the Greeks, 390—*Terpander*, 391—*Callinus*, 392—structure of the elegy, *ib.*—translation of an elegy of *Tyrtæus*, 392, 393—the singing at Greek entertainments, 394.
- Letter from India, 90—to the Mohawk chief *Ahyonwaeghs*, by T. Campbell, 97.
- Letters from Spain, by *Leucadio Doblado*, 113—the friars and preachers, 114, 115—murder of a young lady, 116—the Carthusians, 118—hermits, 119, 120—continued, 321—nunneries, 322, 323 to 328.
- on England, by *St. Foix*, 164—appearance of England, 165, 166, 167—description of Brighton, 168, 169—continued, 278 to 284—continued, 439 to 443—573 to 576.
- from Switzerland, 22, 200.
- Lips and Kissing, on, 414.
- Literature, Arabic and Persian, 262—German popular and traditionary, 289.
- London, literary recollections of, 29—associations in, 30—Fleet-street, *ib.*—*St. Dunstan's*, 31—Temple-bar, 32, 33—Strand, 33—*Mr. P.'s* visit to, 401.
- M
- Mahomet the Brighton Shampooer, ode to, 533.
- March, lines on the first of, 364.
- Martelli, his *Alexandrines*, 236.
- Martyr of Antioch, review of, 378.
- May, 428—feeling of the poets respecting it, 429, 430—sports of, 431—festival of, in Warwickshire, 433, 434, 435.
- Memoirs of George II.* by Lord Walpole, review of, 357.
- Milk and Honey, or the Land of Promise, letter III. 35—IV. 37—V. 179—VI. 243—VII. 245—VIII. 376—IX. 435—X. 437.
- Milkmaid and Banker, the, 395.
- Milton, essay on the sonnets of, 238.
- Mohawk chief, letter to, by T. Campbell, 97.
- Mountain scenery, 247—the Highlands, 248—character of mountaineers, 249—singular boy, traveller in, 250—poem of Keats, 252.
- N
- Neate and Hickman, fight between, at Hungerford, 102.
- Nightmare, the, 520.
- Northern Central Africa, *M'Queen's*, review of, 476.
- O
- Old Fables, essay on, 373.
- Orbe, beautiful scenery near, 22, 23—*Val Orbe*, 24.
- P
- P. (Mr.)* his visit to London, 401.
- Paris public buildings, account of the, 83.
- Passage of the Alps, poetical description of, 267.

- Pastorini, sonnet from, 419.
 Père la Chaise, cemetery of, 155.
 Persian and Arabic literature, on, 262.
 Physiognomy and Craniology, 121.
 Pilgrimages, Modern, No. II. 39—Rosanna, *ib.*—Ovaca, *ib.*—Mrs. Tighe, *ib.*—III. the Pantheon, 217—IV. the Paraclete, 562.
 Pirate, review of, 188—excellencies of the author of, and defects, 188, 189—analysis of, 190, 191.
 Place on Population, review of, 541—observations on, *ib.*—difference between Godwin and Malthus, 542—tables of Sweden, *ib.*—comparison with America, 543—Franklin's opinion, 544—Godwin's scale of increase, *ib.*—false statement of Cobbet, 545—errors of Booth and Godwin, 546—United States population, 547—British population, 548—English and Swedish, 549—adjustment of labour to capital, 550.
 Plato, republic of, 512.
 Plumb-pudding, reflections upon, 88.
 Pocket-book, lines from my, 199.
 Poets, Italian; Michel Angelo, 339—Frederick II. and Pietro delle Vigne, 455.
 Poetry. Sonnet to a friend, 12—Rome, 16—written on the spot where the earlier years of the writer were passed, 21—to my children sleeping, 28—Milk and Honey, 35, 37—stanzas on skulls in Beaulieu Abbey, 57—epigram, 55—the younger brother, 65—modern courtship, 71—a sea-side reverie, 80—on an intended removal from a favourite residence, 81—to Julia, 96—the haunch of venison, 126—the obliging assassin, 140—sonnet, 144—ballad from the Spanish, 154—song, 163—Simplicity, 187—sonnet, 192—lectures on, 193, 395—lines written in sickness, 199—fragment from my pocket-book, *ib.*—Discontent, a sonnet, *ib.*—sonnet of Quevedo, 215—to a log of wood, 216—sonnet from Francisco Redi, 231—sonnet, Celio Magno, 246—Milk and Honey epistles, 35, 37, 179, 243, 245, 376, 435, 437—South American patriots' song, 253—lines written on the field of Crecy, 261—sonnet of Angelo di Costanzo, 266—sketches of Italy, 267—for the tomb of those who fell at Waterloo, 287—song, 288—to a lady who said she was unhappy, 296—address to the lady-bird, *ib.*—from Anacreon, 300—Time, from Tasso, 308—two sonnets from Filicaja, 320—on hearing an almost forgotten song, 328—on a monument by Chantrey, 336—on my twentieth birth-day, 338—Concealment, 348—on a lady professing her belief in astrology, 356—to the first of March, 364—lines to Miss Tree, 384—Peter Pindarics, 395, 517—the Lawyer and Chimney-sweeper, 406—selections from the ancient Spanish, 407—sonnet; bombardment of Genoa, 419—sonnet, 449—song, 454—sonnet, *ib.*—ditto, 469—two sonnets, 475—love, 480—sonnet, 485, 490—air, "Fly not yet," 496—sonnet: Pompeii, 511—ode to Mahomet, 533—the spectre boat, 550—song, 553—Venice, 568—song, 572—men of England, 576.
 Pope and Bacon, their love of gardening, 224.
 Popular and traditionary literature, German, 289.
 Portrait of a Septuagenary, by himself, 209—first twenty years of my life, 211—continued, 301—from twenty to forty, 301 to 305—from forty to sixty, 305 to 307—continued, 423—from sixty to seventy, 424.
- Q
- Quevedo, sonnet of, 215.
- R
- Religion in the Highlands, state of, 329.
 Republic of Plato, 512.
 Reverie, a seaside, 80.
 Reviews: the Pirate, 188—Lord Walpole's Memoirs of George II. 357—the Martyr of Antioch, 378—Catiline, 471—M^{rs} Queen's Northern Central Africa, 476—Place on Population, 541.
- S
- Scenery, mountain, 247.
 Selections from ancient Spanish poetry, 407.
 Septuagenary, portrait of, by himself, 209, 301, 423.
 Shakspeare's Bertram, remarks on the character of, 481—Garrick's delivery of a passage in, 551.
 Sickness, lines written in, 199.
 Siddons (Mrs.), at Lausanne, 26.
 Silesian travellers, the, 274.
 Simplicity, 187.
 Sketches of Italy, 267—passage of the Alps, *ib.*—continued, 334—Como, *ib.* 568—Venice, *ib.* 569 to 572.
 Smith Velant, the, 527.
 Song, 163—South American patriots, 253—song, 288—on hearing an almost forgotten, 328—Concealment, 348—song, 454, 553—by T. Campbell, 572—Men of England, 576.
 Sonnets: to a friend, 12—written on the spot where the earlier years of the writer were passed, 21—to my children sleeping, 28—on an intended removal from a favourite residence, 81—to sleep, 144—to discontent, 199—of Quevedo, 215—Francisco Redi, 231

- Celio Magno, 246—Angelo di Costanzo, 266—two of Filicaja; on the death of Christina, to Italy, 320—from Pastorini, 419—449, 454, 469—two, 475, 485, 490—essay on Milton's, 238.
- Spanish, ballad from the, 154—poetry, selections from, 407.
- Spirit in the bottle, the, 292.
- Spectral etiquette, 347.
- Spectre boat, the, a ballad, 550.
- Stanzas on a monument by Chantrey, 336.
- Surgeon and House-painters, 517.
- Switzerland, letters on a tour in, 22, 200—Geneva and Ferney-Voltaire, 201—M. Sismondi, *ib.*—La Bonneville, 202—Mont Blanc, 203—Chamounix, *ib.*—valley of the Arve, *ib.*—the glaciers, 205—the Arveiron, 206—Mont Blanc from Chamouni, *ib.*—disappoints expectation, *ib.*—the Mer de Glace, 207—the guides, 208—their character, *ib.*
- T
- Table Talk, 73, 127, 238—on going a journey, *ib.*—best to be alive on such occasions, 74—reflections on its effects, 78, 79—on great and little things, 127—effects of, upon the temper, 130—anecdote respecting an unfortunate Italian, 136, 137—miscalculation of Napoleon as to refinement and barbarism, 138—on Milton's sonnets, 238—truly his own, *ib.*—comparison with Wordsworth's 239—his state sonnets, 240—his proneness to pleasing outward impressions, 242—Burleigh House, 444—reflections on revisiting, *ib.*—The Claudes there, 446—the dream of a painter, 447—a Paul Brill, *ib.*—other pictures there, 448—carving and foliage of the rooms, *ib.*—two heads of Raphael's, *ib.*—singular marriage of the Earl of Exeter, 449.
- Talkers, on, 297.
- Talma the actor, 313.
- Tasso, verses of, on time, 308.
- Temple, old Christmas times at the, 10—master of the revels in, 11.
- Theatre, French, green-room of, 309.
- Things, essay on great and little, 127.
- Time, a chapter on, 41—we know nothing of it, 42—the great difference in the duration of men's lives, 43—lawyers among true lovers, 45—metaphysicians also, *ib.*—verses from Tasso on, 308.
- Tour in Switzerland, letters on, 22, 200.
- Tourist, journal of a, 82—public buildings of Paris, 83—Versailles, *ib.*—Trianon, 87.
- Tours, letters from, 525.
- Travellers, the Silesian, 274.
- Tree, lines to Miss M. A., 384.
- Trinity College, Cambridge, forty years ago, 420.
- Tronchin, his character, 232.
- V
- Valentine writing, 228.
- Velant Smith, the, 527.
- Venice, sketch of, 568.
- Versailles, account of, 83.
- Visit to London, Mr. P.'s, 401.
- Voltaire, Casanova's visit to, and Haller, 171—conversations with, 173—introduction of Mr. Fox, to, 174—Count Algarotti, *ib.*—Alexandrine verses, 175—Ariosto, *ib.*—Voltaire's translation of a stanza of Ariosto, 176—Madam Denis, *ib.*—recitation of the Orlando, 177—its effect, *ib.*—L'Ecosaise, 178—continued, 232—the Duke de Villars, 232—Tronchin, *ib.*—Tassoni, *ib.*—conversation respecting Merlin Cocci, 233—the Marquis Albergati, 234—Goldoni, *ib.*—La Pucelle, 235—Martelli's Alexandrines, 236—dialogue on governments, *ib.*—joke respecting Haller, 237.
- W
- Walpole's Memoirs of George II. 357—character of the work, 357—of George II. 358—his Queen, 359—the King and Duke of Cumberland, 360—Walpole's character of himself, 361—the five great men of his time, *ib.*—Bubb Dodington, 362—Princess Caroline, 363—her death, 364.
- Walton's Complete Angler, remarks on, 491.
- Waterloo, lines for the tomb of those who fell at, 287.
- Women, 141—paradoxes respecting them, 143, 144.
- Wood, to a log of, in the fire, 216.
- World, the, 486.
- Y
- Year, the new, 181—beginning of, among different nations, *ib.*—calculations of, 182—ceremonies observed at, 183—the wassail bowl, 184—reflections, 185, 186.







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